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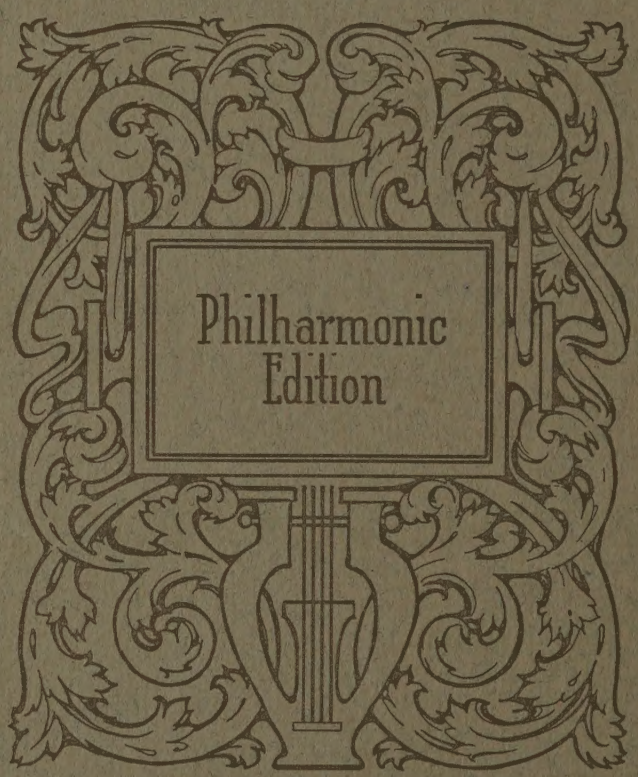

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THE CHILD HANDEL

From the Painting by Margaret I. Dicksee

RELIGIOUS MUSIC OF THE WORLD

RELIGIOUS MUSIC OF THE WORLD

CHAPTER I

NON-CHRISTIAN HYMNS

Greek and Roman Worship—Hindu Songs—Buddhism and Brahmanism — Chinese Worship —Mohammedans—Babylonians and Assyrians—Hebrews.

HYMNS are to be found in the literature of nearly every religion, but so far as we are able to judge, save in the Hebrew and Christian, they have rarely been used as a constant and integral part of worship.

That hymns formed no part of the worship of the Greeks is clear from the fact that their temples were not constructed as places of religious assembly or for public devotion, but as a shelter for the image of the god, and a habitation for the deity supposed to be attached to his image. They were generally confined localities, and half dark within on account of the absence of all window-light. Bright light was not required, as no religious observances ordinarily took place in the temple. "Greece never had a sacred book, she never had any symbols, any sacerdotal caste, organized for the preservation of dogmas. Her poets and her artists were her true theologians."

Some small place was assigned to hymns in the worship of Rome. "Many prayers and hymns were taken up with the praise of the gods and salutations to them. Arnobius speaks of morning serenades sung with an accompaniment of fifes as a kind of reveille to the sleeping gods, and of an evening salutation in which leave was taken of the deity, with the wishing him a good night's rest."

The conclusion that we draw from Max Müller's "History of Sanskrit Literature" is that although the Hindus had much of poetry both epic and hymnic, yet the hymns were chiefly used for meditation or for recital. "Women were not allowed to learn the sacred songs of the Vedas, the knowledge of which constituted one of the principal requirements for a Brahman before he was admitted to the performance of the sacrifices. As it was necessary, however, for a husband to perform sacrifices together with his lawful wife, and as passages of the hymns speak clearly of man and wife as performing sacrifices in common, it was laid down in the Sutras that the husband or the priest should at the sacrificing itself make his wife *recite* those hymns which were necessary for the ceremony."

The Sametri who had to slay the sacrificial animals learned the hymns appointed by heart, and were allowed on account of the difficulty of mastering the euphonic rules for recitation, to mutter them, so that no one at a distance could hear or understand them. Some part of the sacrifice had to be accompanied by songs, and hence another class of priests arose whose particular office it was to act as the chorus, which was more than a mere chanting. A third class, the Hotri priests, recited certain hymns during the sacrifice in praise of the deities to whom any particular act of the sacrificer was addressed. Their recitation was loud and distinct, and required the most accurate knowledge of the rules of euphony.

The Rev. G. O. Newport, long a missionary in India, says:

"In Hindu worship, so far as I have seen it in South India—and I think it is much the same in this respect throughout the whole country—there is no periodic gathering of the people into the temples for united religious service. There is no fixed hour for assembling, nor is there any regular priestly observance or ceremony at any stated part of the twenty-four hours. United gatherings at stated hours and seasons for religious service, as in our Christian worship, are unknown. There cannot, therefore, be any congregational singing or musical performance in the Western sense in these temples. And yet singing in connection with the worship is not altogether absent. On anniversary festival days and in processions there are always songs sung in honor of the gods. . . . The priests join in, and the masses of the people too, according to their knowledge and musical ability. . . . I believe I am strictly accurate when I say there is nothing corresponding to our choir or congregational singing at the ordinary everyday religious observances in Hindu temples. What is done on festival occasions would correspond largely to the singing of songs by the choir when marching at the head of a Sunday-school procession, and would have about as much of religious worship in it.

"As to the subject-matter of the songs thus used, so far as my knowledge goes, it consists of the names, titles, epithets, etc., of the gods in general, and of that god in particular in whose honor the festival is being held. And when it is remembered that the various names of one single god in the Hindu Pantheon amount to a thousand, it will be seen that a great deal

of song may be expended in this one direction only. But not the names only, the traditional acts and behavior, the life-scenes of the gods, are sung at length."

Buddhism was to Brahmanism what Puritanism was to Anglicanism. Like Puritanism it laid stress chiefly on the individual, but went far beyond it since it abolished the idea of church and worship. Its hymns, some of which are of exceeding beauty (in their English dress the thoughts but not the form are exhibited), were used only for private recitation and edification. Indeed, they have neither churches nor services in which they could be sung.

James Legge, an authority on Chinese subjects, thus shows the place occupied by hymns in the Confucian system:

"There is no dogmatic teaching of religion in the Confucian system; and it is a consequence of this that we find in it no compositions which we can properly designate as hymns, having a place and application of their own, sung or chanted with or without instrumental accompaniment, in religious services.

"Yet the prayers used in the worship of God by the sovereigns of China, and by them and others in the services of the ancestral temple, have very much of the character of hymns. We have the Book of Poetry, containing in all 305 pieces, which Confucius is said to have selected from ten times as many current in his time, and 'which he sang over to his lute.' Forty of them are called Praise-songs, or songs of the Temple and Altar, and were employed in the royal worship of ancestors. A favorable specimen of them is the following hymn (so I will call it), addressed to Hau-chi, the Father of Agriculture:

O thou accomplished, great, Hau-chi,
To thee alone 'twas given
To be by what we owe to thee,
The Correlate of Heaven.

On all who dwell within our land,
Grain-food didst thou bestow;
'Tis to thy wonder-working hand
This gracious boon we owe.

God had the wheat and barley meant
To nourish all mankind;
None would have fathomed His intent,
But for thy guiding mind.

Man's social duties thou didst show
To every tribe and state,
From thee the polished manners flow
That stamp our land 'The Great.'

In this hymn, while it is addressed to Hau-chi, he is not confounded with God, but celebrated as his servant. And this is a characteristic of the religion of China.

"The old Confucian Book of Poetry unfortunately does not contain any of the hymnic prayers addressed at the great royal or imperial services to God. But many such are to be found all along the stream of history in accounts of the imperial sacrifices since the beginning of our Christian era. The most remarkable group of them, which I have met with, was used on a special occasion in the year 1538. It consists of eleven addresses to the Spirit of God, in which the devotions of the worshipers rose to a high pitch of adoring reverence. They are all rhymed, and in measure somewhat irregular. You will find them all translated in the first of my lectures on 'The Religion of China,' published in 1881."

Sir William Muir says that "the services of the Mussulmans are confined (apart from the sermon or address) to recitations from the Koran and corresponding invocations. They do not, so far as my knowledge extends, use hymns in their worship. Many parts of the Koran are (like the Psalms) nothing but hymns. They are not, however, sung, but only repeated like the other portions. The Persian Sufis have many hymns; but whether they use them in divine service or not, I cannot say."

It may be said broadly that the ancient Semitic poetry consisted in a rhythm or assonance of similar or contrasted ideas. This is usually designated parallelism.

The ancient Babylono-Assyrian hymns are in many instances translations from older non-Semitic lays. Many of these hymns are merely formulæ of incantation of which numerous examples may be found in Lenormant's "Chaldean Magic." But there are some remarkable songs which are of a more exalted character, and though containing mythological elements, nevertheless express spiritual and devout thought. Most of these belong to a class called "Penitential Psalms." Here is an example in Archibald Henry Sayce's rendering:

My Lord, in the anger of His heart, has punished me;
God in the strength of His heart has taken me;
Istar, my mother, has seized upon me and put me to grief.
God, who knoweth that I knew not, has afflicted me;
Istar, my mother, who knoweth that I knew not, has caused darkness.
I prayed, and none takes my hand:
I wept, and none held my palm;
I cry aloud, but there is none that will hear me;
I am in darkness and hiding, and dare not look up.

Here we observe not only that parallelism which characterizes Hebrew poetry but also a strophic arrangement as clearly marked as in the Psalter.

So far as the material now available enables us to form an opinion, it is that hymns, as an essential of worship, have been mostly characteristic of the Christian, and in less degree of its progenitor, the Hebrew religion.

It is to the Hebrew race that we must turn to find the true origin of hymnody. There the religious nature of man asserts itself—there the inner thought of his heart gets expression. It is not strange, therefore, that this race so richly endowed with the religious element should have given to the world a noble conception of worship.

The Hebrew religion laid hold upon the personality and unity of God, and we cannot fail to observe that its hymnody becomes more tender as the idea of the personality of God is enlarged by the recognition of his gracious and lovable attributes. As this people undoubtedly possessed a nature disposed to musical expression, it is not surprising that we find among them so spontaneous and early a development of worship-song. It is in this Hebrew race that we find the true rise and onward flow of the river of song.

CHAPTER II

ANCIENT JEWISH HYMNS

Absence of Formal Religious Song—Improvised Songs—The Widening Stream—Samuel's System—The Book of Psalms—The Temple Service—Later History—Universal Use of the Psalms.

THE hymns of the Old Testament were, as we have indicated, the spontaneous outflow of the religious nature. No form of worship requiring song was instituted by Moses. No order of singers is included among the officers of the tabernacle. Indeed, the earliest history of the Hebrew race is practically without song. As it has been said, "we read of altar and prayers and accepted intercessions, and we feel sure that those who walked in the light like Enoch or Abraham must have had their hearts kindled with music; but from the green earth rising out of the flood—from the shadow of the great rock at Mamre, from the fountains and valleys and upland pastures of the Promised Land, where the tents of the Patriarchs rose amidst their flocks—from the prisons and palaces of Egypt we catch no sound of sacred song."

But then, this is a subject with which history did not concern itself—and we must not infer from this silence the utter absence of song—for scattered over the earlier history there are traces of its presence. The first examples, as we should expect, are of a very informal character—the product of some crisis in the life of the individual or the nation. Improvised songs born of great occasions, though to our colder western temperament almost impossible, are yet comparatively common among Eastern people like the Hebrews, even to this day. It is a common gift among the Italians.* The first of such songs is that of Miriam in celebration of the delivery of Israel from their Egyptian pursuers—"Sing ye to Jehovah, for he hath triumphed gloriously, the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea"; but although this is the first recorded, it is almost certain that it was preceded by others, for before this we read of instruments of music.

Since the two greatest fountains of song have ever been love and religion, we may feel sure that those who had reached to the use of musical instruments, however rude, would employ them to accompany the words of passion or devotion which in exalted moments would spring to their lips. In Genesis iv. 21 we are told that Jubal "was the father of all such as handle the harp and the pipe," that is, of all string and wind instruments. While in verses 23, 24 we have Lamech's song to his wives—the first example of a song, though not a sacred one, in the pages of Scripture, yet possessing many of the features of later Semitic poetry. Later on we read in the account of Laban's interview with Jacob of "songs, with tabret and with harp" (Genesis xxxi. 27).

It is not at all likely that such a song as that of Miriam could have been uttered if she had not previously been accustomed to lyric improvisation. So grand an outburst and so equal to its grand occasion, although doubtless touched and enlarged by the editor of the book which records it, implies not only aptitude but exercise; while the fact that she led a procession of women, who chanted a chorus to her song, shows that songs had before this, in the time of their Egyptian captivity, been wedded to music. Somewhat later in the history we find that when Moses returned from the mount, he heard the people, who had made a calf for worship, joining aloud in a song to their newly fashioned god. It is considered by some all but certain that the lawgiver himself was the author of the 90th Psalm, which has been called "the swan-song of Moses." This may have been the first contribution—the nucleus—of that wonderful collection the Book of Psalms, into which were gathered the noblest lyric utterances of widely severed times.

We catch here and there in the sacred history glimpses of the widening and deepening river of song to which those we have mentioned were the first tributary streams. In the Book of Numbers, xxi. 17, we have the song which Israel sang, "Spring up, O well." In the Book of Judges we meet with the song of Deborah and Barak, which was cast in a distinctly metrical form, and sung with a musical accompaniment—another improvisation by a prophetess, that is one in a measure trained to music and song. But as the religious life of the nation grew deeper this kind of improvised song led the way to a school for the cultivation of music and sacred utterance. This was a chief function of the schools of the prophets which came into such prominence in the time of Samuel. Dean Stanley says: "Whatever be the precise meaning of the peculiar word, which now came first into use as the designation of these companies, it is evident that their immediate mission consisted in uttering religious hymns or songs, accompanied by musical instruments, psaltery, tabret, pipe, and harp, and cymbals. In them, as in the few solitary instances of their predecessors, the characteristic element was that the silent seer of visions found an articulate

* Edward Dowden records a striking instance of this in his life of Shelley, when the poet and his wife in Pisa listened to the improvisation of Signor Sgricci, an Italian of about 23 years of age. Members of the audience inscribed subjects for poetry on slips of paper that were thrown into a vase from which a boy drew one paper at a time at random, and the subject was announced, on which the Italian poured forth his unpremeditated verse. "It seemed," says Mary Shelley, "not the work of a human mind, but as if he were the instrument played upon by the superhuman inspiration of God." And is it not true that the highest poetry comes, in the first instance, as an improvisation? Is there not a very close connection between inspiration and improvisation?

voice, gushing forth in a rhythmical flow, which at once riveted the attention of the hearer. These, or such as these, were the gifts which under Samuel were now organized, if one may so say, into a system. From Ramah, the double height of the watchmen, they might be seen descending, in a long line or chain, which gave its name to their company, with psaltery, harp, tabret, pipe, and cymbals."

From this school under Samuel the prophet, David, the sweet singer of Israel, probably caught the inspiration which afterward found expression in the psalms which form so important a part of the Psalter that the book as a whole has been known as "The Psalms of David." It is impossible to say with certainty what portions of the Psalter we owe to his pen, probably they are fewer than is commonly supposed; but the impetus he gave to sacred song is indicated by the fact that though some portions of the book belong to an age earlier than his, and that the larger portion came into being long after he had passed away, yet the book as a whole goes under his name. The Book of Psalms was doubtless thus ascribed just as the Book of Proverbs was to his son Solomon, because, as Professor Cheyne says, "Solomon had become the symbol of plain ethical 'wisdom,' just as David had become the representative of religious lyric poetry." But then a reputation like this does not grow out of nothing. David not only contributed to the songs of the people, but through him the service of song was added to the ordinary worship of the sanctuary, and made a fixed and integral part of the daily offering to Jehovah. Before his time, if ever connected with the tabernacle at all, it had been fitful and occasional, depending to a large extent on individual enthusiasm. "For so mighty an innovation no less than a David was needed. The exquisite richness of verse and music so dear to him—'the calves of the lips'—took the place of the costly offerings of animals. His harp or guitar was to him what the wonder-working staff was to Moses, the spear to Joshua, or the sword to Gideon."

Thus sacred song found its way into the regular services of the temple, and the Psalms became the liturgical hymn-book of the Jewish Church. How completely the union of song and sacrifice (in the national worship) had been effected was made manifest at the dedication of the temple. In the account contained in 2 Chronicles v. 12-14, we read: "Also the Levites which were the singers, all of them, even Asaph, Heman, Jeduthun, and their sons and their brethren, arrayed in fine linen, with cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding their trumpets: it came even to pass when the trumpeters and singers were as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord; and when they lifted up their voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For he is good, for his mercy endureth for ever: that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud; for the glory of the Lord filled the house of God." In the 7th chapter of the same book we find that, when Solomon had made an end of praying, all the children of Israel bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshiped, and gave thanks unto the Lord, saying, "For he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever." Thus, prayer and praise, the two most vital elements of a true worship, are found as integral parts of the service. It is somewhat difficult to say with certainty what place was afterward held by sacred song in the regular services of the temple. Certain psalms have been identified as having been used at particular seasons. But it is generally admitted that from this time onward, save when interrupted by the calamities which befell the nation, song, no less than sacrifice, held its ground as part of the Jewish worship.

The Levites, without the accompaniment of any of their usual musical instruments, used to sing in the temple on each day of the week a different psalm. "On other occasions," says the distinguished rabbinical scholar Paul Isaac Hershon, "various other psalms were sung, and sung so loud that their voice could be heard as far as Jericho, a distance of about twelve miles. On such occasions the youngsters of the Levites were permitted to enter the hall of the sanctuary in order to spice with their fine 'thin voices' the rougher voices of the elder Levites."

"The same psalms that were sung in the temple are now merely repeated by every orthodox Jew in his daily morning prayer. Having no temple, the priest does not sacrifice and the Levite does not sing!

> Ichabod! the glory is departed!
> How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land!"

The later history naturally tells only of the special occasions in which the people broke into song, but these serve to confirm the idea that worship through song had become a habit among the people. "There is the song of Jehoshaphat and his army, the chant of victory sung in faith before the battle, and itself doing battles in that the Lord fought for those who trusted him, and they had nothing to do but divide the spoil and return to Jerusalem, with psalteries and harps and trumpets, into the house of the Lord. There is the song of Hezekiah, when he recovered from his sickness, and the psalm of Jonah from the depths of the sea, made up from the memory of other psalms sung in happier hours. There was many a song by the waters of Babylon, whispered low that the oppressors might not hear. There was the song of liberated Israel, at the dedication of the wall of the Holy City (another witness to the customs of the past), when the singers sang aloud and they all rejoiced; so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off." All these serve to show how the lyric spirit prevailed among the people, ready, when touched by any deep emotion, to give rhythmic utterance to their prayer and praise.

It is with David, the minstrel king, however, that the stream of song suddenly grows broad and deep. Around him the chorus begins to gather, which has now grown to such a glorious multitude. The Psalms formed at once the justification and inspiration of all the noble songs of the later history of Israel, to say nothing of lyric notes, which are heard sounding through the pages of the prophets. But most remarkable is it, that when we reach the New Testament we find no lyric book corresponding to the Psalter. There

are distinct psalms, like the *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis,* kindled from the lyric fire of the Hebrew Psalter; and hints which indicate the presence of the lyric gift in the Apostolic Church, but there is no *Christian* psalter in the New Testament, and the reason is not far to seek. It is not that the lyric fire has departed, but that the Old Testament Psalter has so sounded the deepest notes of the soul in joy and sorrow, in darkness and light, that it is adequate to the needs, not only of Jewish, but Christian hearts. Thus it was not for an age, but for all time. Just as the octave in music can express the loftiest conceptions of the composers of every age, from the simple Gregorian chant to the intricate music of Beethoven, so the Psalter, meeting the deepest needs of the soul, becomes the fitting vehicle through which Christian as well as Jewish feeling can find expression.

And so we find, as a matter of fact, that through by far the greater part of the history of the Church the Psalms have formed its worship-song; they have had a place in the services of every church of Christendom where praise has been offered. They have been said or sung in grand cathedral or lowly meeting-house, by white-robed priests and plain-clad Puritans. The hearts of Roman and Greek, Armenian and Anglican, no less than Puritan and Nonconformist, have been kindled into praise by the Psalms of David and his company. Edward Irving says: "From whatever point of view any Church hath contemplated the scheme of its *doctrine,* by whatever name they have thought good to designate themselves, and however bitterly opposed to each other in Church government or observance of rules, you will find them all, by harmonious consent, adopting the Psalms as the outward form by which they shall express the inward feelings of the Christian life."

And even those who refused to sing the Psalms in the form in which they are found in Scripture—who deemed it dangerous and even heretical so to do—have sung them in metrical versions from which much of their glory had departed. Until quite recently there were churches whose only hymnal consisted of these versions. Thus the Psalms have been at once an inspiration and a bondage: an *inspiration,* in that they have kindled the fire which has produced the hymnody of the entire Church; a *bondage,* because by stereotyping religious expression they robbed the heart of the right to express in its own words the fears, the joys, the hopes that the Divine spirit had kindled in their souls. Had there been no Psalter in the canon of Scripture, the Church would have had no model for its song—no place at which to kindle its worship-fire; but, on the other hand, its worshiping instinct would have compelled it to create a psalter of its own, and so there would have been an earlier and fuller development of hymnody in the Church. The very glory and perfection of the Psalter made the Church for long ages content with the provision thus made for its worship, and so it discouraged all who else would have joined the company of the singers. And even those who at last ventured to join their company, did so timidly, and chiefly as adapters of the Psalms for public worship. George Wither, Sir Philip Sidney and his sister belong to this class. Even when Dr. Watts began to write, his hymns were used only as supplemental to the Versions; indeed, a large part of his compositions are themselves metrical renderings of the Psalms, though some of them are so alive with his peculiar genius as to deserve rank as original compositions.

Mighty indeed was the spell the Psalter exercised over the Church, and rightly so, for it is the heart-utterance of the noble men whose mission it was to give the world religion. And as we have not outgrown the art of Greece or the laws of Rome, so neither have we outgrown the worship-song of Israel. This is so deep and true that it expresses the longings and praise even of those who have sat at the feet of Christ and learned of him. And as in the most sacred moment of his life one of these psalms served to express his deepest feelings, so they have inspired and expressed the feelings of his followers in all aftertime. As has been well said, "the Church has been singing these psalms ever since, and has not yet sung them dry," and she will go on singing them until she takes up the new song in the heavenly city. It should be frankly admitted that there are elements in the Psalms distinctly Jewish, and expressive of the feeling of earlier days. There are imprecatory notes that are out of harmony with the gentler melody of Christ. These ought to be dropped as unsuitable to *Christian* worship; but as a whole the Psalms form the noblest treasury of sacred song, and their inspiration may be discerned in every hymn that is worthy of a place in the Church's worship. Her hymnody can never be understood apart from the Psalter, and it will be found that those whose hearts are steeped the most deeply therein have given to the Church the songs that she will not willingly let die.

CHAPTER III

HYMNS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT

Hebrew Antecedents—Songs of Hannah, Mary, and Zacharias —The Gospels Silent as to Sacred Song—The Apostolic Age—References to Song in the Revelation.

WE turn next to the New Testament to discover in what relation sacred song stands to the practice and teaching of the Church founded by Jesus and his apostles.*

Here at once we may naturally expect that as Christianity arose among the Hebrew race, and did not break immediately with the past, neither ignore the grand truths held by the fathers, because they were truths belonging to all time, so we must expect to find some of the old methods of worship, some presence of the old lyric spirit, showing themselves, and this more especially in the earlier days of its history.

It cannot, therefore, be deemed wonderful, but rather a thing to be looked for, that when the hope of Israel neared fulfillment—a hope to which their political circumstances caused them to cling with a very passion of expectation, and which made every line of promise in the Old Testament thrill with new meaning and authority—the spirit of sacred song descended again, as we find it did upon those who were waiting and praying for the "consolation of Israel."

Critics, indeed, have refused to believe that the *Magnificat* (Luke i. 46-55) could have sprung from the lips of a simple peasant of Galilee; they have said the song is too lofty for so lowly a source—forgetting that some of the grandest strains of former days came from those little if anything superior in station; such as Hannah, to whose song, "the Old Testament *Magnificat*" (1 Samuel ii. 1-10), that of Mary bears considerable resemblance.

But if the lyric spirit of which we have spoken was a peculiar gift of the Hebrew people, if the power to improvise be a reality clearly discernible through their history, surely it is not wonderful that a Hebrew maiden, whose mind was kindled by a prospect of the highest joy to which Hebrew motherhood could attain, a joy for which every woman of her nation had longed, the promise, the joy, that to her should be given the surpassing glory of becoming the mother of Messiah —that her heart should break forth into song, that her rapture should call forth all the poetry of her nature, and cast it into the forms consecrated by the sacred usages and instincts of her race. This song, which repeats the promises of the past with the assurance of a present realization, is a preluding note that prepares for the great chorus of Christian song one day to be heard, and which will repeat through the ages the rapture, the trust, the praise of her words, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour."

Her song has scarcely died on her lips ere another voice is heard, the voice of a man, a priest whose lips had been closed through unbelief, but on whom, when faith has sprung again in his heart, the spirit of praise and prophecy descends with all its accompaniment of lyric power—the song of Zacharias (Luke i. 68-79), "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel." This in turn is succeeded by another (Luke ii. 29-32), the voice of one standing on the outermost edge of this mortal life, more subdued in tone but full of quiet confidence and expectant hope, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." A noble triad making up by their quality for the silence of other lips.

The New Testament contains no book of sacred song; but then the fullness and spirituality of the Book of Psalms, its adaptations to express in prayer and praise the deepest emotions of the religious mind, rendered any other unnecessary, and it is not, therefore, surprising that neither Christ nor his apostles joined the company of singers, that no Christian David was given to the Church.

Indeed, it was scarcely possible amid the disquiet, the contention, the troubles of the earlier years, when as yet Christian worshipers had no churches of their own, but rather found a place in the synagogue or the temple. Before Christian life had crystallized to its proper forms it was not possible that the service and song, the outcome and expression of that life, should arise.

In the only two other references to singing in the Gospels—when Christ made his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, and ere he left it for the garden of Gethsemane—one (perhaps the same one) of the psalms was used, otherwise the Gospels are silent as to sacred song.

There can be little doubt that singing formed a part of both the social and public worship of the apostolic age. The disciples dismissed by the rulers in Jerusalem came to their own company and lifted up their voice with one accord in a song, partly the inspiration of the moment, and partly from the Book of Psalms (Acts iv. 24). In the Philippian dungeon, Paul and Silas prayed and sang praises to God. Paul exhorts both the Ephesians and Colossians to the use of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.

Lightfoot regards "psalms" as referring specially, though not exclusively, to the Psalms of David, which would early form part of the religious worship of the Christian brotherhood. "Hymns" would refer to a set form of words or spontaneous effusions of the moment of the Christians themselves, while the "spiritual songs" would extend the precept to all forms of

*The Apocrypha, belonging to the time between the close of the Old Testament and the opening of the Christian era, contains several notable examples of sacred song, such as those of Tobit and Judith and the Benedicite.

song provided they were spiritual. Paul, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, declares that when they came together each one had a psalm (1 Corinthians xiv. 26).

One of the earliest descriptions of the Christians contains the statement that "they sang hymns to Christ as God." But whether such hymns were psalms adapted to the purpose and with a Christian application, or original compositions, we do not know. There is nothing in the record to decide the question, nor has any hymn of the apostolic age come down to us. The threefold division of psalms and hymns and spiritual songs may indicate that in addition to the Old Testament Psalms, other compositions distinguished by the titles "hymns" and "spiritual songs" were used, but of this we cannot be certain. The likelihood is that the new Christian feeling found expression in hymns of a simple kind addressed to Christ. Some have maintained that the rhythmic passages which are found in the Epistles are parts of hymns then in use.

The principal of these are the following: "Wherefore he saith, Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee" (Ephesians v. 14). "And without controversy great is the mystery of godliness; He who was manifested in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached among the nations, believed on in the world, received up in glory" (1 Timothy iii. 16). "Who is the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only hath immortality, dwelling in light unapproachable; whom no man hath seen, nor can see: to whom be honor and power eternal. Amen" (1 Timothy vi. 15, 16). "Faithful is the saying: For if we died with him, we shall also live with him: if we endure, we shall also reign with him: if we shall deny him, he also will deny us: if we are faithless, he abideth faithful; for he cannot deny himself" (2 Timothy ii. 11-13). But it is not unlikely that such passages are due to impassioned emotion which not unfrequently rises to rhythmic utterance, while the passage in 1 Corinthians xiv. 26 forms a clear indication that the power to improvise, so apparent in the early history of Israel, prevailed in the times of the apostles.

Of course these are utterly unlike hymns as we know them; but it must be remembered that it is all but certain that *metrical* compositions were not used until about the fourth century. Indeed, so late as the ninth century Walafrid Strabo warns us that by hymns he does not mean merely such metrical hymns as those of Hilary, Ambrose, Prudentius, or Bede, but such other acts of praise as are offered in fitting words and with musical sounds. Augustine lays down the same rule—any composition of a rhythmic character, whether in verse or not, which was capable of being sung, was reckoned a hymn. Looked at in the light of this rule, the passages in the Epistles already quoted seem likely to have been parts of the earliest hymns of the Church, for they have every quality, save metrical form, fitting them for such a use. The well-known *Gloria in Excelsis* may serve as a specimen of the kind of composition first of all used as hymns in the early Church.

The *Gloria in Excelsis* was in all probability the morning hymn of the Christians of early times, as the *Phōs ilaron* preserved by St. Basil, which belongs to the first or second century, was their hymn for evening use. The latter, though less known, is as beautiful, perhaps in a poetic sense more beautiful, than the former. It has been effectively rendered in English by the following translation by Keble:

> Hail! gladdening Light, of His pure glory poured,
> Who is th' Immortal Father, heavenly blest,
> Holiest of Holies—Jesus Christ our Lord!
>
> Now we are come to the sun's hour of rest,
> The lights of evening round us shine,
> We hymn the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit Divine!
>
> Worthiest art Thou at all times to be sung,
> With undefiled tongue,
> Son of our God, Giver of life, alone!
> Therefore in all the world, Thy glories, Lord, we own.

This is still the vesper hymn of the Greek Church.

How such hymns arose we know not. "Whether they sprang first to light in a burst of choral song, like that inspired hymn in the Acts; or were bestowed on the Church through the heavenly meditations of a solitary believer; or gradually, like a river, by its tributary streams, rose to what they are, we can perhaps never know." We incline, however, to the idea that they were, in the first instance, improvised songs, and in aftertime brought to greater finish.

Thus the river which at first was but a tiny rill broadens and deepens until prophecy describes it as becoming like the mighty waves of the sea—"And I heard as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders saying Hallelujah! for the Lord our God, the Almighty reigneth. Let us rejoice and be glad, and let us give the glory unto him, for the marriage of the Lamb is come." "And I heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder, and the voice which I heard *was* as the *voice* of harpers harping with their harps, and they sang, as it were, a new song before the throne."

The Revelation is full of glowing references to song as the highest expression of worshiping feeling, indicating that, in the future as in the past, song is to be one of the noblest mediums for the ascription of praise. Do not the pictures in this book seem like glorified representations of the temple at Jerusalem and its worship; and do they not as such justify the idea that song was in Herod's temple, as it had been in earlier times in Solomon's, a part of its ritual? So vivid a picture of choral worship would scarcely have risen in a mind that had not been accustomed to its earthly counterpart. Thus the temple worship may have given form to the inspiration which moved in the heart of the writer of the Revelation and led him to embody the thoughts kindled in his mind by means of symbols drawn therefrom in which song forms so conspicuous an element; while it is not unworthy of notice that at times he rises above this symbolism and declares, "I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof."

CHAPTER IV

LATIN HYMNS

Establishment of Hymns in Church Service—Five Celebrated Sequences—Palestrina's Great *Hymni Totius Anni* Includes All the Famous Plain-chant Melodies.

IT was not until the latter half of the fourth century that the immense importance of the hymn in Christian worship became fully understood. St. Ephrem of Edessa made many valuable contributions to the store of hymns already in use at that period. St. Chrysostom zealously carried on the work at Constantinople, and St. Ambrose at Milan. The noblest Latin hymn we possess—*Te Deum laudamus*—was long believed to be the joint production of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine. To St. Ambrose, also, is due the honor of having first introduced the true metrical hymn into the services of the Western Church—for the rhythm of the older examples was very distinct from actual meter. His favorite species of verse was iambic dimeter—the "long measure" of English hymnology—which was long regarded as the normal meter of the Latin hymn. St. Gregory the Great first introduced sapphics; as in *Nocte surgentes vigilemus omnes.* Prudentius wrote, with great effect, trochaic tetrameter catalectic—*Corde natus ex Parentis ante mundi exordium;* and also used iambic trimeter—*O Nazarene, lux Bethlem, verbum Patris;* and iambic dimeter catalectic—*Cultor Dei memento.* One of the earliest instances of elegiac verse is found in the

Crux benedicta nitet, Dominus qua carne pependit,
Atque cruore suo vulnera nostra lavat

of Venantius Fortunatus. Other meters came into use from time to time; but, about the beginning of the tenth century, most of these were forsaken in favor of "prose"; that is to say—paradoxical as the explanation may seem to the uninitiated—a style consisting of regular lines, containing an equal number of syllables, and often carefully rhymed, but governed, as to their rhythm, by accent instead of quantity, and therefore setting the laws of classical prosody at defiance. Many of the finest medieval hymns are written in this beautiful though barbarous "Monkish Latin," especially those intended to be sung at mass after the Gradual and Tract; insomuch that the terms "sequence" and "prose" have almost come to be regarded as synonymous.

The *Sequentia* owes its name to its position in the mass; in which it appears as the continuation, or sequence, of the long series of verses and antiphons interposed between the Epistle and the Gospel. In the Middle Ages it was called a prose; because, though written for the most part in rhymed Latin, and frequently with perfect uniformity of rhythm, the cadence of its syllables was governed, not, as in classical poetry, by quantity, but by accent—a peculiarity which deprived it of all claim to consideration as verse of any kind. Its introduction into the Liturgy is generally supposed to date from the ninth or tenth century. In the eleventh and twelfth it was very extensively used; and many of the most beautiful specimens we possess were written by the great hymnologists who flourished during these productive periods. Medieval office-books contain innumerable sequences, of striking originality; but at the last revision of the Roman Liturgy, by direction of the Council of Trent, the greater number of these were expunged. Five, however, were retained in the revised missal; and these five occupy a very prominent position in the services in which they are incorporated, as well as in the history of ecclesiastical music.

1. The Sequence appointed for Easter Sunday is *Victimæ paschali,* the oldest now in use, dating, in all probability, from the tenth century.

2. Not very much less ancient is that for Whitsunday, *Veni Sancte Spiritus;* in rhymed triplets of trochaic dimeter catalectic, written, about the year 1000, by King Robert II of France, and called, by medieval writers, "The Golden Sequence."

3. For the Festival of Corpus Christi, St. Thomas Aquinas wrote the celebrated Sequence *Lauda Sion,* which is generally believed to date from about the year 1261.

4. The *Stabat Mater,* sung on the "Feasts of the Seven Dolors of Our Lady" (the Friday in Passion Week and the third Sunday in September) is generally referred to the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. The name of its author has not been certainly ascertained; but Daniel, after much patient investigation, attributes it to Jacobus de Benedictis.

5. More justly celebrated than any of these is the *Dies Iræ,* written during the latter half of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century, by Thomas of Celano, and sung in the *Requiem,* or mass for the dead. In the triple stanzas of this wonderful poem the rhymed Latin of the Middle Ages attained its highest perfection; and, though the *Stabat Mater* is frequently said to be second only to it in beauty, the distance between the two is very great. No Latin hymn has probably been so often translated.

The plain-chant melodies adapted to these five Sequences, in the Gradual, differ from hymn melodies chiefly in their continuity. Each melody is founded, it is true, upon certain fixed and well-marked phrases; but these phrases are not mechanically repeated, as in the hymn, to each successive stanza of the poetry.

The authorship of the plain-chant melodies to which these hymns were sung is very uncertain. It seems probable that in many cases the writer of the words was also the composer of the music to which they were adapted. A rich collection of such original tunes will be found in the *Vesperale Romanum* and other

similar office books. Probably the purest forms now attainable are those presented in the Vesperals published at Mechlin in 1870 and at Ratisbon in 1875; but the discarded office books once used in particular dioceses contain some priceless treasures: for instance, the Sarum tune to *Sanctorum meritis* is one of the most perfect Mixolydian melodies in existence.

After the invention of descant, these venerable hymn-tunes, or phrases selected from them, were constantly used as *Canti fermi* for masses and motets. In the year 1589 Palestrina turned them to still better account in his great work entitled *Hymni Totius Anni*—a collection of hymns for every festival throughout the ecclesiastical year, admirably treated, in the polyphonic style, for three, four, five, and six voices, and bearing traces of the great composer's best manner on every page.

A few Latin hymns, such as those to be found among the works of Hassler, Tallis, Byrd, and some other great composers, have been set, for four or more voices, in a similar manner; but, as a whole, Palestrina's magnificent Hymnal stands quite alone—too great to admit the possibility of rivalry. The delight with which it was received was unbounded. Indeed, long before the middle of the sixteenth century the science of hymnology had already begun to attract an immense amount of attention, in widely different directions. Hymns, or rather carols, of a somewhat lighter character than those we have been considering, had been sung, for ages past, between the scenes of the Mysteries and Miracle Plays which form so conspicuous a feature in the religious history of the Middle Ages. Many of these—notably such as set forth the glad tidings commemorated at Christmastide—became, from time to time, extremely popular, and obtained a firm hold on the affections of rich and poor alike.

CHAPTER V

EARLY PROTESTANT HYMNS

Luther's German Hymnal, and the Development of the Chorale by Johann Sebastian Bach—Calvinist Psalter Issued by Marot and Beza—Early English Hymnody.

WELL knowing the effect of song upon popular feeling, and fully appreciating the beauty of the Latin hymns to which he had been accustomed from his earliest youth, Luther turned these circumstances to account by producing a vast amount of German Kirchenlieder, which, adapted to the most favorite melodies of the day, both sacred and secular, and set for four, five, and six voices (with the plain chant in the tenor), by Johannes Walther, were first published at Wittenberg, in 1524, and reissued, in the following year, with a special preface by Luther himself. Innumerable other works of a similar description followed in rapid succession. The vernacular hymn found its way more readily than ever to the inmost heart of the German people. The chorale was sung far and wide; and, at last, under the treatment of Johann Sebastian Bach, its beauties were developed, with a depth of insight into its melodic and harmonic resources which is not likely ever to be surpassed. Even the simplest settings of this great master bear tokens of a certain individuality which will render them household words, in the land of their birth, as long as true musical expression shall continue to be valued at its true worth; and, perhaps, in these gentle inspirations Bach speaks more plainly to the outer world than in some cases where he has subjected the melody to more elaborate treatment.

In France, the metrical psalms of Clément Marot and Théodore Beza were no less enthusiastically received than the hymns of Luther in Germany, though their popularity was less lasting. They were originally sung to the most familiar ditties of the time, which were adapted to them, probably by Guillaume Franc, in the Psalter first published by Calvin at Geneva in 1542. In 1561 Louis Bourgeois published a volume, at Lyons, containing eighty-three of these tunes, set for four, five, and six voices; and in 1565 Adrian le Roy printed, at Paris, an entire Psalter, in which the melodies were treated after the manner of motets by Claude Goudimel. This last-named work was reprinted, in Holland, in 1607; but Goudimel's polyphonic settings were found too difficult for general use, and were supplanted, after a time, by some less elaborate arrangements—with the melody, as usual, in the tenor—by Claudin le Jeune, whose collection was published at Leyden in 1633.

It was not to be supposed that the movement which had spread thus rapidly in France and Germany would be suffered to pass unheeded in England, where the study of the madrigal had already brought part-singing to a high degree of perfection. Here, as in France, the first incentive to popular hymnody seems to have been the rendering of the Psalms into verse in the mother tongue. Sternhold's fifty-one psalms first saw the light in 1549; but "The Whole Booke of Psalmes," "by T. Sternhold, J. Hopkins, and others," did not appear until 1562, when it was "imprinted" by John Day, "with apt notes to sing them withal"; the "apt notes" being simply the melodies, as sung in France

and Germany, without bass or any other part. In 1563 Day "imprinted" "The Whole Book of Psalmes, in foure parts," harmonized, in the simplest possible manner, by Thomas Tallis, Richard Brimle, William Parsons, Thomas Causton, J. Hake, and Richard Edwards. This was the first collection of hymn tunes ever published in England for four voices. Neither Burney nor Hawkins seems to have been aware of its existence. A perfect copy is, however, preserved in the library of Brasenose College, Oxford; and one, containing the medius and tenor parts only, in that of the British Museum. It was followed, in 1567, by another invaluable volume, also "imprinted," *but not published,* by John Day; namely, "The first Quinquagene" of Archbishop Parker's metrical version of the Psalms—a work which has only been preserved through the medium of a few copies.

At the end of this precious volume are found, in four parts, eight tunes, set, by Tallis, in plain counterpoint, with the melody in the tenor. Each of these tunes is written in one of the first eight modes; the eighth, or hypomixolydian tune, being the well-known canon now universally adapted to the words of Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn. A larger collection was published, in 1579, by Guilielmo Damon, whose harmony is clear and good, and—as it always should be when intended for congregational use—extremely simple. In 1591 another collection appeared, by the same author, in two books, in the second of which "the highest part singeth the Church tune"—probably for the first time. In 1585, six years before the publication of Damon's second work, John Cosyns had put forth sixty psalms, with the tunes first printed by Day, set for five and six voices; but by far the most important volume which appeared before the close of the century was the complete Psalter printed by Thomas Este in 1594, and containing tunes skillfully harmonized, for four voices, by John Dowland, E. Blancks, E. Hooper, J. Farmer, R. Allison, G. Kirbye, W. Cobbold, E. Johnson, and G. Farnaby—composers of no mean reputation, and generally reckoned among the best of the period. A far inferior volume was published, by John Mundy, in the same year; and in 1599 a collection appeared, by Richard Allison, with accompaniments "to be plaide upon the lute, orpharion, citterne, or base violl, severally or together"; but all these works were superseded in 1621 by "The Whole Booke of Psalmes," edited, and in great part arranged, by Thomas Ravenscroft. This famous volume contains settings, for four voices, of the best German, French, and English tunes, by Tallis, Dowland, Morley, Bennet, Stubbs, Farnaby, the editor himself, and fourteen other noted musicians of the day. The melody, according to custom, is always given to the tenor. The counterpoint throughout is admirable, and every tune may fairly be regarded as a masterpiece. The bass and tenor proceed, for the most part, *nota contra notam,* while the treble and alto, though by no means written in a florid style, exhibit a little more variety of treatment. The effect of this arrangement, when the tenor is sung by a large body of voices in unison, and the harmony by a select choir, is exceedingly impressive. The finest tune in the collection is John Dowland's setting of the 100th Psalm.

A second edition of Ravenscroft's Psalter was published in 1633. William and Henry Lawes set the Psalms of Mr. George Sandys, in three parts, in 1648. In 1671 John Playford printed his "Psalms and Hymns in solemn Musicke of foure parts"; followed, in 1677, by his more widely known "Whole Book of Psalms" for three voices—a work the popularity of which was so extended, that, by the year 1757, it had run through no less than twenty editions. But these later works show a lamentable deterioration both of technical skill and artistic feeling. English hymnody was not destined to remain for any length of time in the high state of cultivation indicated by the collections of Este and Ravenscroft. Step by step the decadence of the hymn tune kept pace with that of the madrigal, which had once done so much toward preparing the way for its more perfect development. Had any hope of a revival existed, it would have been dispelled by the Great Rebellion. The Restoration did nothing toward the resuscitation of the failing art. The vigorous treatment of the old masters faded gradually into vague inanity. The tunes of Hayes, Wainwright, Carey, Tans'ur, and other more modern writers, are as far inferior to those of their predecessors as those of their followers are to them.

CHAPTER VI

HYMNS OF WATTS AND OTHERS

Prejudice Overcome by Watts—Hymns of His that will Live and Some that will Not—Browne, Pope, Samuel Wesley, and Byrom.

ISAAC WATTS is the real founder of English hymnody. What Ambrose was to the Latins; what Clément Marot was to the French; what Luther was to the Germans—that, and perhaps more, was Watts to the English. As Josiah Conder says: "He was the first who succeeded in overcoming the prejudice which opposed the introduction of hymns into our public worship." In our hymn-singing age, it is difficult, especially for its younger members, to realize the strength

and even violence of such a prejudice. So strong was it, so high did feeling run on the subject, that many a church was rent asunder by the proposal to introduce hymns; in some cases, even by the proposal to sing metrical versions of the Psalms. This was markedly the case among the Baptists. In the church of which Benjamin Keach was the pastor (the original of that to which Mr. Spurgeon ministered), when, after prolonged discussion, it was decided to introduce singing into its worship, "a minority took refuge in a songless sanctuary." In his "Truth Soberly Defined," published in 1698, Isaac Marlow, with considerable passion, maintained that the Church should not permit the introduction of singing into her services. In some churches, however, the objection lay not against singing, for the metrical Psalms were sung, but against the singing of hymns. There was a feeling that the line must be drawn somewhere, and so it was drawn at hymns. The publication of various collections of hymns by W. Barton during the years between 1654 and 1688; the large sale of Mason and Shepherd's hymns (1691); the issue of a collection of "Divine Hymns," gathered from six authors, among whom were J. Mason and R. Baxter, in 1694—seem to point to the probability that hymns were used, at all events in some churches; but it is not decisive. Such collections may have been chiefly used for reading, or, as in the case of Matthew Henry's hymns (1695), for singing in the home. If, however, Dr. Gibbons is to be relied on, *hymns* must have been in use in the closing years of the seventeenth century, for he says: "Mr. John Morgan, a minister of very respectable character, now living at Romsey, Hants, has sent me the following information: 'The occasion of the Doctor's (Watts) hymns was this, as I had the account from his worthy fellow-laborer and colleague, the Rev. Mr. Price, in whose family I dwelt above fifty years ago. The hymns which were sung at the Dissenting Meeting at Southampton [these were Barton's] were so little to the gust of Mr. Watts, that he could not forbear complaining of them to his father. The father bid him try what he could do to mend the matter. He did, and had such success in his first essay, "Behold the glories of the Lamb," that a second hymn was earnestly desired of him, and then a third and fourth, etc., till, in process of time, there was such a number of them as to make up a volume.'" But the church at Southampton was exceptionally liberal in its spirit.

When Watts's hymns began to find their way into favor, the more conservative regarded them, as Bradbury afterward did, as "Watts's *Whims*." Whereas, in Germany, Luther's hymns were sung almost as soon as they were produced, it was thirty or forty years before those of Dr. Watts found their way into common use; and even then suspicions of heresy fastened about the churches that adopted them. As to the hymnody of the time, Dr. Watts's lines would surely apply:

> O what a wretched land is this,
> That yields us no supplies.

And it was this poverty which really gave birth to our modern hymnody, for, in the deepest sense, Dr. Watts is its founder. His versions of the Psalms and his original hymns supplanted all previous ones, and for many a long year held undisputed possession of the Nonconformist Church against all comers. This is a thing unique in the history of the Church, not even paralleled by the case of Charles Wesley's hymns among the Methodists, since that collection contained hymns by both John and Charles Wesley, and a very few from other writers, as well as many translations from the German. Even the Psalter—the hymn-book of the Jewish Church—does not furnish a parallel, since that is the product, not only of many authors, but of many ages. Scripture itself has come to us through many minds; but for more than a century Watts was the only hymnist of the Independent sanctuaries; so venerated were his hymns and psalms, that in this very century there were persons who refused to sing any others, and actually sat down if any others were given out. This was both a gain and a loss—a gain in that, through him, hymns became a part of divine worship; a loss in that his preëminence excluded the hymns of other writers, even those then in existence by George Herbert, John Milton, Richard Baxter, John Mason, to say nothing of those by writers of other lands, or the ancient hymns of the Church.

There are hymns by Watts that will last as long as the Church continues her worship-song, such as "I'll praise my Maker with my breath," "Our God, our help in ages past," "When I survey the wondrous cross," "Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims," and others besides these. Some of Watts's hymns, however, once sung in the Church cannot now be read without a smile. Take the following as illustrations. Here is a verse from his version of the 101st Psalm:

> I'll purge my family around,
> And make the wicked flee;
> So shall my house be ever found
> A dwelling fit for Thee.

Here is a verse from Hymn 19 of the second book:

> He spoke, and straight our hearts and brains
> In all their motions rose;
> Let blood (said He) flow round the veins,
> And round the veins it flows.

Watts, responding to the call for hymns, wrote too much. No less than 515 psalms and hymns are found in the volume actually used in public worship, to say nothing of his sacred lyrics. Those are the truest friends to the memory of Dr. Watts who only include the finest of his hymns in their collections. It is a vain effort to try to keep alive his didactic and inferior ones. They may be printed, but they will not be sung. The day of rhymed prose is over, even when fathered by great names. Dr. Watts, with a modesty that is rare, once said that Charles Wesley's hymn on "Wrestling Jacob" was worth all he had ever written. This was an excess of modesty, but it reveals, perhaps, a feeling hidden in his mind that he had written too much.

Simon Browne (1680-1732) was a contemporary with Dr. Watts, and belongs to his school of hymn writing. He published, in 1720, "Hymns and Spiritual Songs, in Three Books, designed as a Supplement to Dr. Watts." Two of Browne's hymns are well known, and still hold a place in modern hymnals. The most

popular is "Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove," which is not without merit; the other is "Lord, at Thy feet we sinners lie."

Alexander Pope (1688-1744), who fills so large a space in the poetic literature of England, used to be reckoned among the hymnists, on account of what has been called Pope's ode, "Vital spark of heavenly flame." This has been included in many hymnals, and was once a favorite at funeral services. It is an imitation of a poem composed, during his last hours, by the Emperor Hadrian.

Samuel Wesley, junior (1690-1739), the elder brother of John and Charles Wesley, held aloof from the Methodist movement, which began only five years before his death. He wrote "Poems on Several Occasions." To the last he adhered to the Church of England, as did his brothers, and was, indeed, a High-churchman of the type of that age. His best known hymn is "The Lord of Sabbath let us praise." Less known, but fairly good, are his hymns "The morning flowers display their sweets" and "Hail! Father, whose creating call."

John Byrom (1691-1763), remarkable for his scientific attainments, belonged, in some degree, to the school of mystics, but was probably kept from some of their excesses by his work in science. Two of his hymns, though greatly differing in style and substance, have attained to great popularity, and are still widely used. His hymn for Christmas day, "Christians, awake, salute the happy morn," is very distinctive, and boldly lyrical; while "My spirit longeth for Thee" —as the reader may observe—is terse in expression and tender in feeling:

My spirit longeth for Thee,
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so Divine a guest:

Of so Divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest
Unless it come from Thee.

He has given us very little, but that little is very good. Some of his verses anticipate and set forth with great force the better theological thought of our own time. This is specially so in his "Meditation for Wednesday in Passion Week."

Robert Seagrave (born 1693) wrote about fifty hymns, included in a collection prepared for his own congregation at Lorimer's Hall in 1742. He is remembered chiefly by one of these, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

CHAPTER VII

EARLY METHODIST HYMNS

Charles Wesley's "Hymns and Sacred Poems" and the "Foundery Tune-Book"—"Harmonia Sacra" by Butts—Other Wesleyan Hymnals and Five Excellent Rules for Congregational Singing.

ALL the great religious revivals of modern times have been very largely influenced by music and hymn-singing, and the Methodist revival of the eighteenth century was no exception to the rule. The work done by the Wesleys in this direction corresponds, to some extent, with that done by Huss in Bohemia and Luther in Germany in their day. Both Luther and John Wesley were not only very fond of music, but they also recognized the importance of making church-singing congregational. Wesley, however, had not the natural musical genius of Luther, who had a gift for composition, besides being an excellent performer on various musical instruments; while Wesley's efforts in this direction were limited to simple performances on the flute, and he had little knowledge of the laws of music. That he was deeply influenced by music is evident from the many references to it in his "Journals," the most striking being his experiences in May, 1738, at the time of his conversion, when he recorded in full the words of three anthems he heard at St. Paul's, which seem to have accorded in a remarkable manner with the inmost feelings of his mind. These anthems were: "Out of the deep have I called"; "My song shall be always of the loving-kindness of the Lord"; "My soul truly waiteth still upon God." It is almost impossible now to fix the authorship of these anthems, but the first is probably by Henry Purcell.

When he was a boy Wesley had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Old Version of the Psalms, both in the church at Epworth and also in his home; for the daily lessons of the young Wesleys always began and ended with the singing of a psalm. He refers in after-life to the "scandalous doggerel of Sternhold and Hopkins," although on one occasion he confesses to having received a blessing "in a manner I did not expect, even by the words of Thomas Sternhold." When he got to the Charterhouse he used the version specially prepared by Dr. Patrick. Wesley has not recorded his opinion of it, but it never passed into general use, and seems to have been little known. Nahum Tate, who wrote a pamphlet on the state of psalmody at the beginning of the eighteenth century, says that when a brother of Dr. Patrick's introduced this version into his house-

hold for use at family prayers, he noticed that one of the servant-maids who had a good voice did not join in the singing; and being pressed for a reason she said to her master, "Sir, if you must needs know the plain truth of the matter, as long as you sung Jesus Christ's psalms I sung along with ye; but now you sing psalms of your own invention ye may sing by yourselves."

But no matter what version might be in use, the tunes for the Psalms were common to all; and as the same tunes had been sung over and over again from generation to generation, it is not surprising to find that singing in the Church of England services in those days was in a languishing state. So late as 1762 a writer says that he has heard "York" sung fifteen times in a week at one church, while it was no uncommon thing to hear tunes of one meter sung to psalms of another.

When John Wesley entered on his evangelistic work, one of the first things to which he turned his attention was the singing. Hitherto there had been no hymns sung in churches, and very few even in dissenting chapels; but a new era was at hand, and modern hymn-singing as we know it may be dated from the year 1740, when the earliest hymns of Charles Wesley—"the sweet singer of Methodism"—were collected and published under the title of "Hymns and Sacred Poems."

The next thing needed was a tune-book, and in 1742 appeared the first Methodist collection under the title of "A Collection of Tunes, set to Music, as they are commonly Sung at the Foundery." This "Foundery" was situated near Moorfields, and had been used by the government for a number of years for the casting of cannon. In 1716, while the guns captured by the Duke of Marlborough in his French wars were being recast, a terrible explosion occurred, which blew off the roof and killed several of the workmen. The place was consequently abandoned, and the works removed to Woolwich. The Foundery, as Wesley called it, remained in ruins till 1739, when he bought it and turned it into the first Methodist meeting-house in London.

This "Foundery Tune-Book" is very interesting in many ways. Wesley's experience of the old psalm-tunes led him to exclude all of them except three from his book. Those he admitted were the "Old 81st," "Old 112th," and "Old 113th": the first because it was universally popular at the time, the second because it was really a German chorale of which he was very fond, while the last was also a special favorite of his. On the other hand, the newer psalm-tunes—namely, those recently added in the various editions and supplements of Tate and Brady's New Version—readily find a place, including "Burford," "Hanover," "Bedford," and "St. Matthew." Then about eleven tunes make their first appearance in this book, one of which, "Islington," remained a standard long-meter tune for all denominations for upward of a century. Of the remainder of the Foundery tunes, one is an adaptation from the march in Handel's opera of "Richard I," and fourteen are of German origin.

Wesley became acquainted with the German chorales through his association with the Moravian Brethren, both on his journey to America and during his visit to the various Moravian settlements in 1738. His frequent references to their music show how he appreciated both their tunes and their manner of singing them; and it is, therefore, not surprising that he introduced so large a proportion into his first tune-book. The collection then in use among the Brethren was Freylinghausen's "Gesangbuch," and Wesley's copy is still preserved in the library of the Wesleyan College at Richmond. Six of these chorales are known in these days as "Winchester New," "Amsterdam," "Resurrection" (or "St. George's"), "Irene," "Old 112th," and "Marienbourn," the last being very different from the original. "Amsterdam" has always been ascribed to Nares, but incorrectly, as it was in use already when Nares was born. "Irene" is called "Savannah" in the Foundery book, but the name was changed under the following circumstances. A party of Moravian emigrants passed through London in 1742 on their way to America. Some of them ascended the gallery of St. Paul's, and, in full view of the wide panorama of the city, sang to this tune a hymn of intercession to God for the teeming population below them. They then proceeded to their vessel, the name of which had been changed from the *Catherine Snow* to the *Irene* (Peace), and Wesley changed the name which he had originally given to this tune in commemoration of this incident.

The "Foundery Tune-Book" was one of the worst printed books ever issued from the press; and not only is the printing itself bad but the work is full of the most extraordinary mistakes, such as wrong bars and notes and impossible musical phrases.

Of course all these mistakes ruined the sale of the book, and no second edition was ever printed. It is now very scarce, but a reprint was issued in 1882, which was to be obtained until recently, and was well worth the two shillings asked for it.

Toward the end of 1746 the first book of original tunes to Charles Wesley's hymns made its appearance under the title of "Hymns on the Great Festivals, and Other Occasions." This elegantly bound and well-printed book was the work of J. F. Lampe, a German who settled in England in 1725, when he was about twenty-two years of age. He attained considerable renown as a bassoon player, and was a member of the band that performed Handel's operas.

Lampe also wrote the music for several pantomimes and comic operas, and in collaboration with Henry Carey (composer of "Carey's") as librettist, he produced the burlesque operetta "The Dragon of Wantley," which had an extraordinary success. He came under the influence of the Wesleys in November, 1745, when John Wesley tells us he spent "an hour with Mr. Lampe, who had been a deist for many years, till it pleased God . . . to bring him to a better mind." Lampe published his tunes at his own expense, but Charles Wesley tells us that they were universally admired, and there is no doubt that many of them soon came into general use among Methodists. Out of the twenty-four tunes, fifteen are in the minor mode, and all show traces of the florid style which might be expected from an operatic composer in those days. One of the tunes, considerably pruned down, still finds a place in most hymnals under the name "Invitation" or "Devonshire." Charles Wesley pre-

fixed titles to many of his hymns, and this tune was set to one called "The Invitation," "Come, sinners, to the gospel feast."

For the next few years the tunes used by the Methodists consisted of those from the Foundery book and many of Lampe's, and the stock was frequently added to by original compositions and local melodies that John Wesley met with in his travels; while another and more doubtful source was discovered in adaptations and arrangements of secular airs. Moreover, the singing of the Methodists was becoming noted, not only for its heartiness, but for the attractive tunes that were coming into use among them. A Dr. John Scott, in a tract written in 1744, acknowledges that "the Methodists have got some of the most melodious tunes that ever were composed for Church music; there is great harmony in their singing, and it is very enchanting."

At last the necessity for a new collection of tunes became pressing, and the work was undertaken by Thomas Butts, who was not only a good musician but also a great friend of both the Wesleys, whom he often accompanied in their travels. From his house in Ratcliff Row, off Old Street, he issued his "Harmonia Sacra." This is not only one of the best collections of hymn-tunes issued during the eighteenth century, but also furnishes one of the best examples of the period of the music engraver's art.

No names are put to the tunes in this edition, though they are found in the later ones, but occasionally a title is given, which belongs to the hymn rather than the tune (e.g., "For a backslider"); nor do we find any clew to the composer or the source from which they are taken, except one, which is headed "Psalm cl., by King James."

It is impossible now to trace the origin of the myth which makes that king the composer of this tune, which was for a long time very popular under the names of "New York," "Chimes," or "Whitton's," the last probably being the actual composer's name. Among the notable features of the book are the almost total absence of such tunes as the "Old 100th" and "St. Anne's," only four of the old psalm-tunes being included, and the introduction of many adaptations and arrangements.

Many of the tunes in Butts's collection have a "Hallelujah" refrain, and a few repeat the last line; but there is very little of the objectionable breaking up of words and phrases so common toward the close of the century.

Handel wrote his now little-known oratorio "Susanna" in six weeks during 1748, and in the following year it was performed four times at Covent Garden. One of the airs soon became immensely popular, and was speedily manufactured into a hymn-tune, and as such finds a place in "Harmonia Sacra." It appeared in this form as "Halifax" as late as 1849. Several other popular airs were adapted, probably because a well-known tune insured more hearty singing; for instance, Carey wrote a popular patriotic song with music to celebrate Admiral Vernon's return from taking Porto Bello in 1739. Vernon arrived off Porto Bello November 20, bombarded the works next day, and took the place with the loss of only seven men. Carey's song begins with these stirring lines:

> He comes! he comes! the hero comes!
> Sound your trumpets, beat your drums!
> From port to port let cannons roar
> His welcome to the British shore.

The tune was a good one, and much too popular to be neglected, so Charles Wesley paraphrased the martial words in the form of a hymn on the Last Judgment, and this new setting of the secular melody was sung heartily for upward of half a century.

Other popular melodies of the time will be found in "Harmonia Sacra." One of these is "Cheshunt," adapted from a song called "A Thought on a Spring Morning," the first line being, "How brisk the breath of morning blows." Here it is set to the once popular hymn "The voice of my Beloved sounds." The song is from a volume called the "Musical Medley," by Henry Holcombe, a popular composer of the time. Another of his songs, known as "Arno's Vale," was turned into a hymn-tune and named "Guernsey." It occurs in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1745, and was frequently reprinted.

At least two adaptations from Arne's works occur: "And can I in sorrow lie down," from his opera "Eliza"; and "In infancy our hopes and fears," from "Artaxerxes."

Among the few tunes in the "Harmonia Sacra" now in use, besides those from the "Foundery Tune-Book" we find "Carey's," "Hotham," and "Ringland," which is really a German chorale by Neander (1679).

Wesley does not seem to have been altogether satisfied with the results of his friend's labors, and in 1761 he published his second tune-book under the title of "Select Hymns with Tunes Annext." The "Tunes Annext" have a separate title-page, with the inscription "Sacred Melody," by which name the collection is known. In the preface he refers to Butts's "Harmonia Sacra" in terms of high commendation; but he says: "Tho' it is excellent in its kind, it is not the thing which I want. I want the people called Methodists to sing true the tunes which are in common use among them. . . . I have been endeavoring for more than twenty years to procure such a book as this. But in vain. Masters of music were above following any direction but their own. And I was determined whoever compiled this, should follow *my* direction; not *mending* our tunes but setting them down neither better nor worse than they were. At length I have prevailed. The following collection contains all the tunes which are in common use amongst us."

Wesley also specially emphasizes the fact that the book "is small as well as the price" (4*s.*). This would be greatly to its advantage, for "Harmonia Sacra" was published at 6*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6*d.*, and 15*s.*, and its size made it suitable only for the desk, while "Sacred Melody" could be carried about in the pocket.

All the tunes in this book except eight are found in "Harmonia Sacra," but no less than sixty of those in the latter book are omitted (including many of the florid ones), and all the old psalm-tunes except the "Old 112th" and "Old 113th." John Wesley was ever partial to these two, and in referring to the former he once said to some of his Yorkshire friends, "If you want to hear fine psalmody you must go to Fulneck and hear the Moravians sing 'Think on Thy Son's so bitter death.'" The "Old 113th" tune, in a shortened

form, was the last one he ever sang; and on the day before he died he employed what little strength he had in singing it to "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

Many of the tunes already referred to are in this book, and the new ones of importance include "Sion," which is not by Milgrove, as there stated.

Perhaps the most extraordinary and unsingable tune is the one called "Tombstone." A so-called poet of small capabilities wrote some verses, of which the first will serve as a sample:

Hark! hark! 'tis a voice from the tomb;
Come, Lucy, it cries; come away,
The grave of thy Colin has room
To rest thee beside his cold clay.

This lugubrious ditty was set to music by Dr. Worgan, and the melody seems to have taken Wesley's fancy; for in spite of the difference in meter we find it set in this book to "When I survey the wondrous cross."

A second edition was issued in 1765, and a third in 1770. These are the same in themselves, but contain twelve new tunes, among them being the celebrated "Olivers'," better known to us under its later name of "Helmsley." Few tunes have been so popular, or met with such abuse, as this. Thomas Olivers, one of the best known of Wesley's helpers, was born in Wales, and was brought up to the shoemaking trade. He led a wild and dissolute life until, when he was about twenty-five years of age, he came under the influence of Whitefield, and associated himself with the Methodists. Wesley employed him for a time as corrector for the press, but he was a much greater success as an evangelist.

The tune did not at once become either widely known or popular, and it was some time before it began to make its way into other collections; but when it did begin to get about, its origin was a sore puzzle to editors. In the "Seraph," a two-volume collection of melodies published in 1818, the editor tells us that "the air has been erroneously ascribed to Madan, but it is a well-known Scottish melody bearing a familiar title which is unnecessary to name."

It was about this time that the movement was on foot to do away with the too florid tunes that had found their way into the churches. "Helmsley" was one of the first to be condemned, and some one made the astonishing discovery that the old tune was derived from an eighteenth-century hornpipe! This was promptly accepted as the truth without further question, until Major Crauford, an able investigator, who devoted much time to the question, showed conclusively that "Helmsley" was an original tune by Olivers, and was in no way an adaptation from any secular source whatever.

Some interesting directions for singing are inserted in some of the copies of "Sacred Melody," and it would be a very good thing if these were read aloud from time to time in all churches and chapels where good congregational singing is aimed at:

I. Learn these *Tunes* before you learn any others; afterward learn as many as you please.

II. Sing them exactly as they are printed here, without altering or mending them at all; and if you have learned to sing them otherwise, unlearn it as soon as you can.

III. Sing *All.* See that you join with the congregation as frequently as you can. Let not a slight degree of weakness or weariness hinder you. If it is a cross to you, take it up, and you will find it a blessing.

IV. Sing *lustily* and with a good courage. Beware of singing as if you were half dead, or half asleep; but lift up your voice with strength. Be no more afraid of your voice now, nor more ashamed of its being heard, than when you sung the songs of *Satan.*

V. Sing *modestly.* Do not bawl, so as to be heard above or distinct from the rest of the congregation, that you may not destroy the harmony; but strive to unite your voices together, so as to make one clear melodious sound.

VI. Sing *in Time.* Whatever time is sung be sure to keep with it. Do not run before nor stay behind it; but attend close to the leading voices, and move therewith as exactly as you can; and take care not to sing *too slow.* This drawling way naturally steals on all who are lazy; and it is high time to drive it out from among us, and sing all our tunes just as quick as we did at first.

VII. Above all sing *spiritually.* Have an eye to God in every word you sing. Aim at pleasing *Him* more than yourself, or any other creature. In order to this attend strictly to the sense of what you sing, and see that your *Heart* is not carried away with the sound, but offered to God continually; so shall your singing be such as the *Lord* will approve of here, and reward you when He cometh in the clouds of heaven.

The name "Sacred Melody" is derived from the fact that only the air of each tune is given; but after it had been in use for many years Wesley decided to issue a harmonized edition, and in 1781 appeared his last tune-book. This is known as "Sacred Harmony," and contains the tunes arranged for two and three voices. It also contains the hymns to each tune; and as this made it a rather cumbrous volume, a "thin" edition was issued about 1789. The former, or thick "Sacred Harmony," is now very rare, but the latter is still to be met with.

"Sacred Harmony" contains some interesting additions, including "Leoni," and some anthems, such as "Vital Spark" and "Denmark."

The story of "Leoni" is as follows. About the year 1770 Thomas Olivers was attending a conference at Wesley's Chapel in City Road, and one Friday evening he went to the Jewish synagogue in Aldgate, where he heard a version of the old Hebrew doxology usually sung on the eve of the Jewish Sabbath. The leader of the singing at that time was Leoni, and Olivers, who was much taken with the melody he had heard, applied to him for a copy, and then wrote his celebrated hymn to it, "The God of Abraham praise," which is really founded on the doxology referred to. It was then published in leaflet form, and shortly after it appeared in the "Gospel Magazine" of April, 1775. The origin of this melody is quite unknown, but it is doubtful if it is much older than the eighteenth century.

It is now necessary to go back a few years in order to see what musical provision was made for Whitefield and his followers after he separated from Wesley. Whitefield took great interest in music, and he tells us that soon after he had begun preaching he associated himself with some young men who attended his ministrations, and who had formed themselves into a singing society. He used sometimes to preach to them during their meetings, and they in turn taught him his "gamut," and initiated him into the mysteries

of music. When in later years he moved to his newly erected Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, he prepared a hymn-book for his followers' use, which was issued in 1753, and the year after a companion tune-book was published called the "Divine Musical Miscellany." This book is now very scarce, but it is an interesting compilation, as in it many tunes afterward used among the Methodists generally made their first appearance. At the end of the book are some "dialogue" hymns, which used to be a feature in the Tabernacle singing. The men and women occupied different sides of the chapel, and these hymns were arranged to be sung in dialogue fashion, as may be seen from the following brief example, which is as good as any that could be selected for our purpose:

Men: Tell us, O women, we would know
Whither so fast ye move.
Women: We're called to leave the world below,
Are seeking one above.
Chorus: Hallelujah.

Most of the hymns of this class are the composition of John Cennick. No other tune-book was issued specially for the use of the Calvinistic Methodists during the eighteenth century, but several collections of tunes, such as those by Aaron Williams, contain on the title-page the statement that the tunes are in use at the Tabernacle among other places.

At least one "pirated" edition of Wesley's tune-books was issued, under the title of "The Spiritual Psalmodist's Companion," 1772.

CHAPTER VIII

THE BEST HYMNS

Rules by which Hymns may be Tested—"The Great Four"—Thirty-two Great Hymns in English as Approved by the Churches—Indispensable Qualities of a True Hymn Summed Up.

BEFORE passing to the examination of the hymns themselves we should endeavor to fix upon a standard by which they may be judged and their comparative rank determined.

It is generally conceded that this standard cannot be such as is applied to other classes of literature. Hymnody is unique. It is employed for one specific purpose and must be judged by rules of its own. So while it is admitted that the canons of literary criticism may have due weight, and while room is given for the expression of competent authority, the final arbiter must be Christian usage. What the Church generally adopts must be a good hymn, and the hymns that are most generally adopted must be the best hymns.

It then becomes our duty to determine the qualities possessed by such hymns, and we shall conclude that according to the degree in which a hymn exhibits these qualities it is entitled to take rank.

But even so, it is necessary to exercise a judicious care. How shall we determine Christian usage? What testimony shall we receive? In short, what sort of use establishes usage?

Manifestly a song that aspires to be a hymn does not fulfill the conditions simply because of its mere popularity. It may be sung far and wide, in various gatherings, caught up by the multitude, and even whistled by the boys in the street. This does not place it in the rank of the great hymns. It must certainly conform to at least four conditions before it can be said to be adopted.

1. It must obtain a hold upon the great Christian community. It must not be partisan or sectional, else it is not "adopted."

2. Its hold must be permanent. If its spirit accords with but a single juncture or a single generation, if its sentiment suits but a single age, it is not adopted.

3. It must find a place in the solemn and stated worship of the great congregation. If it is used only in the camp-meeting, the Sunday-school, or some similar portion of worship, it cannot be said to be adopted.

4. It must be embodied in some authorized body of sacred song, put forth or sanctioned by some recognized organization of Christians. If it never emerges from the publication of some irresponsible person or firm, it cannot be called "adopted." Such principles have been accepted by those who have sought to determine usage as a standard by which to judge our hymns.

Several systematic and learned attempts have been made in this direction, the most notable of which are the following:

1. "*Anglican Hymnology.*" The subtitle of this book is "Being an account of the 325 standard hymns of the highest merit, according to the verdict of the whole Anglican Church."

As to the method pursued, the author says he "collected and collated with much labor fifty-two representative hymnals used in the Church of England at home and abroad. These included hymnals of the Scottish Episcopal, American, and Colonial churches in communion with the Anglican." "The fifty-two were regarded as a committee, each member of which could, as it were, give one vote for each approved hymn." "Two thousand of our best known hymns have thus been tested, and those that have obtained

most marks have been selected and classified on the following principle": Hymns receiving thirty votes and upward, *first rank;* hymns receiving twenty votes and upward, *second rank;* hymns receiving fifteen votes and upward, *third rank;* hymns receiving less than fifteen votes regarded as not generally approved.

In this examination not a single hymn received the votes of all the hymnals! So that not one is great by unanimous consent. The author also admits that some hymns may not have obtained votes enough to be enrolled in a high rank because of their too recent date. It takes from twenty to fifty years for some hymns to win their way to favor.

According to the collation of this author the first-rank hymns are one hundred and five in number. Four of these stand at the head of the list, greatly distinguished in that they obtain fifty-one votes—within one vote of unanimity. They are therefore frequently referred to as *The Great Four.* They are the following, though the actual order need not be preserved, as all obtained the same number of votes:

1. All praise to Thee, my God, this night.—Bishop Ken.
2. Hark! the herald angels sing.—C. Wesley.
3. Lo! He comes with clouds descending.
—Cennick-Wesley.
4. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.—Toplady.

Six other hymns received forty-nine votes and are here added:

5. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide.—Lyte.
6. Awake, my soul, and with the sun.—Bishop Ken.
7. Jerusalem the golden.—Bernard-Neale.
8. Jesus, Lover of my soul.—C. Wesley.
9. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.—Keble.
10. When I survey the wondrous cross.—Watts.

2. *"The National Hymn-Book."* This is an attempt similar to that of the "Anglican Hymnology," but applied to America. The author selects the hymnaries of the following denominations: Baptists, Congregationalists, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Reformed, and some others—thirty in all. From these a hymn-book is compiled. The author, however, includes no hymn, whatever its merits, not found in the hymnal of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

This is somewhat more catholic in method than that pursued in the "Anglican Hymnology," but its usefulness for our purposes is destroyed by its peculiar limitation. The standard is virtually the hymnal of the Episcopal Church, with other hymnals corroborating.

3. *"The Best Church Hymns."* The author of this book has collated one hundred and seven hymn-books, among which are included those of the two authors above. He then takes eighty per cent. as the proportion of books in which a hymn must be found to attain the first rank. This gives him thirty-two hymns which may be called "the best Church hymns." This makes an invaluable little book—incomparably the best of its kind extant. The work has been done in the spirit of broadest charity, with no evidence of sectarianism of any kind, and the results embody the judgment of our common Protestantism. The author, however, expresses the same caution as that of the "Anglican Hymnology," that there may be certain first-rank hymns not included in the list simply because they have not as yet had time to find their way into the collections. These thirty-two, however, are not likely to be superseded. The list is as follows, the number of votes for each following. For purposes of comparison the rank of each hymn, also according to the "Anglican Hymnology," is placed after the author's name:*

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me (106). Toplady. A.H. 4.
2. When I survey the wondrous cross (104). Watts. A.H. 10.
3. Jesus, Lover of my soul (104). Wesley. A.H. 8.
4. All praise to Thee, my God, this night (103). Ken. A.H. 1.
5. Jesus, I my cross have taken (103). Lyte. A.H. 287.
6. Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear (103). Keble. A.H. 9.
7. Awake, my soul, and with the sun (101). Ken. A.H. 6.
8. Hark! the herald angels sing (101). Wesley. A.H. 2.
9. Abide with me: fast falls the eventide (101). Lyte. A.H. 5.
10. Jerusalem, my happy home (101). Montgomery. A.H. 16.
11. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds (101).
Newton. A.H. 15.
12. Nearer, my God, to Thee (100). Adams. A.H. 13.
13. From Greenland's icy mountains (100). Heber. A.H. 17.
14. Our God, our help in ages past (100). Watts. A.H. 19.
15. Jerusalem the golden (99). Bernard-Neale. A.H. 7.
16. Lo! He comes with clouds descending (94).
Cennick-Wesley. A.H. 3.
17. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun (94). Watts. A.H. 40.
18. Glorious things of thee are spoken (93). Newton. A.H. 31.
19. Hark the glad sound! the Saviour comes (92).
Doddridge. A.H. 14.
20. Come, let us join our cheerful songs (92). Watts. A.H. 30.
21. All hail the power of Jesus' name (92). Perronet. A.H. 46.
22. Hail to the Lord's Anointed (91). Montgomery. A.H. 26.
23. O worship the King (91). Grant. A.H. 32.
24. Christ the Lord is risen to-day (90). Wesley. A.H. 37.
25. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah (90). Williams. A.H. 58.
26. Just as I am, without one plea (90). Elliott. A.H. 64.
27. God moves in a mysterious way (90). Cowper. A.H. 49.
28. Jesus, the very thought of Thee (89).
Bernard-Caswall. A.H. 59.
29. Children of the heavenly King (87). Cennick. A.H. 55.
30. There is a land of pure delight (87). Watts. A.H. 70.
31. Thou whose almighty word (86). Marriott. A.H. 29.
32. Brief life is here our portion (86). Bernard-Neale. A.H. 22.

While the numbers do not exactly coincide they show a remarkable degree of correspondence. The only surprising disagreement is with regard to Lyte's hymn, "Jesus, I my cross have taken," which is 5 in one list, and only 287 in the other, being there assigned to the "third rank." But it will be observed that in the two lists there are seven hymns common to the first ten, fifteen common to the first twenty, and twenty common to the entire list of thirty-two.

Here, then, we have something upon which we can depend and by which we may safely be guided. We shall therefore recur to these lists as we pursue our studies of the separate hymns in the succeeding chapters.

We now inquire, What are the qualities possessed by these hymns which have secured their general adoption? The answers to this question by the compilers of both lists† are in substantial agreement. Mr. King states them as follows: (1) terse in thought and expression; (2) scriptural in phraseology; (3)

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† "Anglican Hymnology" (London) is by the Rev. James King, M.A.; "The Best Church Hymns" (Philadelphia), by the Rev. Louis F. Benson, D.D.

catholic in doctrine; (4) clothed in poetic language. Dr. Benson finds the following, prefaced with a remark concerning the catholicity of the Church's judgment, in that the writers represent so many different religious bodies: (1) lyrical quality; (2) literary excellence; (3) liturgical propriety; (4) reverence; (5) spiritual reality.

The qualities of the best hymns must be so stated as to be both inclusive and exclusive, and therefore it does not fulfill all our conditions to note simply certain features of those hymns which have been generally adopted by the Church.

The standard must be expressed in terms which shall as certainly rule out objectionable verses as it rules in acceptable ones. The following may then be given as constituting the indispensable qualities of a true hymn:

1. *It must be scriptural, both in sentiment and expression.* Beyond all question this is chief. The hymn must be absolutely true to Scripture. Nor is it enough that its thought is not a violation of Scripture truth; the very form in which that thought is cast must be just as true to the Scripture as the thought itself. Otherwise we cannot be safeguarded in the offering of divine praise.

The abstract truth of Scripture is one thing; the spirit of Scripture—its tone and temper—is quite another. But both must be present in a correct transcription of scriptural thought. The naked truth may be preserved while its spirit is violated; and on the other hand, its spirit may be presented while the statement of the truth is inaccurate. We cannot certainly save ourselves from both errors except by insisting on fidelity in both sentiment and expression.

"Spiritual reality" is imperative; but it is not enough. Some poems that aspire to be hymns possess it, that are nevertheless trivial, misanthropic, uncharitable, or even vulgar. It is a very solemn responsibility which he accepts who undertakes to voice the praise of the Almighty, and it is an almost equally solemn one which he assumes who invites others to engage in it. No one should ever venture to do either who does not keep close to the Word of God.

It is not necessary, perhaps, to paraphrase consecutive verses of Scripture, as has been done in the versions of the Psalms, but nothing should be called a hymn, and nothing should ever be sung in our assemblies, which is not virtually a paraphrase—and that a very faithful one—of Scripture passages, whether they are immediately connected in the Holy Word or not.

If, now, we apply this rule to the hymns adopted in the usage of the Church, we shall find that it obtains. Take the first great hymn as an example. "Rock of Ages" is a scriptural thought in scriptural form. How often is Jehovah called a rock! But in Isaiah xxvi. 4, where the King James version reads, "in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," the margin has [in the Lord Jehovah is] "the rock of ages." The Revised Version has, "in Jehovah is an everlasting rock," with "a rock of ages" in the margin. Toplady, then, exhibited scholarship, poetry, and profound devotion in seizing the expression as the theme of his song, and all Christendom has responded. But as we proceed with the lines of his hymn we can verify them in like manner, and the student is urged to apply the rule to other hymns.

Our psalm-singing brethren are right in general principles, though we may deny their limited application; and these principles should contain the first great, inviolable element whereby the true hymn shall be determined.

2. *The true hymn must be devotional.* In this is included profound reverence and "liturgical propriety." Some other things are also included in the term. True devotion contemplates God in the various relations which he sustains toward his earthly creatures. The true hymn must therefore have a motion Godward. It is not exactly necessary that God should be directly addressed—indeed, the express form of address may be otherwise—but God must be uppermost in the thought even if not particularly conspicuous in the expression. The true hymn must tend toward God; bring him to mind; exalt his name and seek his glory. Those which are simply introspective, didactic, dogmatic, sentimental, egotistical, and the like, are not hymns. The Pharisee's utterances in the temple, when he went up thither with the publican, did not contain a single element of prayer. Some so-called hymns are like it—they do not contain a single element of praise.

Devotion is also worshipful. A hymn must contain nothing inconsistent with this, nothing that may not properly be uttered in approaching the infinite, adorable God. Those which are coarse, irreverent, trifling, or calculated to form an unworthy image in the mind should be severely excluded from our worship.

Let the student test the adopted hymns by this rule. "Jerusalem, my happy home," does not address God in a single stanza, but is adjudged a true hymn—its motion is distinctly Godward—the Saviour is set forth as the center and attraction of the place. The same characteristic will be found in some others; all are grave and dignified; all express the adoration of the worshiper in reverential strains.

3. *The true hymn must be lyrical.* This means much more than that it may be set to music. The question should be asked, Is it improved by being set to music? If not, it is not a lyric. There must be, indeed, an interaction between the words and the music that is harmonious and reciprocal. The tune must be a help to the hymn and the hymn a help to the tune, else either tune or hymn is at fault—perhaps both.

The true lyric does not receive its best interpretation until it is sung; so that it is not enough to say, "It may be sung"—it *must* be sung. It is not well interpreted until it is sung. It does not express all its meaning nor exert all its power. We should rigidly reject, therefore, anything claiming to be hymn which is better said than sung. If a fine elocutionist can give it greater influence in declaiming it than a fine vocalist by singing it, it ought not to be called a hymn.

Apply this rule to the hymns adopted by the Church. It certainly applies to a very striking degree. Look again over the list of first lines given above; recall the tunes to which so many have been irrevocably wedded and their lyrical qualities will certainly appear.

These three rules are deemed sufficient. It does not appear that any other qualities are imperative. Poetic

language certainly adds to the merit of a hymn, but it is not indispensable. Some of the great hymns are not particularly great as poetry. Even Bishop Ken's Morning Hymn, ranking sixth in "Anglican Hymnology" and seventh in "The Best Church Hymns," is not very far removed above good prose. But it is not thereby degraded in rank. At all events, if we take these three qualities, scriptural, devotional, lyrical, as exhibited in the hymns generally adopted by the Church at large, we have a test sufficiently critical and comprehensive to apply to all poetic aspirants for hymnic honors.

CHAPTER IX

GREAT HYMN-WRITERS

Toplady—Williams—Grant—Perronet—The Two Bernards—Ken—Keble—Newton—Montgomery—Marriott—Charles and John Wesley—John Cennick.

HAVING thus determined the qualities inherent in a great hymn, let us proceed to a consideration of the men—and women—whose sacred compositions are rated as the foremost in use in America, giving first place to the authors appearing in the list prepared for "Anglican Hymnology."

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY, 1740-78.—Author of "Rock of Ages," the most widely known and the best-loved hymn in the English language. Its popularity, however, is due, not to its poetic merits, but to its spiritual qualities, as a lofty, vivid expression of trust in Christ. It was originally published with the title "A Living and Dying Prayer for the Holiest Believer in the World"; and as a "living and dying prayer" it has been often used. From a literary point of view it is open to criticism, being full of mixed metaphors; but when men are conscious of deep need, "weak and weary, helpless and defiled," when heart condemns and conscience accuses, these very metaphors, with their combined suggestion of shelter and cleansing, are strangely restful.

The leading image of the hymn was probably taken from the marginal rendering of Isaiah xxvi. 4, referred to above; but it is possible that the author may have had also in mind such verses as "I will put thee in a cleft of the rock" (Exodus xxxiii. 22), "Enter into the rock" (Isaiah ii. 10), and "They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them: and that rock was Christ" (1 Corinthians x. 4). The hymn has been subjected to innumerable emendations, but in most modern hymnals it is given as Toplady wrote it, with the exception of the second line of the last verse, where the original runs, "When my eye-strings break in death," referring to an old belief that when a person died, the eye-strings snapped.

"Rock of Ages" first appeared in the "Gospel Magazine" of 1776 (of which Toplady was then editor), at the end of a curious article which, following one on the National Debt, was entitled "Spiritual Improvement of the foregoing." This article contained an elaborate calculation as to the number of a man's sins, the object being to emphasize the absolute need of an atonement. The hymn is said to have been written to controvert the Wesleyan doctrine of perfection. Would that all weapons of controversy had as happy an issue! For "Rock of Ages" is used as freely to-day by the followers of Wesley as by those of Toplady himself, so illustrating how the mood of worship makes for unity.

Toplady was born at Farnham, educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Dublin, and brought to Christian decision under the preaching of an illiterate evangelist in an Irish barn. Having taken holy orders, he was appointed vicar of Blagdon, but resigned the living when he found that the presentation to it had been purchased for him by friends. He never sought a parish, but waited for a call, holding (as he wrote to his mother) with the good man who said, "A believer never yet carved for himself but he cut his own fingers." Most of his ministerial career was spent at Broadhembury, Devonshire, but in later life he found the climate did not suit him, and went to reside in London, where, for upward of two years, he preached in the Chapel of the French Calvinists, in Leicester Fields. His Diary, which reveals an active and eager spiritual life, and his Letters, which include correspondence with Dr. Priestley and the Countess of Huntingdon, are exceedingly interesting, and deserve to be better known.

He was a vigorous controversialist, maintaining the Calvinistic position as against the Arminian views of Wesley and his followers with great vehemence. Partisans in those days smote and did not spare. One reads almost with amazement the angry epithets Toplady and Wesley allowed themselves to use of each other; but the dust lies thick upon their tomes of controversy, and both are remembered to-day not as fierce polemics, but as faithful evangelists and singers of the same sweet song, for John Wesley might quite well have written "Rock of Ages," and Toplady "Thou hidden love of God."

The account of Toplady's last illness is very moving. His death-bed was jubilant. "I enjoy heaven already in my soul," he said; "my prayers are all converted into praises."

Though best known as author of "Rock of Ages,"

he wrote several other hymns that are still in common use; among these are, "Object of my first desire" and "Your harps, ye trembling saints."

William Williams, 1717-91.—Though ordained a deacon of the Church of England, he never received priest's orders, being frowned upon by the ecclesiastical authorities of his day for associating with Whitefield and other revivalists. He labored chiefly among the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, where he was held in high esteem. At the request of the Countess of Huntingdon he prepared a small hymn-book for the use of Whitefield's Orphan Homes in America, in which his beautiful missionary hymn, "O'er those gloomy hills of darkness," appeared. "Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah!" is an English version of a hymn written by Williams in Welsh.

Sir Robert Grant, 1785-1838.—In 1826 M.P. for Inverness; appointed lieutenant-governor of Bombay in 1834, a post which he held until his death. Striking testimony was borne to the excellence of his work as governor and to his high Christian character at a public meeting of the inhabitants of Bombay, held to arrange for a tribute to his memory, which has taken the form of a medical college bearing his name. His best-known hymns are: "O worship the King"; "Saviour, when in dust to Thee"; and "When gathering clouds around I view."

Edward Perronet, 1726-92.—Author of "All hail the power of Jesus' name." This hymn has been much altered. In the original version there are eight stanzas; "high-born seraphs," the "morning stars of light," and the "heirs of David's line," as well as "sinners," "martyrs," and the "seed of Israel's chosen race," being called upon to crown Jesus "Lord of all." Perronet took a prominent part in the great evangelical revival of the eighteenth century. He was brought up in the National Church, but was keenly alive to her defects, and wrote a satire thereon, entitled "The Miter," so pungent that John Wesley demanded its suppression. He worked with Wesley for a time, but being too self-willed to work harmoniously, he left the Methodists to become a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's connection, and finally pastor of a small Congregational church in Canterbury.

St. Bernard, 1091-1153.—A native of Burgundy and of noble birth. Like his father, who had fought in the first crusade, he wished to be a soldier, but became a monk, as had been his pious mother's wish and prayer. Four of his brothers followed him into the cloister, and he drew so many after him by his almost magical fascination that "mothers hid their sons, wives their husbands, companions their friends," lest they should fall under his influence. His self-denial was most rigorous; he counted sleep as a loss, took food only to keep himself from fainting, and delighted in the most menial offices.

But though neither loving nor seeking greatness, it was thrust on him. The head of the Benedictine monastery at Citeaux—Stephen Harding, an Englishman—discerning his genius, sent him forth with a band of devotees to found a new monastery at Clairvaux, of which he became the abbot. When, after the death of Honorius II, Christendom was divided between two rival claimants for the papacy, St. Bernard's advocacy finally won the triple crown for Innocent II. His influence was further manifested and confirmed by his controversy with the famous Abelard, and again by his successful organizing of the second crusade, though the terrible disaster that overtook this enterprise exposed him in the end to sharp reproach. But none ever questioned the purity of his motives and the absolute consistency of his life. Luther called him "the best monk that ever lived."

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee"; "Jesus, Thou joy of loving hearts"; "O Jesu, King most wonderful," are translations from a long poem on the "Name of Jesus" by the great statesman-abbot, whom we like to picture turning from ecclesiastical and political turmoil to pour out his soul in fervent adoration of the Lord.

Another Bernard (twelfth century), sometimes styled of Morlaix (the place of his birth), sometimes of Cluny (the name of his monastery), must be mentioned next. Neale, in his tribute to Keble, thus distinguishes the two:

> Bernard, Minstrel of the Cross,
> And Bernard, who with homesick view,
> Counting all other joys but loss,
> Jerusalem the golden drew.

Nothing is known of this writer's history save that he was a monk of the famous abbey of Cluny, near Mâcon, the wealthiest and most influential monastery in France. "Brief life is here our portion"; "Jerusalem the golden"; "The world is very evil," are from a poem entitled *De contemptu Mundi*, rendered into English as "A Rhythm on the Celestial Country" by Neale, who expresses his thankfulness that the "Cluniac's verses have been permitted to solace the deathbeds of so many of God's servants, and not seldom to have supplied them with the last earthly language of praise." Few would imagine that those visions of the "sweet and blessed country" are taken from what is in great part a satire fierce and outspoken as any of Lucian's, aimed against the corruptions of the time.

Thomas Ken, 1637-1711.—Modern English hymnals are rich in morning and evening hymns, but for nearly two centuries, in English homes where it was the custom to begin and end the day with common praise, they sang the hymns of Bishop Ken, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun" and "Glory to Thee, my God, this night." These hymns are still held in high esteem, the closing verse, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," which has been termed the Protestant Doxology, being probably more frequently heard in England and America than any other verse of sacred song.

Ken was born at Berkhampstead, but, having lost his parents at an early age, was brought up at Winchester, under the guardianship of his eldest sister and her husband, the famous Izaak Walton, author of "The Compleat Angler." He was educated at Winchester School, then at New College, Oxford, and after taking orders became chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester, prebendary of the cathedral, and Fellow of Winchester School. For use of the boys there he prepared a "Manual of Prayers." To this were afterward added his morning, evening, and midnight hymns, which in their original form contained fourteen, twelve, and fourteen stanzas, each ending with the doxology.

When Charles II visited Winchester, Ken was requested to give up his house for the accommodation of Nell Gwynne. This he refused to do, but the King bore him no grudge. Charles had already shown his regard for Ken's worth by appointing him chaplain to the Princess Mary, wife of William of Orange; and when the see of Bath and Wells fell vacant, he is reported to have said: "Where is the little man who wouldn't give poor Nelly a lodging? Give it to him." History has many records of spiritual teachers compelling the respect of titled worldlings.

Another instance illustrative of the preacher's fearless honesty, and of the king's regard for him, is the saying attributed to Charles, that he would go and hear "little Ken tell him of his faults."

Ken, however, did not long retain his see. He offended James II by refusing to read the Declaration of Indulgence, and William III by refusing to take the oath of allegiance, as he had already sworn allegiance to James. For refusing to read the Declaration he was sent to the Tower, but released after trial. For refusing to take the oath he was deprived of his bishopric. On the death of the bishop appointed in his room, Queen Anne desired to restore him to the see, but he preferred to remain in private life.

> Dead to all else, alive to God alone,
> Ken, the confessor meek, abandons power,
> Palace, and miter, and cathedral throne
> (A shroud alone reserved), and in the bower
> Of meditation hallows every hour.

For years Ken carried his shroud about with him, and put it on with his own hands when told by his physician he had but a few hours to live.

It is interesting to note the development of Ken and Keble in the matter of sacramental doctrine, Ken becoming more Protestant as he grew older, Keble less: for instance, in the first edition of Ken's "Practice of Divine Love"—an exposition of the Church Catechism—these words occur: "Thou who art in heaven, art present on the altar." In later editions this is changed to, "Thou who art in heaven art present throughout the whole sacramental action to every devout receiver." In the earlier editions of "The Christian Year," the thirteenth stanza on "Gunpowder Treason" ran thus:

> O come to our Communion Feast,
> There present in the heart,
> Not in the hands, the Eternal Priest
> Will His true self impart.

On his death-bed Keble changed the *not* of the third line into *as*.

Though Ken lived in days when it was difficult to act a consistent part, he so bore himself that even contemporaries would probably have subscribed to Macaulay's tribute that his character approached "as near as human infirmity permits to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue." In one of Lord Beaconsfield's letters, he mentions having met a French gentleman who referred to Ken as the "Fénelon" of England. Dryden's tribute is warmer still, when he makes him (according to Sir John Hawkins) the model of his "good parsón" in the lines—

> Letting down the golden chain from high,
> He drew his audience upwards to the sky:
> And oft with holy hymns he charmed their ears
> (A music more melodious than the spheres);
> For David left him, when he went to rest,
> His lyre: and after him he sang the best.

He was buried at sunrise in the churchyard of Frome, under the east window of the chancel, and "the mourners sang at the grave his morning hymn." Such is the tradition—but unverified.

John Keble, 1792-1866.—The closing chapter of Lockhart's "Life of Scott" opens with these words: "We read in Solomon 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness,' and a wise poet of our own time thus beautifully expands the saying:

> Why should we faint, and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die.
> Not even the tenderest heart and next our own
> Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh."

In a footnote the name of the wise poet and the volume that has immortalized him are given. To many in Scotland, according to Principal Shairp, this was the earliest intimation of the existence of John Keble and "The Christian Year."

Keble was the son of a clergyman in Gloucestershire, and went straight from home and his father's tuition to Oxford. He took, when only eighteen, what was then counted a rare distinction, double first-class honors. Among his earliest friends were Arnold, afterward of Rugby, Lord Coleridge, and later, when he became a Fellow of Oriel, Whately, Pusey, and Newman, but so shy and unassuming was he that Newman wrote of him he was "more like an undergraduate than first man in Oxford."

In 1831 he was elected professor of poetry, his lectures being delivered in Latin, as was the custom till Matthew Arnold rebelled. He was offered several appointments in the Church, but declined them, not wishing to leave his father, but on his father's death he accepted the vicarage of Hursley, offered him for the second time by an old pupil. Hursley, separated by a few miles of characteristically English downs from historic Winchester, is an ideal village with an ideal vicarage and what is now—thanks to Keble and "The Christian Year"—an ideal country church. Here Keble spent the rest of his life, no further offer of preferment, it would seem, having ever been made to him—and it was never sought. He was happily married to a lady whom he used to speak of playfully as "his conscience, his memory, and his common sense," and "in death they were not divided," his wife following him to the grave after six weeks.

This shy, modest, homely, unambitious man, who "made humility the one great study of his life," had a strong strain in him and was an acknowledged potency in a coterie that has left its mark on English history and on all the churches. In much he was childlike, but then "a man is never so much a man as when he becomes a little child."

All who knew Keble loved him, and one such wrote: "What I think remarkable was not how many people loved him, or how much they loved him, but that everybody seemed to love with the very best kind of love of which they were capable. It was like loving

goodness itself." Perhaps the explanation of this wonderful charm is to be found in his own beautiful lines, which tell of how his life was hid with Christ in God:

> I am weaker than a child,
> And Thou art more than mother dear;
> Without Thee heaven were but a wild;
> How can I live without Thee here?

He wrote and edited a good deal, but undoubtedly *the* work associated with his name is "The Christian Year," published in 1827, a volume of refined and lofty verse designed as a poetical companion to the English Prayer-Book. His own wish was to delay publication until after his death, and go on improving it; but friends who had seen some of the poems urged that they should be given to the world at once, Arnold of Rugby declaring, "Nothing equal to them exists in our language." He might have withstood his friends, but for his father's sake, who wished to see it published before he died, "The Christian Year" was given to the world. "It will be still-born, I know very well; but it is only in obedience to my father's wishes that I publish it, and that is some comfort," so Keble said to his friend and pupil Isaac Williams, as he met him one day at the door of the printing-office; but instead it took the world by storm. The profits of the volume were spent in restoring the church at Hursley. It is told of William Wilberforce that one day in his old age he and his four gifted sons, planning a holiday together, agreed that each of them should bring to the meeting-place fixed upon some new book which might be read aloud to the rest; when they met it was found that each of the five had brought the same book—"The Christian Year." Keble himself never cared to speak of it, partly because of his innate modesty, partly because he looked on poetry as something sacred, something sacramental. As St. Paul felt about preaching, he held that the true poet sang because he could not help it, because necessity was laid on him.

Keble's best known hymns are: "Sun of my soul"; "New every morning is the love"; "The voice that breathed o'er Eden"; "There is a book, who runs may read"; "Lord, in Thy name Thy servants plead," and "Hail, gladdening Light" (tr.).

John Newton, 1725-1807.—His epitaph, written by himself, contains these lines:

> John Newton, Clerk, once an infidel and libertine, a servant of slaves in Africa, was by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ preserved, restored, pardoned and appointed to preach the faith he had long laboured to destroy.

His career, therefore, resembles that of Augustine in illustrating "grace abounding to the chief of sinners." Two good women helped him: his mother by her teaching and prayers, though she died when he was only seven, and Mary Catlett, who became his wife. At eleven years of age his father took him to sea, where he served both in the Merchant and Royal Navy. From the latter he deserted. When caught, he was flogged and degraded from the rank of midshipman to that of a common sailor. But even when serving before the mast he read his Horace, and in a slave plantation on the Gold Coast studied his Euclid, drawing diagrams on the sand.

Nor was he wholly indifferent to religion. He tells us himself that he "took up and laid aside a religious profession three or four times before he was sixteen." But the reading of Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" and the influence of a companion made an utter skeptic of him, till the study of Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation," enforced by a terrible experience at sea, when death stared him in the face, brought him back to the faith which he kept thenceforth, "not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

After his conversion he engaged for a time in the slave trade, apparently without any feeling of its incongruity, public opinion having not yet been educated to a sense of the iniquity of the trade. Strange to say, the chief instrument in that education—William Wilberforce—owed his religious impressions to Newton.

After six years as a slaver he found work on shore, came under the influence of Wesley and Whitefield, and had his thoughts turned to the ministry. The Archbishop of York looked askance at a candidate for holy orders with such a record behind him, but in the end he was ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln as curate of Olney, Bucks.

Here he labored for eighteen years with untiring zeal. The famous Olney hymns, from his own and Cowper's pens, were written in great part for prayer-meetings held in the "Great House," lent for the purpose by the Earl of Dartmouth.

The last years of his life were spent as rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, London, where he was buried.

His genius and his devotion, together with his strange life history, made him a distinct power in the evangelical revival of the period, and he was greatly renowned as a Protestant director of consciences. Besides Wilberforce, Thomas Scott, the commentator, was his son in the faith, and Hannah More his friend. But the most romantic of his friendships was that with Cowper, to whom for many years he was as a Jonathan "strengthening his hand in God," though perhaps it had been better for the tender, sensitive poet had his friend's theology been sunnier, with more of the divine Father in it and less of the Judge. Newton's hymns reveal a life not only earnest but terribly anxious. Few of them are frankly joyous. His muse is almost always under a shadow, as if he could never get quite away from memories of strife and fear of failure—witness such hymns as these: "Though troubles assail"; "Why should I fear the darkest hour"; "Quiet, Lord, my froward heart"; "While with ceaseless course the sun." The most beautiful of them all, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," though glowing with love has a sad note in it.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854.—Born at Irvine, where his father, an Ulster Scot, had settled as Moravian minister a short time before, having joined the settlement of Brethren formed at Gracehill, County Antrim, in 1746, by John Cennick. He used playfully to refer to having "narrowly escaped being an Irishman." In 1783 his parents went as missionaries to the West Indies, where they died, leaving their son at a Moravian school in Yorkshire. Here secular poetry and fiction were banned, but James, nevertheless, found means of borrowing and reading a good deal of poetry, including Burns's "Lines to a Mountain

Daisy." He even began to write poetry himself, and planned, while still a boy, two epics in the Miltonic mode. The Brethren, not satisfied with his diligence as a scholar, apprenticed him to a baker. He ran away from the shop and got a situation in a store, but of this too he tired. All the while he was writing verses which he vainly tried to get some London publisher to print. At last he found his sphere in the office of a Sheffield newspaper, of which he soon became editor, and later, proprietor. Writing in days when party feeling ran high, he was twice imprisoned for offending the "powers that be," once for publishing a poem—not his own—on the fall of the Bastille.

His poems brought him considerable popularity, especially his "Wanderer of Switzerland," which contains one of his most finished productions, "The Grave." The "Edinburgh Review," indeed, criticised it scathingly, but "Blackwood" favorably, while Byron wrote of it admiringly. But he did not take himself *seriously* as a poet. Asked once, "Which of your poems will live?" he replied, "None, sir, nothing except perhaps a few of my hymns." He was a shrewd critic of others as well as of himself, and may be said in his "Christian Psalmist" to have laid the basis of modern scientific hymnology, when he discusses with no little insight and sagacity, and with perfect impartiality, the characteristics of the great English hymn-writers who had preceded him. He is generally kindly, but can be sarcastic, as in the following portrait of a hymn-writer at work, for which many might have sat:

"They have begun apparently with the only idea in their mind at the time; another with little relationship to the former has been forced upon them by a refractory rhyme; a third, because necessary to eke out a verse; a fourth, to begin one; and so on."

To do Montgomery justice, this clever description does not apply to himself. We find in his hymns one "central creative thought, shaping for itself melodious utterance, and with every detail subordinate to its harmonious presentation." His prose writings and his longer poems are often rhetorical, but his hymn language is simple, almost severe. Take in illustration the familiar "Hail to the Lord's Anointed"; "For ever with the Lord"; "According to Thy gracious word"; "Pour out Thy Spirit from on high."

Always in sympathy with philanthropic and religious movements, Montgomery occupied himself greatly in his later years with their promotion, dying in a ripe old age amid universal tokens of esteem from his fellow-townsmen, among whom he had lived and worked and sung, and who knew that his life and his hymns had made one music.

John Marriott, 1780-1825.—When his elder brother told the then Dean of Christ Church, who was somewhat of a character, that he had a younger brother coming up to matriculate, who, he hoped, might be admitted to the college, the old man's answer was, "Glad of it. Like the breed." The younger brother did not disappoint the dean, for he proved a distinguished student, taking first-class honors. He afterward became tutor in the family of the Duke of Buccleuch, where he made the acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott, who dedicated to the young English clergyman the second canto of "Marmion." The dedication concludes with an allusion to his contributions to the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border":

> Marriott, thy harp, on Isis strung,
> To many a Border theme has rung.

His stirring missionary hymn, "Thou whose almighty word," was written about 1813, but not published until after his death in 1825.

Charles Wesley, 1707-88; John Wesley, 1703-91.—We take the brothers together, for, though it is with Charles we have chiefly to do, John also wrote and translated hymns, and powerfully influenced the course of English hymnology by his work as a hymnal editor, and by his strenuous advocacy of the use of hymns in public worship.

Of all those who have "admonished" the Church with hymns the first place in respect of quantity must be given to Charles Wesley, as he is credited with having written more than six thousand, while the brothers together published some fifty books and booklets of hymns, including a very remarkable series on the Lord's Supper. The marvel is that having written so much he wrote, on the whole, so well.

Some of his compositions are no doubt poor enough, for though his brother made bold to say in the preface to one of their hymn-books, "In these hymns there is no doggrel [*sic*] . . . no feeble expletives . . . nothing turgid or bombast . . . no words without meaning," other critics will hardly be so generous. But if he has given us chaff as well as wheat, tinsel as well as gold, his wheat is of the finest, his gold of the purest. The apostle's phrase, "admonishing with hymns," is specially applicable to his work. Often he sang, like Keble, as the birds sing, because they must, or as St. Paul preached, because necessity was laid upon him; but more often still he wrote with didactic aim, making his hymns an appendix to his sermons —a gathering up into verse of their central truth. What one has written of John Wesley as hymn-book editor applies equally to Charles: "He saw that hymns might be used not only for raising devotion, but also for instructing and establishing the faith of his disciples—in short, a kind of creed in verse," "a body of experimental and practical divinity."

The brothers were born at Epworth, near Lincoln, where their father was rector. Their mother, a notable disciplinarian who taught her children to "cry softly," was of inexhaustible patience. Her husband once remonstrated, "You have told this child the same thing twenty times"; she replied, "I should have lost my labor if I had only told him nineteen, for it was at the twentieth I succeeded." Charles was educated at Westminster School, and became its captain. One of his schoolfellows was William Murray of Scone, afterward Earl Mansfield and Chief-Justice of England, who never forgot how Wesley befriended him when his strange Scotch dialect made him the butt of the school. From Westminster Charles went to Christ Church, Oxford, where he gathered round him a band of seriously disposed students—Whitefield among the rest—for the study of the Greek Testament, the observance of weekly communion and of stated hours of private devotion, the visitation of the sick, and the instruction of neglected children. This association, founded by Charles, fostered by John, had many de-

risive epithets cast at it, among others that of "Methodist," which became afterward the recognized title of the denomination to which John Wesley's teaching gave rise. Both John and Charles owed much in their religious, and probably also in their poetical, development to two members of the Moravian Brotherhood, Count Zinzendorf and Peter Böhler. The Moravians as a community had and have combined with great practical sagacity an intense and ardent piety which seeks and finds expression, on its active side, in missionary enterprise; on its contemplative side, in a hymnody aglow with passionate devotion to the person of Christ. Wesley's hymns have been called by Henry Ward Beecher "Moravian hymns resung." But this must not be taken to mean that they were mere translations or adaptations. We have some translations from the pen of John (who knew German, Charles did not), as, for example, that beautiful rendering of one of the saintly mystic Tersteegen's compositions, "Thou hidden love of God," a hymn whose teaching recalls St. Augustine's memorable words, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till it rest in Thee." But Charles's debt to Moravian hymns was rather that of inspiration. Most of his hymns are bright and sunny. His creed was simple and clear. He "saw life steadily and saw it whole." There is no trace in his poetry of the weary, wistful, modern mood with its haunting sense of insoluble mystery. He rested in what was revealed. He knew the heights of faith but not the depths of doubt.

Charles Wesley, while loyally aiding and fully sympathizing with his brother in his great work of evangelization, did not approve his action where it involved departure from the recognized principles of the Church of England, as when he began to "ordain" his preachers. For himself he was resolved to die as he had lived in the communion of the Church of England, and to be buried in the graveyard of his parish church.

The "Church Hymnary" contains twenty-one hymns from Charles Wesley's pen, but the greatness of our debt is apparent only when we weigh as well as count. How maimed the hymn-book would be that left out "Hark! the herald angels sing"; "Come, Thou long-expected Jesus"; "Love divine, all loves excelling"; "O for a heart to praise my God"; "Christ, whose glory fills the skies"; "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild"; "Hail the day that sees Him rise"; "O love divine, how sweet Thou art!" and "Jesus, Lover of my soul," of which Henry Ward Beecher said, "I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat upon the earth!"

Wesley deals with various phases of the Christian life, and with various aspects of Christian doctrine. He sings of the birth, of the death, and of the rising of Christ, and of the gift of the Holy Ghost. He calls to praise, to service, to conflict, to submission, to trust, but no theme so fired his muse as the love of Christ. All he wrote might be termed one great fugue, with Cowper's lines as typical melody:

> Redeeming love has been my theme,
> And shall be till I die.

These lines were Cowper's ideal; Wesley realized it.

John Cennick, 1718-55.—After a frivolous youth he came under deep conviction of sin while walking along Cheapside, London, which issued, after many weary months of spiritual anxiety, in his conversion. For a time he was associated with John Wesley in his work, then with Whitefield, but latterly joined the Moravian Brethren, with whom he had hereditary ties, being the grandson of a Bohemian refugee. He composed "Children of the heavenly King," and was part author of "Lo! He comes with clouds descending." The well-known grace before meat beginning, "Be present at our table, Lord," and that for after meat, "We bless Thee, Lord! for this our food," are also from his pen.

CHAPTER X

GREAT HYMN-WRITERS (Continued)

Heber—Cowper—Charlotte Eliott—Sarah Fuller (Flower) Adams—Lyte—Doddridge, whose Familiar Hymns are Poetical Synopses and Applications of his Sermons.

Reginald Heber, 1783-1826.—He won the prize for English verse at Oxford by a poem entitled "Palestine," one of the few prize poems that have lived. "Christopher North" called it "a flight as upon an angel's wing over the Holy Land." Heber read it in his Oxford rooms to young Walter Scott, who pointed out that he had omitted a striking circumstance in his account of the building of the temple, namely, that no tools were used in its erection; whereupon Heber at once added the lines:

> No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung,
> Majestic silence!

In 1807 he became vicar of Hodnet near Crewe, where he was greatly beloved—"kneeling often at sick-beds at the risk of his life; where there was strife, the peacemaker; where there was want, the free giver." Heber had fine literary gifts; he wrote for the

"Quarterly," and edited the works of Jeremy Taylor. In 1815 he was appointed Bampton Lecturer, and in 1823 Bishop of Calcutta, with all India, Ceylon, and Australia for diocese. His episcopate was brief, for he died after three years' work, but it was brilliant, and lasted long enough to show that he possessed great judgment and administrative capacity, as well as enthusiasm and boundless energy. He was gay, witty, yet of deep, unaffected piety; one of the most lovable of men, making friends easily—losing them only by death. Heber did much to encourage the free use of hymns in the Church of England, and was one of the first to arrange them in a series to suit the services of the Christian Year, Henry Hart Milman helping him. Before his time the Methodists and Independents had almost a monopoly of hymn-singing.

His hymns are graceful and melodious, though often richer in imagery and more rhetorical than a severe taste approves. He may be said to have inaugurated the more flowing measures of the later hymnody. Many of his hymns were originally set to Scottish airs. "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty" is the stateliest of them all. It is based on the great rhythm of the Apocalypse (Revelation iv. 8), and has the simplicity and the dignity of the best ancient examples. It has nothing of the subjective element in it, but is pure adoration. It is said that Tennyson considered this hymn one of the finest ever written. Its hold on the affections has been greatly strengthened by its having been wedded to Dykes's noble tune "Nicæa"—so named because of the dogmatic note by which the hymn is marked, especially in the last lines of verses 1 and 4.

The first great *missionary* hymn was "Jesus shall reign," by Isaac Watts. "From Greenland's icy mountains" ranks second, and was written exactly a hundred years later, and first sung on Whitsunday, 1819. It was composed at Wrexham at the request of Heber's father-in-law, Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph's. Heber was to give a lecture on the Sunday evening, but the dean was to preach at the missionary service in the morning. On the Saturday, being asked by his father-in-law to "write something for them to sing in the morning," he went to another part of the room and set to work. In a short time, when the dean inquired, "What have you written?" he read over the first three verses. "That will do," said the dean. "No, no, the sense is not complete," replied Heber, and sitting down again, he added the fourth verse, "Waft, waft, ye winds."

The touching funeral hymn, "He is gone to the grave," was composed after the death of his first child —a loss which he keenly felt. After his own death, one who loved him took up the same strain, and wrote these stanzas:

Thou art gone to the grave! and while nations bemoan thee
Who drank from thy lips the glad tidings of peace;
Yet grateful, they still in their heart shall enthrone thee,
And ne'er shall thy name from their memory cease.

Thou art gone to the grave, but thy work shall not perish,
That work which the spirit of wisdom hath blest;
His might shall support it, His mercy shall cherish,
His love make it prosper tho' thou art at rest.

In addition to those already mentioned, notable hymns from Heber's pen are: "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning"; "Lord of mercy and of might"; "By cool Siloam's shady rill"; "The Son of God goes forth to war."

William Cowper, 1731-1800.—Dryden's line, "Great wits are sure to madness near allied," has passed into a proverb, but Cowper was not an illustration of this proverb, though an undoubted genius and often insane.

The writings that reveal his genius have nothing of the "fine frenzy" usually associated with that word, but are of the simplest, sanest type. His madness had no relation to his genius, coming only as a dark interlude to cloud it. From boyhood he was subject to fits of depression, and though he fought bravely against them and had many loyal friends who sought by various devices to ward them off, they too frequently recurred—sometimes in acute and painful forms—leading him to attempt his life more than once while under their mastery. But when the dark moods passed he was bright and gay—a genial companion, an eager student, an earnest Christian worker. It is indeed singularly pathetic to read of the sensitive, gentle, lovable poet, now the prey of remorse and depression, now visiting and comforting the sick or writing the hymns that have inspired so many with faith and hope; now composing the poems that mark the passage from Artificialism to Naturalism in English literature, now busy in his garden or playing with the pet hare he has immortalized:

I kept him for his humor's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

Cowper was born at Berkhampstead, the birthplace also of Bishop Ken. His mother died when he was only six; and when sixty, he wrote, on receipt of her picture, the exquisite tribute to her memory beginning:

Oh that those lips had language; life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

He was educated at Westminster School. One of his companions was Warren Hastings, to whom he addressed some kindly lines when great orators were crying for vengeance on him as the oppressor of India. On leaving school he entered a solicitor's office, where he had as fellow-clerk the future Lord Thurlow. Cowper, recognizing his powers, said to him one day, "Thurlow, I am nobody, and shall always be nobody, and you will be Lord Chancellor. You shall provide for me when you are!" Thurlow smiled and said, "I surely will!" The prophecy was fulfilled, but not the promise. When little over thirty Cowper had the offer of an appointment as clerk to the House of Lords, but it involved an examination, the dread of which brought on his first attack of insanity.

Reference has been made to his many friends. Among these were the Unwins, with whom he lived for more than thirty years; Lady Austen, to whose suggestion we owe "The Task" and the inimitable "John Gilpin"; his cousin, Lady Hesketh, to whose sister Theodora he had at one time been engaged; and John Newton, from whom for twelve years he was scarcely ever twelve hours apart. This was the happi-

est period of the poet's life. The Olney hymns, however, which he wrote in coöperation with Newton, are evidence that his friend's stern theology was dangerous for a man of Cowper's temperament, and tended to aggravate the gloom of his despondent moods. Had Wesley been his spiritual counselor, his hymns and life might have been brighter. As it is, his hymns are mostly plaintive, and never give us the idea of one singing out of pure gladness, as those of Watts and Wesley often do. Even in what is perhaps his brightest strain, "Sometimes a light surprises," there is a subconsciousness of sadness, the poet, as it were, singing himself out of doubt into trust. We have the same minor note in "Far from the world, O Lord, I flee," and in "O for a closer walk with God!" with its sad reminiscence:

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill,

while the loveliest of all his hymns, "Hark, my soul! it is the Lord," has the wail:

Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint.

But no doubt it is this very plaintiveness that gives his hymns their spell, especially over minds more sensitive to the shadows than to the brightness of life. The hymn which contains the verse which has cheered so many a sad soul,

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head,

is, strange to say, connected with one of his own darkest moods, having been written "in the twilight of departing reason." One would fain record that there was light at evening time: the end, however, came in a mood of "fixed despair" that found tragic expression in his last poem, "The Castaway." But a relative who loved him well says "that from the moment that his spirit passed until the coffin was closed, the expression into which his countenance had settled was that of calmness and composure, mingled as it were with holy surprise."

Charlotte Elliott, 1789-1871.—"A lover of nature, a lover of souls, a lover of Christ." The love of Christ which burned so brightly in Miss Elliott's own spirit she was privileged to kindle in many others by her beautiful hymns. More than a thousand letters, it is said, were found in her repositories after her death, giving thanks for light and blessing received from "Just as I am." Among tributes that have been published is one of great interest, which tells how it had comforted the poet Wordsworth's daughter on her death-bed. It first appeared in "The Invalid's Hymn-Book," a revised edition of a little volume originally prepared by a Miss Kiernan. After its publication, a young lady was so much struck by it she had it printed without the author's knowledge in the form of a leaflet and widely circulated. A copy of this leaflet came into the hands of Miss Elliott's doctor, who brought it to her one day, and said, quite unconscious that his patient had written it, "I am sure this will please you." The seventh verse was a later addition, but a good one. "It carries the soul aloft as upon a sunbeam."

Miss Elliott's reputation rests chiefly on this hymn, but scarcely less beautiful and helpful are two others, "My God and Father, while I stray" and "Christian, seek not yet repose." Well might Miss Havergal say of her friend, "It is an honor from God to have had it given her to write what she has written."

Miss Elliott was the granddaughter of the Rev. Henry Venn, author of "The Complete Duty of Man," and among her early friends were Mrs. Fry and Edward Irving. The friend, however, who most profoundly influenced her life, and with whom she corresponded for forty years, was the great Genevan evangelist, César Malan. She kept the anniversary of their first meeting (May 9th) as a festal day, "the birthday of her soul."

Miss Elliott was more or less of an invalid from childhood, though she lived to the age of eighty-two. But she had a strong will and a strong faith, which enabled her, in spite of bodily weakness, to do a great deal of work—not without effort and struggle, however, as is evident from such words as these: "My heavenly Father knows, and he alone, what it is, day after day, hour after hour, to fight against bodily feelings of almost overpowering weakness and languor and exhaustion, to resolve, as he enables me to do, not to yield to the slothfulness, the depression, the irritability such a body causes me to long to indulge, but to rise every morning determined on taking this for my motto: 'If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow me!'"

Another favorite motto, which made part of her daily prayer and expressed the great longing of her life, was her own verse beginning:

O Jesus, make Thyself to me
A living, bright reality.

Sarah Fuller (Flower) Adams, 1805-48.—Leigh Hunt called her "rare mistress of thought and tears." She and Robert Browning were great friends, corresponding and discussing their religious doubts and difficulties when he was a boy of fifteen. In later life the poet referred to her as a "very remarkable person," while his biographer declares "that if any woman inspired 'Pauline' it was she." Mrs. Adams wrote several hymns, marked by pure devotional feeling and great literary grace. One of the most beautiful,

He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower,

was sung over her grave.

Mrs. Adams was a Unitarian, but few of the millions who love and sing her hymns would know it. Her hymn "Nearer, my God, to Thee" is based on Jacob's vision at Bethel. It sets forth with happy emphasis the purest and loftiest of all aspirations, but wisely recognizes that what sometimes seems to hinder may be made to help. "Part in Peace" is taken from a dramatic poem of great beauty and intense feeling, founded on the story of a Christian martyr,

Vivia Perpetua, who was put to death in the beginning of the third century in Carthage. It is sung first by Perpetua and a little company of Christians meeting in a cave sepulcher, just after they have heard that the edict had been issued for their arrest, and then again in prison after partaking of the Lord's Supper on the night before their martyrdom.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1793-1847.—Born at Ednam, Scotland, but of English parentage. Educated in Ireland, he entered the ministry of the Church of England in 1815.

An experience at the death-bed of a brother clergyman in 1818 led him to look at "life and its issues with a different eye than before, and to study the Bible and preach in another manner than he had previously done."

The greater part of his ministerial career was spent as incumbent of Lower Brixham, a fishing village on the Devonshire coast, where William of Orange landed in 1688. Here for twenty-five years, though far from robust, he labored devotedly as a minister of Christ, winning by his faithfulness the deep love and reverence of his simple flock; here, too, he "made hymns for his little ones, and hymns for his hardy fishermen, and hymns for sufferers like himself."

In a poem entitled "Declining Days" Lyte wrote:

Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart—
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart,

Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod:
Might I thus live to bless my fellow-men,
Or glorify my God.

This pious wish was realized in his "Abide with me." In September, 1847, before going to winter in Nice, he determined to preach to his people once again, though his family tried to dissuade him. He preached on the Holy Communion "amid the breathless attention of his hearers," and then assisted at the celebration of the Sacrament. "In the evening of the same day he placed in the hands of a near and dear relative the little hymn 'Abide with me,' with an air of his own composing adapted to the words." It has proved a "song that may not die." It has helped to bind not "one," but many a "broken heart." He never returned from Nice, but died and was buried there. When he felt the end approaching, he asked that a clergyman might be sent for. The clergyman who came was Henry Manning, then Archdeacon of Chichester in the Church of England, afterward Cardinal of Rome. Lyte published several volumes of verse, one of which drew from "Christopher North" in "Blackwood" the criticism, "That is the right kind of religious poetry, its style and spirit reminding one sometimes of Wordsworth, sometimes of Crabbe. . . . He ought to give us another volume."

Most of his hymns in common use are taken from his metrical version of the Psalter, entitled "Spirit of the Psalms." They are not an exact rendering, but rather a paraphrase. "O that the Lord's salvation" is founded on Psalm xiv.; "God of mercy, God of grace," on Psalm lxvii.; "Pleasant are Thy courts above," on Psalm lxxxiv.; "Praise, my soul, the King of heaven," on Psalm ciii.; "Sweet is the solemn voice that calls," on Psalm cxxii. "Jesus, I my cross have taken" is another of Lyte's compositions, though it was in use for nearly ten years before it was known to be his.

Philip Doddridge, 1702-51.—Born in London, but ever to be gratefully remembered by Scotchmen as the original author of the 2d Paraphrase, though it was altered by others. Had the last stanza, however, been left as he wrote it, the Scottish ideal of Christian liberality might have been higher:

To Thee as to our Covenant God
We'll our whole selves resign,
And count that not our *tenth* alone
But all we have is thine.

Of the 39th Paraphrase Lord Selborne writes: "A more sweet, vigorous, and perfect composition is not to be found even in the whole body of ancient hymns." The first verse, as written by Doddridge, however, seems happier than Cameron's adaptation. It reads:

Hark the glad sound! The Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

Doddridge was the twentieth child of his parents and at birth was laid aside as stillborn, but survived and grew into a youth of high promise. The Duchess of Bedford, recognizing this promise, offered to send him to the University, and give him a living in the Church of England, but, like Isaac Watts, he was determined to "take his lot among the Dissenters." He received several calls from Presbyterian congregations, but in the end became minister of an Independent church in Northampton. In addition to his pastoral work there, Doddridge had charge of a theological academy for preparing candidates for the ministry. One of his methods of instruction was to take the students through his library and give short lectures about the various books on its shelves.

He was a man of great personal piety, "instant in prayer," using his vestry as oratory; but his piety was practical as well as devotional, for he was in advance of his time in the matter of charitable and missionary organization. He had a happy family life and many friends, among others Bishop Warburton; James Hervey of the "Meditations"; Colonel Gardiner, whose life he wrote; and Isaac Watts, who suggested the writing of "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," long cherished in evangelical circles as, next to the Bible, their best "aid to the devout life." In the same circles his "Family Expositor" was the favorite commentary. He died in Lisbon, whither he had gone in search of health, and where his grave is still to be seen.

His hymns were for the most part written as a poetical synopsis and application of his sermons. These first lines are familiar to all: "Ye servants of the Lord"; "O happy day, that fixed my choice"; "Fountain of good, to own Thy love"; "My God, and is Thy table spread?"

For an account of American hymns and hymn-writers, the reader is referred to the history of "Musis in America," Chapter IV, in the present series.

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CHAPTER XI

CHILDREN'S HYMNS

Special Provision for Children's Worship made Late in the History of the Church—Clemens Alexandrinus—Examples from Ken and Watts and Wesley—Increase in the Number of Writers—Better Hymns.

IT was late in the history of the Church before any special provision was deemed necessary for children's worship. It was probably thought sufficient to admit them to the Church by the rites of baptism and confirmation, and if they sang at all, they had to be content with the provision made for their elders. The only ancient hymn for children existing is that of Clemens Alexandrinus, quoted below in Dr. Dexter's translation. It will be seen from the verse quoted that this is a hymn *on behalf* of children, rather than one to be sung by them.

Shepherd of tender youth,
Guiding, in love and truth,
Through devious ways:
Christ, our triumphant King,
We come Thy name to sing,
And here our children bring,
To shout Thy praise.

That children sang hymns is clear from the story of the seven boys who sang "Gloria, laus, et honor" before the Emperor Louis, and so obtained St. Theodulph's liberation from prison, but it may be doubted whether any beyond the smallest provision was made of verses suited to their young minds. Even of the early carols, none seem to have been composed for the young. Indeed, it is pretty clear from the title to the 1560 edition of Sternhold and Hopkins, that, at that time, ordinary hymns were considered suitable enough for children. The following extract shows this—of that version it says: "Very much to be used of all sorts of people privately, for their godly solace and comfort; laiying aparte all ungodly songs and balades, which tend only to the nourishing of vice and corrupting of youth." Here and there a hymn may be found for children in the seventeenth century in the writings of Wither, Herrick, and Jeremy Taylor, but even these do not seem to have been intended for use in *public* worship. Good Bishop Ken's three hymns, now so well known, were written for use in Winchester College, and are almost equally suited for adults and for the young. In the beginning of the eighteenth century Bishop George Hickes gives in "The Little Office for two or more Young Ladies under the same Governess" a translation of Bernard's "Jesu dulcis Memoria," for use at any time. This shows pretty clearly what the ideas of those times were on this matter. To all intents and purposes, no special provision was made for children until Dr. Watts published his "Divine and Moral Songs," so that he is the first founder of the choir of the children as well as that of their elders. The dedication seems to show that he was led to write such hymns for the use of the children of Sir Thomas Abney, to whose house he went for a short visit and remained for the rest of his life, never wearing out his welcome; but the preface speaks of the book as having been written at the request of a friend engaged in catechizing, who had doubtless felt the need for hymns more suitable to children than then existed. Without doubt, the finest from his pen is his Cradle Hymn, which, it must be confessed, like too many so-called children's hymns, is suited for singing, not by, but on behalf of, children. It has of late somewhat dropped out of sight, and we therefore quote it in part:

Hush, dear child, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care and payment;
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee.

Many of his hymns are still remembered, though little sung: "How doth the little busy bee," "'Tis the voice of the sluggard," "Let dogs delight to bark and bite," while others, such as "I sing the almighty power of God," are as frequently sung by adults as children, for whom they are equally suited. For a considerable time Dr. Watts's hymns for children practically held undisputed possession of the field. In 1754 Cennick published at Dublin "Hymns for Children," in two volumes; only one copy of this (in the Fulneck Library) is known to exist, but later Moravian collections drew many hymns from this source, and one or two in altered, but not improved, forms may be found in children's hymn-books of our own time. The following is a quotation from one of the best:

O Thou, before whose Father's face
The children's angels stand,
Grant me, a helpless child, the grace
That Thy angelic band

May watch my ways and guard my bed,
And minister to me,
Till I in death shall bow my head,
And go to live with Thee.

Happy the children who are gone
To Jesus Christ in peace,
Who stand around His glorious throne,
Clad in His righteousness.

Charles Wesley attempted, in 1763, to make provision for children's song, by the publication of his "Hymns for Children," but with little success, since he started with the wrong idea, attempting to lift children up to the level of adults, merely adapting his compositions to them by simplicity of diction. Only one hymn from this source ever gained any popularity. It begins:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Up to this time the idea prevailed that the same author could provide a collection of hymns for children as well as for adults, and that if he could do the one he could also do the other. But now the idea began to dawn that a hymn-book, like the prayer-book and the Bible, required variety in its authorship. One of the earliest *collections* contained one hundred and four hymns, made up of forty-four by Dr. Watts, thirty-five of the Olney hymns, two by Dr. Hawker, the editor, and a few by other writers. This may serve as a sample of the sort of thing that was then done. But it was not till women, with their deeper insight into and tenderer sympathy with child life, entered on this field, that anything like adequate or suitable provision was made for children's song. The new era dawned in 1810, when Ann and Jane Taylor issued their "Hymns for Infant Minds." These threw into the shade all previous ones for children save the best by Dr. Watts, and for many years were the chief favorites. Like Dr. Watts's, many of them look rather poor by the side of the still finer work of our day, but they mark a distinct step in advance of all that preceded, and the following still hold, and are likely to hold, their ground. By Ann Taylor, afterward Mrs. Gilbert (1782-1866): "Great God, and wilt Thou condescend," "God is in heaven, can He hear," "Jesus who lived above the sky," "The God of heaven is pleased to see," and "A Captain forth to battle went," perhaps rather more of a poem than a hymn, but which should be better known; while by Jane Taylor (1783-1824) there are: "When daily I kneel down to pray," "Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour," "Love and kindness we must measure." Perhaps most popular of all is "Good David, whose psalms have so often been sung"; to which of the sisters this is due is not known with certainty.

Jane Taylor gives this account of her own method of writing her children's hymns: "I think I have some idea of what a child's hymn ought to be; and when I commenced the task, it was with the presumptuous determination that nothing should fall short of the standard I had formed in my mind. In order to do this, my method was to shut my eyes and imagine the presence of some pretty little mortal, and then endeavor to catch, as it were, the very language it would use on the subject before me. If in any instances I have succeeded, to this little imaginary being I should attribute my success, and I have failed so frequently, because so frequently I was compelled to say, 'Now you may go, my dear; I shall finish this hymn myself.'" It is rather a curious thing that the hymns written by Helen, daughter of Martin Taylor and niece of Ann and Jane Taylor, which were published under the titles of "The Sabbath Bell" and "Missionary Hymns," though in some senses equal to, and perhaps finer than, her better known aunts', should have almost escaped notice. They seem to reach a higher literary standard, to be more picturesque, and to be more filled with the wider thoughts of religion that now prevail. Here are two verses of one of the finest missionary hymns ever written for children:

There is joy above the skies
If a sinner, only one,
Lifts to Thee, O Lord, his eyes;
And Thy holy will is done.
Earth and heaven will happy be
When all nations worship Thee.

If we live to see those days,
Live to hear the holy songs,
How will better hymns of praise
Pass in music from our tongues!
Happier children we shall be
When Thy glory we shall see.

A hymn which is almost equal begins:

Oh, let us all be glad and sing,
Like angels in the sky,
With all our hearts to God our King—
Hosanna let us cry!

He placed us in this happy land,
Like blossoms in the sun—
Like open blossoms we should stand,
Rejoicing every one.

These are from her tiny volume "Missionary Hymns for the Use of Children," published in 1846.

The number of hymn-writers for children now begins to be large, and the ideal still higher. Writers begin to recognize the fact that a hymn to be really loved by children must above all things be quick in movement and picturesque in treatment of its subject. These are the great essentials. Montgomery wrote many for the Sheffield Whitsuntide gatherings of Sunday-schools, but these, though marked by his high qualities, have never become popular. The writer of this period who showed that he knew exactly what is required in a children's hymn, but who unfortunately died too early to leave more than one or two, was Thomas Rawson Taylor (1807-35). The following verse from his pen opens a hymn that has never been excelled:

There was a time when children sang
The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,
And all the hills of Judah rang
With their exulting Jubilee.

A far finer and healthier hymn than his better known one for adults, "I'm but a stranger here," with its depreciation of earth.

Elizabeth Parson, *née* Rooker (born 1812), wrote two hymns which have been exceedingly popular, and are full of melody and movement—"Jesus, we love to meet" and "O happy land! O happy land!"

Mrs. Shelly, *née* Jackson, wrote "Lord, a little band and lowly."

Many writers now essayed the task of providing children with hymns, but none with very great success—John Burton, Dorothy Ann Thrupp, J. Cawood, and others who belonged to the Evangelical school. The leaders of the Tractarian movement felt the need

of hymns embodying their doctrine, and an attempt was made in "The Child's Christian Year" (1841) to meet the want, but this, though a pleasant book for reading, was utterly unsuitable for use in schools. Its chief contributors, John Keble, Joseph Anstice, Isaac Williams, and John Henry Newman, did not possess the gifts for such a work. A really popular hymn for children cannot be named from any member of the High Church party until 1848, when Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander put forth her "Hymns for Children," which at once created a new school, and became its model. She saw that hymns for children should not only be in plain language, but that they should be picturesque, pathetic, and not confined to the severe meters which had so long held possession of the field. Before her there is no writer, save Thomas Rawson Taylor, who fully realized this. Her hymns are too well known to need quotation. The best are: "Once in royal David's city"; "Every morning the red sun"—to which Mr. Moss's tune, "St. Silas," is one of the most exquisite settings for a children's hymn ever produced; "We are but little children weak"; "All things bright and beautiful." One little known, and not included in her published books, is the following, of which we give three verses:

Once in the town of Bethlehem,
Far away across the sea,
There was laid a little Baby,
On a Virgin mother's knee.
O Saviour! gentle Saviour!
Hear Thy little children sing,
The God of our salvation,
The Child that is our King.

It was not a stately palace
Where that little Baby lay,
With tall servants to attend Him,
And red guards to keep the way.
O Saviour! gentle Saviour! etc.

But the oxen stood around Him,
In a stable, low and dim—
In the world He had created
There was not a room for Him!
O Saviour! gentle Saviour! etc.

Esther Wiglesworth, who belongs to the same school of religious thought, has produced some fine hymns for children, which deserve to be more widely known. The following verse may be taken as an illustration:

God sets a still small voice
Deep every soul within;
It guideth to the right,
And warneth us of sin.

CHAPTER XII

CHILDREN'S HYMNS (Continued)

A Department in which Many Women have Excelled—Equally Good Contributions of Men—Successful Work of Mrs. Betham-Edwards—Some American Sunday-school Hymns.

AMONG women hymnists, we have Mary Lundie Duncan (1814-40), the authoress of one of the best known of children's hymns, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me," which was included in her tiny book "Rhymes for My Children." This is probably more frequently used as a little child's evening prayer than any other hymn.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp (1779-1847) is remembered by one hymn, which used to be a great favorite with little children, "A little ship was on the sea."

Anne Shepherd, *née* Houlditch (1809-57), wrote a little book, "Hymns adapted for the Comprehension of Infant Minds," in which was included "Around the throne of God in heaven," which, when children sung more about heaven, was a great favorite. It is very lyric and effective.

Elizabeth Strafford's hymns are well adapted, in their sentiment, for children, but they lack picturesqueness and melody, and so have never become popular. Perhaps the best is the one which opens:

Once to our world there came
A little holy Child,
Gentle and good and mild,
And Jesus was His name.

He suffered want and pain,
Was slighted, scorned, and poor;
All this He did endure,
That we in heaven might reign.

Jane E. Leeson, who after a period of retirement from the world, passed away in 1883, wrote many verses for children, which were included in "Hymns and Scenes of Childhood" (1842). They are more remarkable for the suitability of their ideas to the young than for form and style. The following verse may serve as a specimen:

Sweet the lessons Jesus taught,
When to Him fond parents brought
Babes for whom they blessing sought—
Little ones, like me.

Frances Ridley Havergal (1836-79) wrote, as was to be expected, very good hymns for children. Her

version of the Lord's Prayer is both tender and concise.

These two verses form part of what is rather an address to a child than a hymn, but if that be overlooked, it is of great merit:

God will take care of you. All through the day
Jesus is near you, to keep you from ill;
Waking or resting, at work or at play,
Jesus is with you, and watching you still.

He will take care of you. All through the night
Jesus, the Shepherd, His little one keeps;
Darkness to Him is the same as the light,
He never slumbers, and He never sleeps.

Among male authors we have:

John Henley (1800-42), a minister of the Wesleyan Church, wrote "Children of Jerusalem," a hymn singularly crisp and effective, and greatly liked by children.

James Edmeston (1791-1867) wrote hymns for children, of which the best known is "Little Travelers Zionwards." In England it is now made to commence with the second verse, "Who are they whose little feet." It is sung in Sunday-schools here.

Andrew Young (born 1807), formerly head master of Madras College, in the University of St. Andrews, is the author of the very bright and, on the whole, healthy hymn on heaven, "There is a happy land." The story of the origin of this hymn is interesting. One of the songs which the Indian palanquin-bearers sang was set to English words, its burden being "There is a happy land, where care's unknown." This song was sung one evening by a lady in Edinburgh, and heard by Young. Being much touched by the beauty of the music and of the opening idea of the words, he was led to write the exquisite hymn "There is a happy land, far, far away," to suit the music.

John Burton (1803-77) wrote "Saviour, while my heart is tender," one of the most sweet and graceful hymns of consecration for the young. To another author of the same name (1773-1822) we owe the most popular children's hymn on the Bible, beginning "Holy Bible, Book Divine."

Of the hymns by Mrs. Shepcote, whose "Hymns for Infant Children" are well suited to those for whom they were written, the best is probably that beginning:

Jesus, holy, undefiled,
Listen to a little child;
Thou has sent the glorious light,
Chasing far the silent night.

Emily E. S. Elliot is the authoress of two hymns which are poetic and original in form. Both of them are on the birth of Christ, and are deservedly popular. They should be in every collection for children's use. They are the hymns beginning:

There came a little Child to earth
Long ago!

and

Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown
When Thou camest to earth for me.

Jemima Luke (born 1813) is the authoress of the well-known hymn, which deserves to be reckoned classic, "I think when I read that sweet story of old," and which makes us wonder that she never followed it up by the production of others. It was written in a stage-coach for a village school near Poundsford Park, Bath, where the writer's father resided.

Mrs. H. P. Hawkins, one of the editors of "The Home Hymn Book," which, both for its words and their musical setting, deserves very high praise, has written several hymns for children, all of which are tender and beautiful in a very high degree.

To Jeannette Threlfall (1821-80) we owe one of the finest of our hymns for children, which has every characteristic needful for such a composition:

Hosanna! loud hosanna!
The little children sang:
Through pillared court and temple
The lovely anthem rang;
To Jesus, who had blessed them,
Close folded to His breast,
The children sang their praises,
The simplest and the best.

Sarah Doudney (born 1842) is better known by her stories than her hymns, but the latter deserve, and will probably secure, a larger place in collections for children than they have as yet received, as may be judged from the following (published in 1871):

For all Thy care we bless Thee,
O Father, God of might!
For golden hours of morning,
And quiet hours of night;
Thine is the arm that shields us
When danger threatens nigh,
And Thine the hand that yields us
Rich gifts of earth and sky.

John Ellerton (1826-93) has done excellent work in this department. The following hymn is as remarkable for its lyric as its practical tone:

Day by day we magnify Thee,
When our hymns in school we raise;
Daily work begun and ended
With the daily voice of praise.

William Walsham How (1823-97) wrote some fine hymns for children. The following, written by Bishop How, is equal to those of Ann and Jane Taylor, and touched with an altogether tenderer spirit, which is so characteristic of the theology of this day:

It is a thing most wonderful,
Almost too wonderful to be,
That God's own Son should come from heaven,
And die to save a child like me.

Thomas Benson Pollock, of Birmingham (1836-96), deserves mention as the author of a number of metrical litanies, some of which are admirably suited for children's use, as may be seen from the following litany, of which we quote the first part:

Jesu, from Thy throne on high,
Far above the bright blue sky,
Look on us with loving eye,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Little children need not fear
When they know that Thou art near;
Thou dost love us, Saviour dear,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Benjamin Waugh (born 1839), whose "Sunday Evenings with My Children" are so well known, and whose untiring labors on behalf of children, in connection with the London society for their protection, deserve grateful record, has written many hymns for children, which have not, as yet, come into use so largely as their merit deserves. One that enforces with great tenderness a much-needed idea begins:

Where is Jesus, little children?
Is He up in heaven?
Has God taken back the present
Which of old was given?

Christopher Newman Hall (1816-1902), who wrote many hymns for adults, which do not seem very distinctive or original, struck a really beautiful note in the hymn for children beginning:

Day again is dawning,
Darkness flees away;
Now from sleep awaking
Let me rise and pray.
Jesus, tender Shepherd,
Watching while I slept,
Bless the little lambkin
Thou hast safely kept.

Sabine Baring-Gould (born 1834), vicar of Lew Trenchard, to whom we owe the fine rendering from the Danish of Ingemann's hymn, "Through the night of doubt and sorrow," and who is the author of "Onward, Christian soldiers, marching as to war," also wrote an evening hymn for children, remarkable for its simplicity and picturesqueness, "Now the day is over." It is one of the finest children's hymns for that season in the language.

Albert Midlane (born 1825) wrote many hymns, most of which do not rise above mediocrity; but one, "There's a friend for little children," has attained great popularity, and is included in most children's hymnals. It has the picturesqueness and melody which are so vital to a good hymn for the young.

Some of William Chatterton Dix's hymns are prized by children, and one, written specially for them, is singularly beautiful:

In our work, and in our play,
Jesu, be Thou ever near,
Guarding, guiding, all the day,
Keeping in Thy holy fear.

Francis Turner Palgrave (1824-97) wrote some of the best hymns for children in the language, among which may be named "Thou that once on mother's knee," and a morning hymn, which should be better known than it is:

O God, who, when the night was deep.

Among hymns by anonymous writers, mention should be made of the following: "Little children, wake and listen," "The fields are all white," and "Oh, what can little hands do?"

Perhaps the only hymn (if that word be used in its proper sense) for children by one of the great English poets is the following, by Samuel Taylor Coleridge, which is very simple and beautiful:

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
God grant me grace my prayers to say;
O God, preserve my mother dear
In strength and health for many a year.

And O preserve my father too,
And may I pay him reverence due;
And may I my best thoughts employ
To be my parents' hope and joy.

And now, O Lord, to me impart
An innocent and grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
Awake to Thy eternal day.

No greater success has been reached in hymn-writing for children than by Matilda Barbara Betham-Edwards (born 1836)—widely known by her works of fiction—especially in the following verses:

God make my life a little light
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although the place be small.

Less known, but equally beautiful, is this evening hymn from her pen:

The little birds now seek their nest;
The baby sleeps on mother's breast;
Thou givest all Thy children rest,
God of the weary.

Of the numerous excellent hymns for children written by American authors, especially hymns commonly used in Sunday-schools, we present a few typical examples.

Horatio Richmond Palmer (1834-1907), born in Sherburne, N. Y., was a musical composer and publisher and a writer of hymns. His "Song Queen" has had a sale of over 200,000 copies. The following Sunday-school hymn, of which he composed both words and music, is widely known:

Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you
Some other to win.

Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus,
He will carry you through.

George Cooper (born in New York, 1840) is author of the hymn usually recognized by its refrain, "While the days are going by." We give the first of its three stanzas:

There are lonely hearts to cherish
While the days are going by.
There are weary souls who perish
While the days are going by.
Up! then, trusty hearts and true,
Though the day comes, night comes, too;
Oh, the good we all may do
While the days are going by!

Fanny Crosby (Mrs. Frances Jane Van Alstyne, born in Southeast, N. Y., 1820), a writer of many

hymns and songs, became blind when only six weeks old, but her writings have aided the spiritual sight of men and women and have guided little children in the path of life. We reprint the first stanza of one of her Sunday-school hymns:

Jesus the water of life will give
Freely, freely, freely;
Jesus the water of life will give
Freely to those who love Him.

William O. Cushing (1823-1902), an American clergyman, wrote (1856) a hymn that "has gone round the world." The tune to this "Jewel Hymn," as it is called, composed by George F. Root, probably had much to do with its universal popularity. Familiar as it is, we give the first stanza of this Sunday-school favorite:

When He cometh, when He cometh
To make up His jewels,
All the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own,
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright brow adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty,
Bright gems for His crown.

In connection with this hymn an interesting incident is told in "The Story of the Hymns and Tunes," published by the American Tract Society, from which we take the liberty of quoting as follows:

"A minister returning from Europe on an English steamer visited the steerage, and after some friendly talk proposed a singing service—if something could be started that 'everybody' knew—for there were hundreds of emigrants there from nearly every part of Europe.

" 'It will have to be an American tune, then,' said the steerage-master; 'try "His jewels." '*

"The minister struck out at once with the melody and words—

When He cometh, when He cometh

—and scores of the poor half-fare multitude joined voices with him. Many probably recognized the music of the old glee, and some had heard the sweet air played in the church-steeples at home. Other voices chimed in, male and female, catching the air, and sometimes the words—they were so easy and so many times repeated—and the volume of song increased, till the singing minister stood in the midst of an international concert, the most novel that he ever led.

"He tried other songs in similar visits during the rest of the voyage with some success, but the 'Jewel Hymn' was the favorite; and by the time port was in sight the whole crowd of emigrants had it by heart.

"The steamer landed at Quebec, and when the trains, filled with the new arrivals, rolled away, the song was swelling from nearly every car—

When He cometh, when He cometh,
To make up His jewels.

The composer of the tune—with all the patriotic and sacred masterpieces standing to his credit—never reaped a richer triumph than he shared with his poet-partner that day, when 'Precious Jewels' came back to them from over the sea. More than this, there was missionary joy for them both that their tuneful work had done something to hallow the homes of alien settlers with an American Christian psalm."

Mary Louise Riley (Mrs. Albert Smith, born at Brighton, Monroe county, N. Y., 1843) wrote the hymn beginning:

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all along our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.

Philip Paul Bliss (1838-76), born at Clearfield, Pa., was well known for his work in the evangelistic field and as the writer of popular hymns. It is related that one day, when he had heard the chorus, "Oh, how I love Jesus," he said to himself, "I have sung long enough of my poor love to Christ, and now I will sing of His love for me." Then he wrote and set to music:

I am so glad that our Father in heaven
Tells of His love in the book He has given:
Wonderful things in the Bible I see,
This is the dearest—that Jesus loves me.

*Comparison of the "Jewel Hymn" tune with the old glee of "Johnny Schmoker" gives color to the assertion that Mr. Root caught up and adapted a popular ditty for his Christian melody—as was so often done in Wales, and in the Lutheran and Wesleyan reformations. He baptized the comic fugue, and promoted it from the vaudeville stage to the Sunday-school.

CHAPTER XIII

THE BEST HYMN-TUNES

Words and Music must be Rightly Mated—Thomas Mace's Views on this Subject—Retention of Good Tunes—Some Essential Principles Stated by Rev. David R. Breed, D.D.

ACCORDING to the Augustinian definition, a hymn implies music. "If thou praisest God and singest not, thou utterest no hymn." Happy the hymn that early finds its mate, and in its mate a helpmeet—a musical setting that commends it to the popular ear. There are hymns of rare beauty that have never found their way into favor as vehicles of praise for lack of appropriate musical interpretation; on the other hand there are hymns such as "O Love that wilt not let me go"; "Hark! the herald angels sing," which owe not a little of their universal acceptance to the fact that the lyric poet's *alter ego* has set noble music to his golden words. Instances might even be given, were it not invidious, of hymns distinctly mediocre, hymns by no means golden, that are everywhere sung because some musician of genius has given them voice.

Generally speaking, hymns to be musically effective must have tunes written for them, and that by some one who takes note of their spirit, their character, their message, and not simply of their meter. But nothing could be better said on this subject than was said more than two hundred years ago by Thomas Mace in his quaint volume entitled "Musick's Monument," in which, among other points, he sets himself to "show the necessity of singing psalms well, in parochial churches, or not to sing at all." What he says with regard to musical composition is this:

"The musician should observe to cast all such psalms as are concerning humiliation, confession, supplication, lamentation, or sorrow, etc., into a flat, solemn, mournful key; and on the contrary, all such as are concerning rejoicing, praising of God, giving thanks or extolling his wondrous works or goodness, etc., into a sharp, sprightly, brisk key; contriving for both as much majesty and stateliness as can be found out in the art which abounds with plenty; observing the nature of the words, so as to suit them with the same likeness of conceit or humor from his art; there being a very great affinity, nearness, naturalness, or sameness betwixt language and musick, although not known to many. And it is a bemoanable pity to consider how few there are who know, but fewer who consider, what wonderful, powerful, efficacious virtues and operations musick has upon the souls and spirits of men divinely bent."

Of course, as a general rule, tunes are written for hymns. Still in a number of cases the process is reversed, the hymns being written at the suggestion—if one may use the expression—of some striking tune. It was so in the case of Andrew Young's famous children's hymn "There is a happy land," and Sabine Baring-Gould informs us that "Onward, Christian soldiers" was composed to an air of Haydn's, though it owes its extraordinary popularity to quite a different tune written for it by Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan in strict accordance with the rules just quoted from "Musick's Monument."

When a hymn is once well suited with a tune there should be neither separation nor divorce, its whole devotional influence being often lost by an arbitrary change. When, however, a hymn is sung every day, as is the case with the *Te Deum* and the *Magnificat* in many churches, a change of tune may be expedient to avoid monotony; but for hymns that are only in occasional use one good tune is best.

Tastes, of course, will differ as to what is best, alike in hymns and tunes, but in the end the general voice will be found confirming the verdict of reverent culture and holding by what is dignified, solemn, and devout. There have been hymns (and tunes) that quickly attained a surprising popularity and after a few years passed into oblivion. They were true utterances for their day, perhaps, and expressed the mood of their generation; but, either because the mood was spasmodic, or because they were too highly strung or were destitute of real poetic feeling or barren of thought, when tested by time and the calmer moods of the Church, they were found to lack those elements which are essential to the materials of permanent praise. On the whole it may be taken for granted that in hymns and tunes those are the best that survive.

In his admirable and very helpful book, "The History and Use of Hymns and Hymn-Tunes" (Fleming H. Revell Company), Rev. David R. Breed, D.D., tells us that "the best tunes may be determined by usage, but usage must be defined in this case, as it has been in the case of our hymns, by reference to those hymnals which have been compiled by competent authority, indorsed by leading denominations, and used in the stated worship of regularly organized congregations." In the absence of such a determination hitherto, Dr. Breed observes that "we may note the drift of sentiment as indicated in the kinds of tunes which are the more and more discountenanced and in the kinds which are the more and more indorsed by accredited compilers."

In the same excellent work Dr. Breed shows that in the advance made in the use of hymn-tunes the fugue-tune, once so much in favor, has well-nigh disappeared from hymnals; that, often in the face of strong objection, new tunes are substituted for old favorites, such changes sometimes leading to advantage and final acceptance; that changes have been made in tunes, sometimes with real improvement; that simpler tunes have replaced tunes "containing unusual intervals"; and that "tunes with too great a range for the average voice have been discarded." Then this discriminating writer adds the following "simple rules" for the choice and singing of hymn-tunes:

1. *Tunes must be singable.*

Some little training ought to be expected in every congregation. The best tunes are seldom mastered by hearing them a couple of times. Both the pleasure and the profit of worship are enhanced in the attempt to render a worthy composition. But tunes that can never be sung except by trained musicians ought not to be announced from the pulpit. If they are embraced in a collection, let them be relegated to the use of the choir.

2. *Tunes should be selected.*

Our collections all embrace too many—both hymns and tunes. It is almost as vicious to propose five hundred to a congregation as it was forlorn in the old Scotch days to be reduced to six. Every wise leader—in pulpit and choir—should have an idea of what constitutes a suitable repertoire. It should be large enough to avoid too frequent repetitions of the same tune in public worship and to give needed variety, and it should be small enough to be thoroughly familiarized by a congregation.

3. *Tunes should be adapted to the hymns.*

Sometimes the minister will need expert advice in this matter. Oftentimes the accent of the hymn and tune do not coincide—the beat comes in the wrong place. Thus a tune, excellent in itself, may seem wretched because of its lack of adaptation. Sometimes also a good tune for one hymn is a poor tune for another. It is no sure sign that it suits the hymn that the compiler has placed it on the same page. Upon a certain occasion Doddridge's hymn beginning "Ye servants of the Lord" was announced. It is set in the "Presbyterian Hymnal" to "Laban," on the opposite page. On the same page, however, is found a new copyright tune, "Soldiers of Christ," written for Wesley's hymn beginning with these words. Both tunes are short meter tunes; both are written in common time. They might seem to be interchangeable. Yet when the leader rejected "Laban" and started "Soldiers of Christ," the effect was simply horrible. When asked why he selected this tune, he answered, "Because it is a better tune." There is no questioning his judgment—it *is* the better tune; but it is not better for this hymn.

It is equally important also to adapt the tune to the sentiment of the hymn. Is the hymn joyful? Why sing it to a slow tune in a minor key? Is it serious and penitential? Why sing it to a glee? For like reasons new tunes that are offered for old hymns deserve careful examination. They often give to the words new force and beauty.

4. *Tunes should be sung at the rate in which they are written.*

Some congregations have the bad habit of dragging; some habitually sing too rapidly. "Do you never sing a tune slowly?" asked the officiating minister in a series of Y. M. C. A. services. "Not often," was the reply, in substance, "the boys like to keep the thing hot!" But undue speed in sacred song is more reprehensible than undue slowness. Yet many congregations do not seem to know the difference between singing promptly and singing fast.

Some organists are to blame in this matter. They do not seem to understand that they should lead—they only follow. The chief reason why the organ should play the tune before it is sung is found in its interpretation. It shows the worshiper not only what the tune is, but how it is to be rendered. It sets the pace for the entire hymn and gives the shading at least for the first verse, and virtually says to the people, "Sing it in this way." This prelude ought to be such that, sung in any other way, even the best tune is injured—often well-nigh ruined.

5. *Avoid tunes of florid counterpoint.*

6. *Avoid tunes containing difficult melodic intervals.*

7. *Avoid tunes of too great range.*

The staff indicates all the notes which can be sung by the average voice, and even such tunes as continue for several notes on the extremes should be barred.

We have many excellent hymn-tunes derived from old folk-songs, ballad-tunes, and operas; and so long as they do not suggest improper scenes and associations they are unobjectionable. Yet we all believe that there is a difference between sacred and secular music and every devout worshiper will insist upon maintaining it. What rule, then, can be given in this matter?

Very much—indeed almost everything—depends upon *treatment*. Into this a number of elements may enter, such as the key, the time, and the like. A tune which has a sacred character in one key may sometimes have a distinctly secular character in another; and therefore the leader should be cautious in transposing, as he is sometimes tempted to do. In like manner, a tune sung or played in fast time may be a jig, which in slow time is a serious melody. There are certain tunes in some books which make excellent dance music by such easy manipulation. The reverse also may be accomplished and dance music be transformed into the serious.

No arbitrary rules can be given. After all, a sanctified taste is the only arbiter—a *taste* which sets the spirit of pure worship above all else; a *sanctification* in which the sense of the truly beautiful is normally developed.

For an account of early American hymn-tune composers, the reader is referred to the history of "Music in America," Chapter III, in this series.

CHAPTER XIV

PLAIN SONG

Peculiarities—Development—Work of SS. Ambrose and Gregory—Later History of Plain Song.

THE origin of plain song, or plain chant, as it is also called—the only kind of Church music the use of which has ever been formally prescribed by ecclesiastical authority—has given rise to much discussion and many diverse theories. On one point, however, all authorities are agreed; namely, that it exhibits peculiarities which can be detected in no other kind of music whatever; peculiarities so marked that they can scarcely fail to attract the attention of the most superficial hearer, and so constant that we find no difficulty in tracing them through every successive stage of development from the beginning of the Christian era to the present time.

Turning to the history of this development, we find that for nearly four hundred years after its introduction into the services of the Church plain song was transmitted from age to age by oral tradition only. After the conversion of Constantine, when Christianity became the established religion of the Empire, and the Church was no longer compelled to worship in the Catacombs, schools of singing were established for preserving the old traditions, and insuring a uniform method of singing. A school of this description was founded at Rome, early in the fourth century, by St. Sylvester, and much good work resulted from the establishment of this and similar institutions in other places. Boys were admitted into them at a very early age, and instructed in all that it was necessary for a devout chorister to know, and by this means the primitive melodies were passed on from mouth to mouth with as little danger as might be of unauthorized corruption. But oral tradition is at best but an uncertain guide; and in process of time the necessity for some safe method of transmission began to excite serious attention.

The first attempt to reduce the traditional melodies to a definite system was made toward the close of the fourth century, by St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan (died 397), who, taking the praxis of the Eastern Church as his model, promulgated a series of regulations which enabled his clergy to sing the psalms, canticles, and hymns of the divine office with a far greater amount of precision and purity than had hitherto been attainable. It is difficult now to determine the exact nature of the work effected by this learned bishop, though it seems tolerably certain that we are indebted to him for a definite elucidation of the four authentic modes, in which alone all the most ancient melodies are written. He is also credited with having first introduced into the Western Church the custom of antiphonal singing, in which the psalms are divided, verse by verse, between two alternate choirs, in contradistinction to the responsorial method, till then prevalent in Italy, wherein the entire choir responded to the voice of a single chorister. Another account, however, attributes its introduction to St. Hilarius, as an imitation of the usage of the Eastern Church, at Poitiers, whence—and not from Milan—St. Celestine is said to have imported it to Rome.

The next great attempt to arrange in systematic order the rich treasury of plain-song melodies bequeathed to the Church by tradition has been supposed to have been made, some two hundred years after the death of St. Ambrose, by St. Gregory the Great. The work undertaken by this celebrated reformer (if indeed it was his) was far more exhaustive than that wrought by his predecessor. During the two centuries which had elapsed since the introduction of the Ambrosian chant at Milan, innumerable hymns had been composed, and innumerable melodies added to the already lengthy catalogue. All these, it has been believed, St. Gregory collected and carefully revised, adding to them no small number of his own compositions, and forming them into a volume sufficiently comprehensive to suffice for the entire cycle of the Church's services. The precise manner in which these melodies were noted down is open to doubt: but that they were committed to writing in the "Antiphonarium" which has made St. Gregory's name so justly celebrated, is certain; and though the system of writing then employed was exceedingly imperfect, it cannot be doubted that this circumstance tended greatly to the preservation of the melodies from the corruption which is inseparable from mere traditional transmission. But we owe, as has been thought, to St. Gregory even more than this. Unless the objections raised by certain modern historians prove to be valid it is almost impossible to doubt that it was he who first introduced into the system those four plagal modes, which conduce so materially to its completeness, and place the Gregorian chant so far above the Ambrosian in the scale of esthetic perfection.

For many centuries after the death of St. Gregory the "Antiphonarium" was regarded as the authority to which all other office books must of necessity conform. It was introduced into England in the year 596, by St. Augustine, or Austin, who not only brought it with him, but brought also Roman choristers to teach the proper method of singing it. The Emperor Charlemagne (died 814) commanded its use in the Gallican Church; and it soon found its way into every diocese in Christendom. Nevertheless, the work of corruption could not be entirely prevented. In the year 1323 Pope John II found it necessary to issue the famous bull *Docta sanctorum,* in order to restrain the singers of his time from introducing innovations which certainly destroyed the purity of the ancient melody. Cardinal Wolsey complained of the practice of singing votive masses "cum Cantu fracto seu diviso." Local "uses"

were adopted in almost every diocese in Europe. Paris, Aix-la-Chapelle, York, Sarum, Hereford, and a hundred others, had each their own peculiar office books, many of them containing melodies of undeniable beauty, but all differing more or less from the only authoritative norm.

After the revision of the Liturgy by the Council of Trent, a vigorous attempt was made to remove this crying evil. In the year 1576 Pope Gregory XIII commanded Palestrina to do the best he could toward restoring the entire system of plain song to its original purity. The difficulty of the task was so great that the "Princeps Musicæ" left it unfinished at the time of his death; but, with the assistance of his friend Guidetti, he accomplished enough to render his inability to carry out the entire scheme a matter for endless regret. Under his superintendence, Guidetti published several important works along the lines marked out, and these were followed by others from able hands, all of which have been improved upon in modern times.

Pope Pius IX empowered the Sacred Congregation of Rites to subject the entire series of office books to a searching revision, and to publish them under the direct sanction of the Holy See. In furtherance of this project the first edition of the Gradual was published, in 1871, and that of the Vesperal in 1875. Other editions soon followed, and we believe the series of volumes is now complete. A comparison of their contents with those of the Mechlin series is extremely interesting, and well exhibits the difference between a melody corrupted by local use and the selfsame strain restored to a better authenticated form.

We have already seen that plain song was introduced into England by St. Augustine in the year 596. That it flourished vigorously there is proved by abundant evidence; but the difference observable between the Sarum, York, and Hereford office books proves that the English clergy were far from adopting a uniform use. No sooner was the old religion abolished by law than the Litany was printed in London, with the ancient plain-song melody adapted to English words. This work was published by Grafton, the King's printer, on June 16, 1544; and six years later, in 1550, John Marbecke published his famous "Booke of Common Praier, noted," in which plain-song melodies, printed in the square-headed Gregorian character, are adapted to the Anglicized offices of "Mattins," "Euen Song," "The Communion," and "The Communion when there is a Buriall," with so perfect an appreciation of the true feeling of plain song, that one can only wonder at the ingenuity with which it is not merely translated into a new language, but so well fitted to the exigencies of the "vulgar tongue" that the words and music might well be supposed to have sprung into existence together.

Except during the period of the Great Rebellion, Marbecke's adaption of plain song to the Anglican ritual has been in constant use in English cathedrals from the time of its first publication to the present day. Between the death of Charles I and the Restoration, all music worthy of the name was banished from the religious services of the Anglican Church; but, after the accession of Charles II, the practice of singing the plain-song versicles and responses was at once resumed, but the Gregorian tones to the psalms fell into entire disuse, giving place in time to a form of melody of a very different kind, known as the "double chant." This substitute for the time-honored inflections of the more ancient style reigned with undisputed sway, both in English cathedrals and parish churches, until long after the beginning of the nineteenth century; but great changes have since been made, and "Gregorians" now form the chief attraction at almost every "choir festival" in England, are sung with enthusiasm in innumerable parish churches, and frequently heard even in cathedrals. They are also to some extent in present use in the Protestant Episcopal Church; and it is noteworthy that by a rescript of Pope Pius X the Gregorian simplicity has been newly insisted upon in Roman Catholic services.

Since the middle of the nineteenth century ancient manuscripts have been discovered, from which many formerly unknown facts have been brought to light, and studies based on these promise a reconstruction of the history of plain song, including fresh judgments regarding the relation of St. Gregory and others to its development.

CHAPTER XV

THE CHANT

Nature of the Chant—Ambrosian and Gregorian Forms—Anglican—Metrical Chants.

SPEAKING in a general sense, to chant is to sing. In a more limited sense it is to sing certain words according to the style required by musical laws or ecclesiastical rule and custom; and what is thus performed is styled a chant and chanting. Practically, the word chant is now used for short melodies sung to psalms and canticles in Church services, whether Roman Catholic, Anglican, Protestant Episcopal, or others.

The chant is more or less a combination of measured and unmeasured music; that is to say, while one portion of it must be performed in a certain rhythmical order, another portion is sung without any fixed suc-

cession or relation of accent, and is altogether rhythmless.

The earliest form of chant, the Ambrosian, was modified and superseded in what is called the Gregorian. This chant is almost entirely without rhythm. At all events, if it does possess any rhythmic feeling, it is so vague and so variable, that the Gregorian chant might, without much injustice, be said to be altogether lacking in fixed form. Still it has parts or pieces, each having its own purpose, and all occupying distinct relative positions in the chant. The Gregorian chants, called tones (*tunes,* not intervals), are eight in number; and each tone has several endings, making in all twenty-six chants, all differing from each other, not only in regard to the character of their melody, but also in respect of their length. The only thing of a formal kind, by which similarity may be recognized in the different chants, is the relative positions of their several pieces already alluded to.

At the time when this kind of music was in its glory, previous to the Reformation, musical notation was quite different from what it is now. It was written on a staff of four lines. The notes were: a square black note with a stem at one side; a square black note without a stem; and a diamond-shaped black note. These were the long, the medium, and the short notes in use. There were no bar lines employed. In some churches of certain denominations, where ancient Church tunes are held in high esteem and reverence, the Gregorian tones noted in the old manner are in constant use at the present day.

The Gregorian chant consists of three principal pieces—the intonation, the mediation, and the ending. Both of the two latter pieces contain a reciting note and inflected notes, and end with a cadence. We see, however, that as the three characteristic pieces vary considerably in different chants, there cannot possibly be any fixed rhythmical proportion in music of this description. The absence of bar lines may cause some doubt as to where the accent should fall, or as to whether there be any accent at all. There is accent in Gregorian chants, but of a very irregular character, and depending very much upon the words to which the music is sung. In passing from one part of the chant to another there is always an accent. For example, in passing from the intonation there is an accent on the first syllable of the reciting note: any number of syllables may be sung to this note, according to the length of the verse; and in passing to the first inflected note there is another accent. The inflected notes themselves are accented according to their number, and as the words may demand.

We now come to the more commonly known Anglican chant. For a considerable time before the Anglican chant, in its present fixed form, came to be established, there had been a gradual molding and modifying of some of the Gregorian tones into a more modern and fixed form. It might be safe to say that the Anglican chant came into use with the Reformation. It did not, however, supersede the Gregorian chant for some time afterward, if indeed it can be said to have done so entirely yet. At all events, Anglican chants, or, to be more precise, Anglican chant forms, have long been much more extensively employed than the Gregorian. The Anglican chant is most melodious and pleasing, while its fixed and unchanging form makes it readily appreciated, and renders it especially suitable for congregational purposes.

The Anglican chant is of two ordinary kinds—the single chant and the double chant; the only difference between them is that a double chant is just like two single chants joined in succession. A single chant is sung to one verse of the Psalms; a double chant takes in two verses. Quadruple chants have even occasionally been tried (these, of course, will include four successive verses); but their length is apt to lead to some confusion: at all events, they are not popular.

It has been supposed that the Anglican chant took its form from the old common-measure psalm-tune, which, unlike our common meter of to-day, consisted of two short lines of fours, one of six, two of fours, and one of six, with a long note at the beginning and the end of each line. This, then, gives us a tune of six sections, of which, if we take the first and the last, we have a single chant; or, taking any two short sections, and the two long sections, we have a double chant.

Each section of the chant corresponds to half a verse of the psalm. Each section begins with a reciting note and ends with a cadence. To the reciting note so many syllables are monotoned from one up to any number, according to the length of the half-verse. Speaking roughly, the last three syllables in the first half of the verse, and the last five in the second half, are left for the inflected notes. There is frequently, however, an alteration of this arrangement required, according to the sense and the expression of the words.

It will be easily understood that the sections of the chant are not equal—one contains three measures and the next four. There is thus apparently a want of balance which, it might be thought, would displease the ear. But, in listening to a chant, there is no effect of lopsidedness experienced—the balance of the sections seems to be quite perfect. This is, doubtless, owing to the influence of the reciting notes which, by their being lengthened indefinitely and irregularly, throw the ear out of calculation: or it may be that the one reciting note running into the other deceives the listener, and he mentally ekes out the short section with a note from the long one; and that equal balancing of the pieces in a composition for which the mind always craves is attained.

The chief points of similarity between the Gregorian and the Anglican chant are: first and most distinctly, the reciting note; second, the inflections, which, however, have not fixed succession in the former, while in the latter they have.

There are other modern chant forms to be met with; namely, what are sometimes called metrical chants. The most familiar of these is, perhaps, Troyte's chant, frequently sung to the hymn "Abide with me." But metrical chanting is something of a misnomer, or a paradox: chanting must contain some element of unmeasured recitation—this is its characteristic feature. In singing a chant to metrical words in which all the verses are alike, there must be pretty much the same recurring measurement in every verse; so that the varied recitation, for which a chant is specially intended, cannot take place. A metrical chant then is simply a peculiar form of psalm-tune.

Much attention has been directed in recent years toward the rendering of the psalms in their pure and natural form; and the chanting of the prose psalms has now come to be regarded in many churches as an integral part of congregational music. Prose chanting perhaps presents greater difficulty to the congregation, owing to the unrhythmical part of the chant (the recitation), and consequently the position of the accent, varying in each verse. Most of the prejudice which still exists against chanting will probably be found owing to the tendency to chant too fast, and to convert that part of the verse which has to be sung to the reciting note into a "gabble." Perfect familiarity with the words is indispensable in good chanting, so that where the practice is introduced for the first time, it is well to limit the selection of psalms until they become familiar to the congregation. There is no reason why an intelligent congregation should not join as heartily in the prose psalms as in the more rhythmical hymns and meter psalms.

The incessant fire of psalmody, "the flame of devotion," will not burn less brightly when lighted by the songs of Christendom in their short and unmetrical form. If it be delightful to sing the songs of David in the elastic forms of modern poetry, and to the tunes of modern feeling, it will not be less so to wake up the echoes of a responsorial voice, and raise up the song which the associations of centuries and the truthfulness of pure art will forever render holy and endearing. Some beautiful music has been associated with Biblical psalms, hymns, and prayers, and it seems likely that they may be sung in divine worship much oftener than has been the practice up to the present time. The great charm of congregational singing is the simultaneous enunciation of the syllables, all marching on the word in a vigorous unity. Nothing will contribute sooner to further this end than the practice of prose psalm-singing. Where such practice, under good leadership, is faithfully followed, the best kind of congregational singing is likely to be heard.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MASS

Venerable Melodies of the Church First Collected and Revised by SS. Ambrose and Gregory—Musical Subdivisions of the Liturgy—Development of Church Music to the Golden Age of Palestrina.

FROM the beginnings of Christianity it was the custom to sing portions of the eucharistic service to solemn and impressive music, and our word "mass" is derived from the phrase "Ite missa est" ("Depart! the assembly is dismissed"), chanted by the deacon immediately before the service ends.

Concerning the source whence this music was originally derived, we know but very little. All that can be said with any degree of certainty is that, after having long been consecrated by traditional use to the service of religion, the oldest forms of it with which we are acquainted were collected together, revised, and systematically arranged, first by St. Ambrose, and afterward, more completely, by St. Gregory the Great, to whose labors we are mainly indebted for their transmission to our own day in the pages of the Roman Gradual. Under the name of plain-chant the venerable melodies thus preserved to us are still sung, constantly, in the Pontifical Chapel, and the cathedrals of most Continental dioceses. It is worthy of remark that the special characteristics of that style are more or less plainly discernible in all music written for the Church during a thousand years at least after the compilation of St. Gregory's great work.

Each separate portion of the mass was anciently sung to its own proper tune; different tunes being appointed for different seasons and festivals. After the invention of counterpoint, composers delighted in weaving these and other old plain-chant melodies into polyphonic masses for two, four, six, eight, twelve, or even forty voices; and thus arose those marvelous schools of ecclesiastical music which, gradually advancing in excellence, exhibited during the latter half of the sixteenth century a development of art the esthetic perfection of which has never since been equaled. The portions of the service selected for this method of treatment were the *Kyrie,* the *Gloria,* the *Credo,* the *Sanctus,* the *Benedictus,* and the *Agnus Dei;* which six movements constituted—and still constitute—the musical composition usually called the mass. A single plain-chant melody—in technical language, a *Canto fermo*—served, for the most part, as a common theme for the whole; and from this the entire work generally derived its name—as *Missa "Veni sponsa Christi"; Missa "Tu es Petrus"; Missa "Iste confessor."* The *Canto fermo,* however, was not always a sacred one. Sometimes—though not very often during the best periods of art—it was taken from the refrain of some popular song; as in the case of the famous *Missa "L'homme armé,"* founded upon an old French love-song—a subject which Josquin de Près, Palestrina, and many other great composers have treated with wonderful ingenuity. More rarely, an original theme was selected; and the work was then called *Missa sine nomine,* or *Missa brevis,* or *Missa ad Fugam,* or *ad Canones,* as the case might be; or named, after the mode in which it was composed, *Missa Primi Toni, Missa Quarti Toni, Missa Octavi Toni;* or even from

the number of voices employed, as *Missa Quatuor Vocum.* In some few instances—generally very fine ones—an entire mass was based upon the six sounds of the hexachord, and entitled *Missa ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la,* or *Missa super Voces Musicales.*

Among the earliest masses of this description, of which perfect and intelligible copies have been preserved to us, are those by Dufay, Dunstable, Binchois, and certain contemporaneous writers, whose works characterize the First Epoch of really practical importance in the history of figured music—an epoch intensely interesting to the critic, as already exhibiting the firm establishment of an entirely new style, confessedly founded upon novel principles, yet depending, for its materials, upon the oldest subjects in existence, and itself destined to pass through two centuries and a half of gradual but perfectly legitimate development. Dufay, who may fairly be regarded as the typical composer of this primitive school, was a tenor singer in the Pontifical Chapel, somewhere about the years 1430 to 1450. His masses, and those of the best of his contemporaries, though hard and unmelodious, are full of earnest purpose, and exhibit much contrapuntal skill, combined, sometimes, with ingenious fugal treatment. Written exclusively in the ancient ecclesiastical modes, they manifest a marked preference for Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, and Mixolydian forms, with a very sparing use of their Æolian and Ionian congeners. These modes are used sometimes at their true pitch; sometimes transposed a fourth higher—or fifth lower—by means of a B♭ at the signature; but never under any other form of transposition, or with any other signatures than those corresponding with the modern keys of C or F—a restriction which remained in full force as late as the first half of the seventeenth century, and was even respected by Handel, when he wrote, as he sometimes did with amazing power, in the older scales. So far as the treatment of the *Canto fermo* was concerned, no departure from the strict rule of the mode was held to be, under any circumstances, admissible; but a little less rigor was exacted with regard to the counterpoint.

Composers had long since come to recognize the demand for what we should now call a leading-note, in the formation of the *Clausula vera,* or true cadence—a species of close, invested with functions analogous to those of the perfect cadence in modern music. To meet this requirement, they freely admitted the use of an accidental semitone, in all modes (except the Phrygian) in which the seventh was naturally minor. But in order that, to the eye at least, their counterpoint might appear no less strict than the *Canto fermo,* they refrained, as far as possible, from indicating the presence of such semitones in their written music, and, except when they occurred in very unexpected places, left the singers to introduce them, wherever they might be required, at the moment of performance. Music so treated was called *Cantus fictus;* and the education of no chorister was considered complete until he was able, while singing it, to supply the necessary semitones, correctly, in accordance with certain fixed laws. For the rest, we are able to detect but little attempt at expression; and very slight regard for the distinction between long and short syllables. The verbal text, indeed, was given in a very incomplete form; the word *Kyrie,* or *Sanctus,* written at the beginning of a movement, being generally regarded as a sufficient indication of the composer's meaning. In this, and other kindred matters, the confidence reposed in the singer's intelligence was unbounded—a not unnatural circumstance, in an age in which the composer himself was almost always a singer in the choir for which he wrote.

Even at this remote period the several movements of the mass began gradually to mold themselves into certain definite forms, which were long in reaching perfection, but, having once obtained general acceptance, remained for more than a century and a half substantially unchanged. The usual plan of the *Kyrie* was a contrapuntal elaboration of a plain-chant melody. The *Gloria,* distinguished by a more modest display of fugal ingenuity and a more cursive rendering of the words, was generally divided into two parts, the *Qui tollis* being treated as a separate movement. The *Credo,* written in a similar style, was also subjected to the same method of subdivision, a second movement being usually introduced at the words *"Et incarnatus est,"* or *"Crucifixus,"* and, frequently, a third, at *"Et in Spiritum Sanctum."* The design of the *Sanctus,* though more highly developed, was not unlike that of the *Kyrie;* the *"Pleni sunt cœli"* being sometimes, and the *Osanna* almost always, treated separately. The *Benedictus* was allotted, in most cases, to two, three, or four solo voices; and frequently assumed the form of a canon, followed by a choral *Osanna.* In the *Agnus Dei* —generally divided into two distinct movements—the composer loved to exhibit the utmost resources of his skill; hence, in the great majority of instances, the second movement was written either in canon or in very complex fugue, and not infrequently for a greater number of voices than the rest of the mass.

The best-known composers of the Second Epoch were Okeghem, Hobrecht, Caron, Gaspar, the brothers De Fevin, and some others of their school, most of whom flourished between the years 1430 and 1480. As a general rule, these writers labored less zealously for the cultivation of a pure and melodious style than for the advancement of contrapuntal ingenuity. For the sober fugal periods of their predecessors they substituted the less elastic kind of imitation, which was then called strict or perpetual fugue, but afterward obtained the name of canon; carrying their passion for this style of composition to such extravagant lengths, that too many of their works descended to the level of mere learned enigmas. Okeghem, especially, was devoted to this particular phase of art, for the sake of which he was ready to sacrifice much excellence of a far more substantial kind. Provided he could succeed in inventing a canon sufficiently complex to puzzle his brethren and admit of an indefinite number of solutions, he cared little whether it was melodious or the reverse. To such canons he did not scruple to set the most solemn words of the mass. Yet his genius was certainly of a very high order; and when he cared to lay aside these extravagances he proved himself capable of producing works far superior to those of any contemporary writer.

The Third Epoch was rendered remarkable by the appearance of a master whose fame was destined to eclipse that of all his predecessors, and even to cast the reputation of his teacher, Okeghem, into the

shade. Josquin de Près, a singer in the Pontifical Chapel from 1471 to 1484, and afterward *maître de chapelle* to Louis XII, was undoubtedly for very many years the most popular composer as well as the greatest and most learned musician in Christendom. And his honors were fairly earned. The wealth of ingenuity and contrivance displayed in some of his masses is truly wonderful, and is rendered none the less so by its association with a vivacity peculiarly his own, and an intelligence and freedom of manner far in advance of the age in which he lived. Unhappily, these high qualities are marred by a want of reverence which would seem to have been the witty genius's besetting sin. When free from this defect, his style is admirable. On examining his masses one is alternately surprised by passages full of unexpected dignity and conceits of almost inconceivable quaintness—flashes of humor the presence of which, in a volume of Church music, cannot be too deeply regretted, though they are really no more than passing indications of the genial temper of a man whose greatness was far too real to be affected, either one way or the other, by a natural light-heartedness which would not always submit to control.

Of the numerous composers who flourished during the Fourth Epoch—that is to say, during the first half of the sixteenth century—a large proportion aimed at nothing higher than a servile imitation of the still idolized Josquin; and, as is usual under such circumstances, succeeded in reproducing his faults much more frequently than his virtues. There were, however, many honorable exceptions. The masses of Carpentrasso, Morales, Cipriano di Rore, Vincenzo Ruffo, Claude Goudimel, Adriano Willaert, and, notably, Costanzo Festa, are unquestionably written in a far purer and more flowing style than those of their predecessors; and even the great army of madrigal writers, headed by Archadelt and Verdelot, helped on the good cause bravely, in the face of a host of charlatans whose caprices tended only to bring their art into disrepute. Not content with inventing enigmas, *"Ad omnem tonum"* or *"Ung demiton plus bas"*—with coloring their notes green when they sang of grass, or red when allusion was made to blood—these corrupters of taste prided themselves upon adapting, to the several voice-parts for which they wrote, different sets of words, totally unconnected with each other; and this evil custom spread so widely that Morales himself did not scruple to mix together the text of the liturgy and that of the *Ave Maria;* while a mass is still extant in which the tenor is made to sing *"Alleluia"* incessantly from beginning to end. When the text was left intact, the rhythm was involved in complications which rendered the sense of the words utterly unintelligible. Profane melodies, and even the verses belonging to them, were shamelessly introduced into the most solemn compositions for the Church. All the vain conceits affected by the earlier writers were revived, with tenfold extravagance. Canons were tortured into forms of ineffable absurdity, and esteemed only in proportion to the difficulty of their solution. By a miserable fatality, the mass came to be regarded as the most fitting possible vehicle for the display of these strange monstrosities, which are far less frequently met with in the motet or the madrigal. Men of real genius fostered the wildest abuses. Even Pierre de la Rue—who seems to have made it a point of conscience to eclipse, if possible, the fame of Josquin's ingenuity—wrote his Missa *"O salutaris Hostia"* in one line throughout; leaving three out of the four voices to follow the single part in strict canon.

It is easy to imagine the depths of inanity accessible to an ambitious composer, in his attempts to construct such a canon as this, without a spark of Pierre de la Rue's genius to guide him on his way. Such attempts were made, every day; and had it not been that good men and true were at work, beneath the surface, conscientiously preparing the way for a better state of things, art would soon have been in a sorry plight. As it was, notwithstanding all these extravagances, it was making real progress. The dawn of a brighter day was very near at hand; and the excesses of the unwise only served to hasten its appearance.

The Fifth Epoch, extending from the year 1565 to the second decade of the following century, and justly called "The Golden Age of Ecclesiastical Music," owes its celebrity entirely to the influence of one grave earnest-minded man, whose transcendent genius, always devoted to the noblest purposes, and always guided by sound and reasonable principles, has won for him a place, not only on the highest pinnacle of fame, but also in the inmost hearts of all true lovers of the truest art.

The abuses to which we have just alluded became, in process of time, so intolerable, that the Council of Trent found it necessary to condemn them, in no measured terms. In the year 1564 Pope Pius IV commissioned eight cardinals to see that certain decrees of the council were duly carried out. After much careful deliberation the members of this commission had almost determined to forbid the use of any polyphonic music whatever in the services of the Church; but, chiefly through the influence of Cardinal Vitellozzo Vitellozzi and St. Carlo Borromeo, they were induced to suspend their judgment, until Palestrina, then maestro di capella of St. Maria Maggiore, should have proved, if he could, the possibility of producing music of a more devotional character and better adapted to the words of the mass and the true purposes of religion than that then in general use. In answer to this challenge, the great composer submitted to the commissioners three masses, upon one of which—first sung in the Sistine Chapel, June 19, 1565, and since known as the *Missa Papæ Marcelli*—the cardinals immediately fixed, as embodying the style in which all future Church music should be composed. It would be difficult to conceive a more perfect model. In depth of thought, intensity of expression, and all the higher qualities which distinguish the work of the master from that of the pedant, the *Missa Papæ Marcelli* is universally admitted to be unapproachable; while, even when regarded as a monument of mere mechanical skill, it stands absolutely unrivaled. Yet, except in the employment of the Hypoionian mode—a tonality generally avoided by the older composers—it depends for its effect upon the introduction of no new element whatever, either of construction or of form. Avoiding all show of empty pedantry, and carefully concealing the consummate art with which the involutions of its periods are conducted, it freely uses all the old con-

trivances of fugue, and, in the second *Agnus Dei,* of closely interwoven canon; but always as a means toward the attainment of a certain end—never in place of the end itself. And this entire subjugation of artistic power to the demands of expression is, perhaps, its most prominent characteristic. It pervades it throughout, from the first note to the last. Take, for instance, the *Christe eleison,* in which each voice, as it enters, seems to plead more earnestly than its predecessor for mercy.

It is impossible, while listening to these touchingly beautiful harmonies, to bestow even a passing thought upon the texture of the parts by which they are produced; yet the quiet grace of the theme, and the closeness of the imitation to which it is subjected, evince a command of technical resources which Handel alone could have hidden, with equal success, beneath the appearance of such extreme simplicity. Its six voices —soprano, alto, two tenors of exactly equal compass, and two basses matched with similar nicety—are so artfully grouped as constantly to produce the effect of two or more antiphonal choirs. Its style is solemn and devotional throughout, but by no means deficient in fire when the sense of the words demands it. Baini truly calls the *Kyrie* devout; the *Gloria,* animated; the *Credo,* majestic; the *Sanctus,* angelic; and the *Agnus Dei,* prayerful. Palestrina wrote many more masses, of the highest degree of excellence; but none—not even *Assumpta est Maria*—so nearly approaching perfection, in every respect, as this. He is known to have produced, at the least, ninety-five, of which forty-three were printed during his lifetime, and thirty-nine more within seven years after his death; while thirteen are preserved in manuscript among the archives of the Pontifical Chapel, and in the Vatican Library.

The effect produced by these works upon the prevailing style was all that could be desired. Vittoria and Anerio, in the great Roman school, Gabrieli and Croce, in the Venetian, Orlando di Lasso, in the Flemish, and innumerable other masters, brought forward compositions of unfading interest and beauty. Not the least interesting of these is a mass, for five voices, in the transposed Æolian mode, composed by William Byrd, at the time when he was singing, as a chorister, at Old St. Paul's, London. This work was edited, in 1841, for the Musical Antiquarian Society, by Dr. Rimbault, from a copy believed to be unique, and now safely lodged in the library of the British Museum. Though composed (if Dr. Rimbault's theory may be accepted, in the absence of a printed date) some years before the *Missa Papæ Marcelli,* it may fairly lay claim to be classed as a production of the Golden Age; for it was certainly not printed until after the appearance of Palestrina's Second Book of Masses; moreover, it is entirely free from the vices of the Fourth Epoch, and, notwithstanding a certain irregularity in the formation of some of the cadences, exhibits unmistakable traces of the Roman style: a style the beauties of which were speedily recognized from one end of Europe to the other, exercising more or less influence over the productions of all other schools, and thereby bringing the music of the mass, during the latter half of the sixteenth century, to a degree of perfection beyond which it has never since advanced.

CHAPTER XVII

THE MASS (Continued)

The Decline of Polyphonic Music—Rules for Performance in the Sistine Chapel—Ceremonial of the Solemn Mass Described—Dramatic Elements Introduced by Modern Composers.

THE Sixth Epoch was one of universal decadence. In obedience to the exigencies of a law with the operation of which the art-historian is only too familiar, the glories of the Golden Age had no sooner reached their full maturity than they began to show signs of incipient decay. The bold, unprepared discords of Monteverde and the rapid rise of instrumental music were alike fatal to the progress of the polyphonic schools. Monteverde, it is true, only employed his newly invented harmonies in secular music; but what revolutionist ever yet succeeded in controlling the course of the stone he had once set in motion? Other composers soon dragged the unwonted dissonances into the service of the Church; and, beyond all doubt, the unprepared seventh sounded the death-knell of the polyphonic mass. The barrier between the tried and the untried once broken down, the laws of counterpoint were no longer held sacred. The old paths were forsaken; and those who essayed to walk in the new wandered vaguely, hither and thither, in search of an ideal, as yet but very imperfectly conceived, in pursuit of which they labored on, through many weary years, cheered by very inadequate results, and little dreaming of the effect their work was fated to exercise upon generations of musicians then unborn. A long and dreary period succeeded, during which no work of any lasting reputation was produced; for the masses of Carissimi, Colonna, and the best of their contemporaries, though written in solemn earnest, and interesting enough when regarded as attempts at a new style, bear no comparison with the compositions of the preceding epoch; while those ar-

ranged by Benevoli (1602-72) and the admirers of his school, for combinations of four, six, eight, and even twelve distinct choirs, were forgotten, with the occasions for which they were called into existence. Art was passing through a transitional phase, which must needs be left to work out its own destiny in its own way. The few faithful souls who still clung to the traditions of the past were unable to uphold its honors; and with Gregorio Allegri, in 1652, the "School of Palestrina" died out. Yet not without hope of revival. The laws which regulated the composition of the polyphonic mass are as intelligible to-day as they were three hundred years ago; and it needs but the fire of living genius to bring them once more into active operation, reinforced by all the additional authority with which the advancement of modern science has from time to time invested them.

Before quitting this part of our subject for the consideration of the later schools, it is necessary that we should offer a few remarks upon the true manner of singing masses, such as those of which we have briefly sketched the history; and, thanks to the traditions handed down from generation to generation by the Pontifical Choir, we are able to do so with as little danger of misinterpreting the ideas of Palestrina or Anerio as we should incur in dealing with those of Mendelssohn or Sterndale Bennett.

In the first place, it is a mistake to suppose that a very large body of voices is absolutely indispensable to the successful rendering, even of very great works. On ordinary occasions no more than thirty-two singers were present in the Sistine Chapel—eight sopranos, and an equal number of altos, tenors, and basses; though, on very high festivals, their number was sometimes nearly doubled. The vocal strength must, of course, be proportioned to the size of the building in which it is to be exercised; but, whether it be great or small, it must on no account be supplemented by any kind of instrumental accompaniment whatever. Every possible gradation of tone, from the softest imaginable whisper to the loudest *forte* attainable without straining the voice, will be brought into constant requisition. Though written, always, either with a plain signature or with a single flat after the clef, the music may be sung at any pitch most convenient to the choir. The time should be beaten in half-notes; except in the case of 3-1, in which three whole notes must be counted in each bar. The *tempo*—of which no indication is ever given in the old part-books—will vary, in different movements, from about 𝅗𝅥 = 50 to 𝅗𝅥 = 120. On this point, as well as on the subject of *pianos* and *fortes*, and the assignment of certain passages to solo voices or semi-chorus, the leader must trust entirely to the dictates of his own judgment. He will, however, find the few simple rules to which we are about to direct his attention capable of almost universal application; based, as they are, upon the important relation borne by the music of the mass to the respective offices of the priest, the choir, and the congregation. To the uninitiated this relation is not always very clearly intelligible. In order to make it so, and to illustrate, at the same time, the principles by which the old masters were guided, we shall accompany our promised hints by a few words explanatory of the functions performed by the celebrant and his ministers, during the time occupied by the choir in singing the principal movements of the mass—functions the right understanding of which is indispensable to the correct interpretation of the music.

High mass—preceded, on Sundays, by the plain chant *Asperges me*—begins, on the part of the celebrant and ministers, by the recitation, in a low voice, of the psalm *Judica me Deus*, and the *Confiteor;* on that of the choir, by the chanting, from the Gradual, of the introit appointed for the day.

From the plain-chant introit the choir proceed at once to the *Kyrie;* and this transition from the severity of the Gregorian melody to the pure harmonic combinations of polyphonic music is one of the most beautiful that can be imagined. The *Kyrie* is always sung slowly and devoutly (𝅗𝅥 = 56-66), with the tenderest possible gradations of light and shade. The *Christe*—also a slow movement—may often be intrusted, with good effect, to solo voices. The second *Kyrie* is generally a little more animated than the first, and should be taken in a quicker time (𝅗𝅥 = 96-112). The *Kyrie* of Palestrina's *Missa brevis* is one of the most beautiful in existence, and by no means difficult to sing, since the true positions of the *crescendi* and *diminuendi* can scarcely be mistaken.

While the choir are singing these three movements, the celebrant, attended by the deacon and subdeacon, ascends the altar, and, having incensed it, repeats the words of the introit and *Kyrie,* in a voice audible to himself and his ministers alone. On the cessation of the music he intones, in a loud voice, the words *Gloria in excelsis Deo,* to a short plain-chant melody, varying with the nature of the different festivals, and given, in full, both in the Missal and in the Gradual. This intonation, which may be taken at any pitch conformable to that of the mass, is not repeated by the choir, which takes up the strain at *Et in terra pax.*

The first movement of the *Gloria* is, in most cases, a very jubilant one (𝅗𝅥 = 100-120); but the words *adoramus te* and *Jesu Christe* must always be sung slowly and softly (𝅗𝅥 = 50-60); and sometimes the *Gratias agimus,* as far as *gloriam tuam,* is taken a shade slower than the general time, in accordance with the spirit of the rubric, which directs that at these several points the celebrant and ministers shall uncover their heads, in token of adoration. After the word *Patris* a pause is made. The *Qui tollis* is then sung, *adagio* (𝅗𝅥 = 56-66); with *ritardandi* at *miserere nobis* and *suscipe deprecationem nostram.* At the *Quoniam tu solus* the original quick time is resumed, and carried on, with ever-increasing spirit, to the end of the movement; except that the words *Jesu Christe* are again delivered slowly and softly, as before. The provision made, in the *Missa Papæ Marcelli,* for the introduction of these characteristic changes of *tempo* is very striking, and points clearly to the antiquity of the custom.

The celebrant now recites the collects for the day; the subdeacon sings the Epistle, in a kind of monotone, with certain fixed inflexions; the choir sings the plain-chant Gradual, followed by the Tract, or Sequence, according to the nature of the festival; and the deacon sings the Gospel, to its own peculiar tone. If there be a sermon, it follows next in order; if not, the Gospel is immediately followed by the Creed.

The words *Credo in unum Deum* are intoned, by the celebrant, to a few simple notes of plain chant, which never vary, except in pitch, and which are to be found both in the Gradual and in the Missal. The choir continue, *Patrem omnipotentem,* in a moderate *allegro,* more stately than that of the *Gloria* (♩ = 96-112), and marked by the closest possible attention to the spirit of the text. A *ritardando* takes place at *Et in unum Dominum;* and the words *Jesum Christum* are sung as slowly and as softly as in the *Gloria* (♩ = 50-60). The quicker time is resumed at *Filium Dei;* and a grand *forte* may generally be introduced, with advantage, at *Deum de Deo,* and continued as far as *facta sunt*—as in Palestrina's *Missa "Assumpta est Maria,"* and many others. After the words *de cœlis* a long pause takes place, while the congregation kneel. The *Et incarnatus est* then follows, in the form of a soft and solemn *adagio* (♩ = 54-63), interrupted, after *factus est,* by another pause, long enough to enable the people to rise from their knees in silence. The *Crucifixus* is also a slow movement; the return to the original *allegro* being deferred until the *Et resurrexit.* In the *Missa Papæ Marcelli,* and many other very fine ones, this part of the *Credo* is written for four solo voices; but the necessity for an acceleration of the time at the *Et resurrexit* is very strongly marked. In the beautiful *Missa brevis* already mentioned, the basses lead off the *Et resurrexit,* in quick time, while the soprano and alto are still engaged in finishing a *ritardando*—a very difficult though by no means uncommon point, which can only be overcome by very careful practice.

Another change of time is sometimes demanded, at *Et in Spiritum Sanctum;* but, more generally, the *allegro* continues to the end of the movement, interrupted only at the words *simul adoratur,* which are always sung *adagio* and *pianissimo,* while the celebrant and ministers uncover their heads.

The *Credo* is immediately followed by the plain-chant *Offertorium* for the day; but as this is too short to fill up the time occupied by the celebrant in incensing the oblations and saying, *secreto,* certain appointed prayers, it is usually supplemented either by a motet or by a grand voluntary on the organ. This is followed by the versicle and response called the *Sursum corda,* and the proper Preface, at the end of which a bell is rung, and the *Sanctus* is taken up by the choir.

The *Sanctus* is invariably a *largo,* of peculiar solemnity (♩ = 56-72). Sometimes, as in Palestrina's very early mass *Virtute magna,* the *Pleni sunt cœli* is set for solo voices. Sometimes it is sung in chorus, but in a quicker movement, as in the same composer's *Missa Papæ Marcelli* and *Æterna Christi munera*—involving, in the last-named mass, a difficulty of the same kind as that which we have already pointed out in the *Et resurrexit* of the *Missa brevis.* The *Osanna,* though frequently spirited, must never be a noisy movement. In the *Missa brevis,* so often quoted, it is continuous with the rest of the *Sanctus,* and clearly intended to be sung *pianissimo*—an extremely beautiful idea, in perfect accordance with the character of this part of the service, during which the celebrant is proceeding, *secreto,* with the prayers which immediately precede the Consecration of the Host. After the Elevation—which takes place in silence—the choir begin the *Benedictus,* in soft, low tones, almost always intrusted to solo voices. The *Osanna,* which concludes the movement, is, in the great majority of cases, identical with that which follows the *Sanctus.* The *Pater noster* is sung, by the celebrant, to a plain-chant melody contained in the Missal. After its conclusion the choir sings the last movement of the mass—the *Agnus Dei*—while the celebrant is receiving the Host. The first division of the *Agnus Dei* may be very effectively sung by solo voices, and the second, in subdued chorus (♩ = 50-72), with gentle gradations of *piano* and *pianissimo,* as in the *Kyrie.* When there is only one movement, it must be sung twice; the words *dona nobis pacem* being substituted, the second time, for *miserere nobis.* The *Agnus Dei* of Josquin's *Missa "L'homme armé"* is in three distinct movements.

The choir next sings the plain-chant *Communio,* as given in the Gradual. The celebrant recites the prayer called the Post-Communion. The deacon sings the words *Ite, missa est,* from which the service derives its name. And the rite concludes with the *Domine salvum fac,* and prayer for the reigning sovereign.

The ceremonies we have described are those peculiar to high or solemn mass. When the service is sung by the celebrant and choir, without the assistance of a deacon and subdeacon, and without the use of incense, it called a *Missa cantata,* or sung mass. Low mass is said by the celebrant alone, attended by a single server. According to strict usage, no music whatever is admissible at low mass; but in French and German village churches, and even in those of Italy, it is not unusual to hear the congregations sing hymns, or litanies, appropriate to the occasion, though not forming part of the service. Under no circumstances can the duties proper to the choir, at high mass, be transferred to the general congregation.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the music of every mass worth singing will naturally demand a style of treatment peculiar to itself; especially with regard to the *tempi* of its different movements. A modern editor tells us that more than four bars of Palestrina should never be sung, continuously, in the same time. This is, of course, an exaggeration. Nevertheless, immense variety of expression is indispensable. Everything depends upon it; and though the leader will not always find it easy to decide upon the best method, a little careful attention to the points we have mentioned will, in most cases, enable him to produce results very different from any that are attainable by the hard, dry manner which is too often supposed to be inseparable from the performance of ancient figured music.

Our narrative was interrupted at a transitional period, when the grand old medieval style was gradually dying out, and a newer one courageously struggling into existence, in the face of difficulties which sometimes seemed insurmountable. We resume it, after the death of the last representative of the old *régime,* Gregorio Allegri, in the year 1652.

The most remarkable composers of the period which we shall designate as the Seventh Epoch in the history of the vocal mass—comprising the latter part of the seventeenth century and the earlier years of the

eighteenth—were, Alessandro Scarlatti, Leo, and Durante: men whose position in the chronicles of art is rendered somewhat anomalous, though none the less honorable, by the indisputable fact that they all entertained a sincere affection for the older school, while laboring with all their might for the advancement of the newer. It was undoubtedly to their love for the masters of the sixteenth century that they owed the dignity of style which constitutes the chief merit of their compositions for the Church; but their real work lay in the direction of instrumental accompaniment, for which Durante, especially, did more than any other writer of the period. His genius was, indeed, a very exceptional one. While others were content with cautiously feeling their way in some new and untried direction, he boldly started off with a style of his own, which gave an extraordinary impulse to the progress of art, and impressed its character so strongly upon the productions of his followers that he has been not unfrequently regarded as the founder of the modern Italian school. Whatever opinion may be entertained on that point, it is certain that the simplicity of his melodies tended, in no small degree, to the encouragement of those graces which now seem inseparable from Italian art; while it is equally undeniable that the style of the cantata, which he, no less than Alessandro Scarlatti, held in the highest estimation, exercised an irresistible influence over the future of the mass.

The Eighth Epoch is represented by one single work, of such gigantic proportions, and so exceptional a character, that it is impossible either to class it with any other or to trace its pedigree through any of the schools of which we have hitherto spoken. The artistic status of Johann Sebastian Bach's mass in B minor—produced in the year 1733—only becomes intelligible when we consider it as the natural result of principles inherited through a long line of masters, who bequeathed their musical acquirements, from father to son, as other men bequeath their riches: principles upon which rest the very foundations of the later German schools. Bearing this in mind, we are not surprised at finding it free from all trace of the older ecclesiastical traditions. To compare it with Palestrina's *Missa Papæ Marcelli* —even were such a perversion of criticism possible —would be as unfair, to either side, as an attempt to judge the masterpieces of Rembrandt by the standard of Fra Angelico. The two works are not even coincident in intention—for it is almost impossible to believe that the one we are now considering can ever have been seriously intended for use as a Church service. Unfitted for that purpose as much by its excessive length as by the exuberant elaboration of its style and the overwhelming difficulty of its execution, it can only be consistently regarded as an oratorio—so regarded, it may be safely trusted to hold its own, side by side with the greatest works of the kind that have ever been produced, in any country or in any age. Its masterly and exhaustively developed fugues; its dignified choruses, relieved by airs and duets of infinite grace and beauty; the richness of its instrumentation, achieved by means which most modern composers would reject as utterly inadequate to the least ambitious of their requirements; above all, the colossal proportions of its design—these, and a hundred other characteristics into which we have not space to enter, entitle it to rank as one of the finest works, if not the very finest, that the great cantor of the Thomasschule has left, as memorials of a genius as vast as it was original. Whether we criticise it as a work of art, of learning, or of imagination, we find it equally worthy of our respect. It is, moreover, extremely interesting as an historical monument, from the fact that in the opening of its *Credo* it exhibits one of the most remarkable examples on record of the treatment of an ancient *Canto fermo* with modern harmonies and an elaborate orchestral accompaniment. Bach often showed but little sympathy with the traditions of the past. But in this, as in innumerable other instances, he proved his power of compelling everything he touched to obey the dictates of his indomitable will.

While the great German composer was thus patiently working out his hereditary trust, the disciples of the Italian school were entering upon a Ninth Epoch—the last which it will be our duty to consider, since its creative energy is, probably, not yet exhausted —under very different conditions, and influenced by principles which led to very different results. If we have found it necessary to criticise Bach's wonderful production as an oratorio, still more necessary is it that we should describe the masses of this later period as sacred cantatas. Originating, beyond all doubt, with Durante; treated with infinite tenderness by Pergolesi and Jomelli; endowed with a wealth of graces by the genius of Haydn and Mozart; and still further intensified by the imaginative power of Beethoven and Cherubini—their style has steadily kept pace, step by step, with the progress of modern music; borrowing elasticity from the freedom of its melodies, and richness from the variety of its instrumentation; clothing itself in new and unexpected forms of beauty, at every turn; yet never aiming at the expression of a higher kind of beauty than that pertaining to earthly things, or venturing to utter the language of devotion in preference to that of passion. In the masses of this era we first find the individuality of the composer entirely dominating over that of the school—if, indeed, a school can be said to exist, at all, in an age in which every composer is left free to follow the dictates of his own unfettered taste. It is impossible to avoid recognizing, in Haydn's masses, the well-known features of "The Creation" and "The Seasons"; or, in those of Mozart, the characteristic features of his most delightful operas. Who but the composer of *"Dove sono i bei momenti,"* or the finales to "Don Giovanni" and the "Flauto Magico," could ever have imagined the *Agnus Dei* of the First Mass, or the *Gloria* of the Second? Still more striking is the identity of thought which assimilates Beethoven's *Missa solemnis* to some of the greatest of his secular works; notwithstanding their singular freedom from all trace of mannerism. Mozart makes himself known by the refinement of his delicious phrases; Beethoven, by the depth of his dramatic instinct—a talent which he never turned to such good account as when working in the absence of stage accessories. We are all familiar with that touching episode in the "Battle Symphony," wherein the one

solitary fifer strives to rally his scattered comrades by playing *Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre*—a feat which, by reason of the thirst and exhaustion consequent upon his wound, he can only accomplish in a minor key. No less touching, though infinitely more terrible, is that wonderful passage of drums and trumpets in the *Dona nobis pacem* of the mass in D, intended to bring the blessings of peace into the strongest possible relief, by contrasting them with the horrors of war.

Whether or not the peace to which our attention is thus forcibly directed be really that alluded to in the text, in no wise affects the power of the passage. All that Beethoven intended to express was his own interpretation of the words; and it is in his own strong language, and not in that of the schools, that he expresses it. Cherubini makes equal use of the dramatic element; more especially in his magnificent *Requiem Mass* in D minor, his grand mass in the same key, and his famous mass in A, written for the coronation of Charles X.; but always in a way so peculiarly his own, that the touch of his master hand stands everywhere confessed. In all these great works, and innumerable others, by Weber, Schubert, Hummel, Niedermeyer, Rossini, and Gounod, we find the dramatic form of expression entirely superseding the devotional; uncompromising realism triumphing over the idealism of the older schools; the personal feelings and experiences of the masters overriding the abstract sense of the text. This circumstance makes it extremely difficult to assign to these creations of genius a true esthetic position in the world of art. Church services in name, they have certainly failed, notwithstanding their universally acknowledged beauties, in securing for themselves a lasting home in the Church. That their use has been tolerated, rather than encouraged, in Rome itself, is proved by the significant fact that not one single note of any one of them has ever once been heard within the walls of the Sistine Chapel. And the reason is obvious. They cast ecclesiastical tradition to the winds; and, substituting for it the ever-varying sentiment of individual minds, present no firm basis for the elaboration of a definite Church style which, like that of the sixteenth century, shall prove its excellence by its stability. Yet, in the midst of the diversity which naturally ensues from this want of a common ideal, it is instructive to notice one bond of union between the older masters and the new, so strongly marked that it cannot possibly be the result of an accidental coincidence. Their agreement in the general distribution of their movements is most remarkable. We still constantly find the *Kyrie* presented to us in three separate divisions. The *Qui tollis* and *Et incarnatus est* are constantly introduced in the form of solemn adagios. The same *Osanna* is almost always made to serve, as in the *Missa papæ Marcelli,* as a conclusion both to the *Sanctus* and to the *Benedictus.* And in this vitality of typical form we find a convincing proof—if one be necessary—that the broad esthetic principles of art are immutable, and calculated to survive, through an indefinite period, the vicissitudes of technical treatment in widely differing schools.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE REQUIEM

Works of Palestrina and Vittoria—Other Fine Masses for the Dead—Five Modern Requiems of Deathless Reputation by Mozart, Cherubini, Brahms, and Verdi—The Contrast in Styles of Composition.

A SOLEMN mass of requiem is sung annually in Roman Catholic churches on All Souls' day, November 2, in commemoration of all the faithful departed, and on other occasions, as funeral services, anniversaries, etc.

The requiem takes its name from the first word of the introit—"Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine." When set to music it naturally arranges itself in nine principal sections: (1) The Introit—*Requiem æternam;* (2) the *Kyrie;* (3) the Gradual and Tract—*Requiem æternam* and *Absolve, Domine;* (4) the Sequence, or Prose—*Dies iræ;* (5) the Offertorium—*Domine Jesu Christe;* (6) the *Sanctus;* (7) the *Benedictus;* (8) the *Agnus Dei;* and (9) the Communio—*Lux æterna.* To these are sometimes added (10) the Responsorium, *Libera me,* which, though not an integral portion of the mass, immediately follows it, on all solemn occasions; and (11) the Lectio—*Tædet animam meam,* of which we possess at least one example of great historical interest.

The plain-chant melodies adapted to the nine divisions of the mass will be found in the Gradual, together with that proper for the responsorium. The lectio, which really belongs to a different service, has no proper melody, but is sung to the ordinary *Tonus Lectionis.* The entire series of melodies is of rare beauty; and produces so solemn an effect, when sung in unison by a large body of grave equal voices, that most of the great polyphonic composers have employed its phrases more freely than usual, in

their requiem masses, either as *Canti fermi,* or in the form of unisonous passages interposed between the harmonized portions of the work. Compositions of this kind are not very numerous; but most of the examples we possess must be classed among the most perfect productions of their respective authors.

Palestrina's *Missa pro Defunctis,* for five voices, first printed at Rome in 1591, is, unhappily, very incomplete, consisting only of the *Kyrie,* the *Offertorium,* the *Sanctus,* the *Benedictus,* and the *Agnus Dei.* We must not, however, suppose that the composer left his work unfinished. It was clearly his intention that the remaining movements should be sung, in accordance with a custom still common at Roman funerals, in unisonous plain chant; and, as a fitting conclusion to the whole, he has left us two settings of the *Libera me,* in both of which the Gregorian melody is treated with an indescribable intensity of pathos.

Next in importance to Palestrina's requiem is a very grand one, for six voices, composed by Vittoria, for the funeral of the Empress Maria, widow of Maximilian II. This fine work—undoubtedly the greatest triumph of Vittoria's genius—comprises all the chief divisions of the mass, except the sequence, together with the responsorium and lectio; and brings the plain-chant subjects into prominent relief throughout. It was first published at Madrid in 1605—the year of its production. In 1869 the lectio was reprinted at Ratisbon, by Joseph Schrems, in continuation of Proske's "Musica divina." A later cahier of the same valuable collection contains the mass and responsorium; both edited by Haberl, with a conscientious care which would leave nothing to be desired, were it not for the altogether needless transposition with which the work is disfigured, from beginning to end. The original volume contains one more movement—*Versa est in luctum*—which has never been reproduced in modern notation; but, as this has now no place in the Roman funeral service, its omission is not so much to be regretted.

Some other very fine masses for the dead, by Francesco Anerio, Orazio Vecchi, and Giovanni Matteo Asola, are included in the same collection, together with a somewhat pretentious work by Pitoni, which scarcely deserves the enthusiastic eulogium bestowed upon it by Dr. Proske. A far finer composition, of nearly similar date, is Colonna's massive requiem for eight voices, first printed at Bologna in 1684.

Our repertoire of modern requiem masses, if not numerically rich, is sufficiently so in quality to satisfy the most exacting critic. Four only of its treasures have attained a deathless reputation; but these are of such superlative excellence that they may be fairly cited as examples of the nearest approach to sublimity of style that the nineteenth century produced.

The history of Mozart's last work is surrounded by mysteries which render it scarcely less interesting to the general reader than the music itself is to the student. Thanks to the attention drawn to it by recent writers, the narrative is now so well known that it is needless to do more than allude to those portions of it which tend to assist the critic in his analysis of the composition. Its outline is simple enough. In the month of July, 1791, Mozart was commissioned to write a requiem by a mysterious-looking individual, whom, in the weakness consequent upon his failing health and long-continued anxiety, he mistook for a visitant from the other world. It is now well known that the "Stranger" was really a certain Herr Leutgeb, steward to Count Walsegg, a nobleman residing at Stuppach, who, having lately lost his wife, proposed to honor her memory by foisting upon the world, as his own composition, the finest funeral mass his money could procure. This, however, did not transpire until long after Mozart's death. Suspecting no dishonorable intention on the part of his visitor, he accepted the commission; and strove to execute it, with a zeal so far beyond his strength, that, worn out with overwork and anxieties, and tormented by the idea that he was writing the music for his own funeral, he died while the manuscript remained unfinished. His widow, fearing that she might be compelled to refund the money already paid for the work in advance, determined to furnish the "Stranger" with a perfect copy, at any risk; and, in the hope of accomplishing this desperate purpose, intrusted the manuscript to the Hofkapellmeister, Joseph von Eybler, and afterward to Franz Xavier Süssmayer, for completion. Von Eybler, after a few weak attempts, gave up the task in despair. Süssmayer was more fortunate. He had watched the progress of the requiem through each successive stage of its development. Mozart had played its various movements to him on the pianoforte, had sung them with him over and over again, and had even imparted to him his latest ideas on the subject only a few hours before his death. Süssmayer was an accomplished musician, intimately acquainted with Mozart's method of working; and it would have been hard if, after having been thus unreservedly admitted into the dying composer's confidence, he had been unable to fill up his unfinished sketches with sufficient closeness of imitation to set the widow's fears of detection at rest. He did, in fact, place in her hands a complete requiem, which Count Walsegg accepted, in the full belief that it was in Mozart's handwriting throughout. The *Requiem* and *Kyrie* were really written by Mozart; but the remainder was skillfully copied from sketches—now generally known as the "Urschriften"—which, everywhere more or less unfinished, were carefully filled in, as nearly as possible in accordance with the composer's original intention.

The widow kept a copy of this manuscript, and later sold it to Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, of Leipzig, who printed it, in full score, in 1800. But, notwithstanding the secrecy with which the affair had been conducted, rumors were already afloat calculated to throw grave doubts upon the authenticity of the work. Süssmayer, in reply to a communication addressed to him by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, laid claim to the completion of the *Requiem, Kyrie, Dies iræ,* and *Domine*—of which he said that Mozart had "fully completed the four vocal parts, and the fundamental bass, with the figuring, but only here and there indicated the *motivi* for the instrumentation"—and asserted that the *Sanctus, Benedictus,* and *Agnus Dei* were entirely composed by himself. This bold statement, however, did not set the dispute at rest. It was many times revived, with more or less acerbity; until, in 1825, Gottfried Weber brought mat-

ters to a climax by publishing a virulent attack upon the requiem, which he denounced as altogether unworthy of Mozart, and attributed almost entirely to Süssmayer. To follow the ensuing controversy through its endless ramifications would far exceed our present limits. Suffice it to say that we are now in possession of all the evidence, documentary or otherwise, which seems at all likely to be brought forward on either side. With the assistance of Mozart's widow (then Madame von Nissen), Johann André, of Offenbach, published, in 1826, a new edition of the score, based upon that previously printed by Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, but corrected, by careful comparison, in the presence of the Abbé Stadler, with that originally furnished to Count Walsegg, and marked, on the Abbé's authority, with the letters "M." and "S." to distinguish the parts composed by Mozart from those added by Süssmayer.

Next in importance to Mozart's immortal work are the two great requiem masses of Cherubini. The first of these, in C minor, was written for the anniversary of the death of King Louis XVI (January 21, 1793), and first sung, on that occasion, at the Abbey Church of Saint-Denis, in 1817; after which it was not again heard until February 14, 1820, when it was repeated, in the same church, at the funeral of the Duc de Berri. Berlioz regarded this as Cherubini's greatest work. It is undoubtedly full of beauties. Its general tone is one of extreme mournfulness, pervaded, throughout, by deep religious feeling. Except in the *Dies iræ* and *Sanctus* this style is never exchanged for a more excited one; and, even then, the treatment can scarcely be called dramatic. The deep pathos of the little movement interposed after the last *Osanna,* to fulfill the usual office of the *Benedictus*—which is here incorporated with the *Sanctus*—exhibits the composer's power of appealing to the feelings in its most affecting light.

The second requiem, in D minor, for three male voices, is, in many respects, a greater work than the first; though the dramatic element pervades it so freely that its character as a religious service is sometimes entirely lost. It was completed on September 24, 1836, a few days after the composer had entered his seventy-seventh year. The *Dies iræ* was first sung at the concert of the Conservatoire, March 19, 1837, and repeated on the 24th of the same month. On March 25, 1838, the work was sung throughout. In January of that year Mendelssohn had already recommended it to the notice of the Committee of the Lower Rhine Festival; and in 1872 and 1873 it was sung, as a funeral service, in the Roman Catholic Chapel in Farm Street, London. It is doubtful whether Cherubini's genius ever shone to greater advantage than in this gigantic work. Every movement is replete with interest; and the "whirlwind of sound" which ushers in the *Dies iræ* produces an effect which, once heard, can never be forgotten.

The "German Requiem" of Johannes Brahms is, in reality, a sacred cantata, composed to words selected from Holy Scripture, in illustration of the joys of the blessed and the glories of the life to come. It prefers no claim to be considered as a religious service, in any sense of the word; and must, therefore, be criticised, like the great mass of Sebastian Bach, as a shorter form of oratorio. So considered, it is worthy of all praise; and exhibits, throughout, a striking originality, very far removed from the eccentricity which sometimes passes under that name, and too frequently consists in the presentation of forms rejected by older composers by reason of their ugliness. The general style is neither dramatic nor sensuously descriptive; but, in his desire to shadow forth the glories of a higher state of existence, the composer has availed himself of all the latest resources of modern music, including the most complicated orchestral effects and choral passages of almost unconquerable difficulty. In the first movement, an indescribable richness of tone is produced by the skillful management of the stringed band, from which the violins are altogether excluded. In the funeral march a strange departure from recognized custom is introduced, in the use of triple time, which the composer has compelled to serve his purpose so completely that the measured tramp of a vast procession is as clearly described and as strongly forced upon the hearer's attention as it could possibly have been by the ordinary means. The next division of the work introduces two choral fugues, founded upon subjects which each embrace a compass of eleven notes, and differ, in many very important points, both of construction and treatment, from the *motivi* employed by other adepts in this particular style of composition. The *crescendo* which separates these two movements is, at the same time, one of the most beautiful and one of the most fearfully difficult passages in the entire work. No. 4 is an exquisitely melodious slow movement, in triple time; and No. 5, an equally attractive soprano solo and chorus. No. 6 is a very important section of the work, comprising several distinct movements, and describing, with thrilling power, the awful events connected with the resurrection of the dead. Here, too, the fugal treatment is very peculiar; the strongly characteristic minor second in the subject being most unexpectedly represented by a major second in the answer. The finale, No. 7, concludes with a lovely reminiscence of the first movement, and brings the work to an end with a calm pathos which is the more effective from its marked contrast with the stormy and excited movements by which it is preceded.

It is impossible to study this important composition in a truly impartial spirit without arriving at the conclusion that its numerous unusual features are introduced, not for the sake of singularity, but with an honest desire to produce certain effects which undoubtedly are producible when the chorus and orchestra are equal to the interpretation of the author's ideas. The possibility of bringing together a sufficiently capable orchestra and chorus has already been fully demonstrated in Germany and other countries. The "Deutsches Requiem" was first produced at Bremen, on Good Friday, 1868.

Shortly after Rossini's death (November 13, 1868), Verdi suggested that the Italian composers should combine to write a requiem as a tribute to the memory of the great deceased; the requiem to be performed at the cathedral of Bologna every hundredth year, on the centenary of Rossini's death, and nowhere else and on no other occasion whatever. The project was immediately accepted, and the thirteen numbers of the work,

the form and tonality of each of which had been previously determined, were distributed as follows:

1. Requiem æternam (G minor), Buzzola.
2. Dies iræ (C minor), Bazzini.
3. Tuba mirum (E♭ minor), Pedrotti.
4. Quid sum miser (A♭ major), Cagnoni.
5. Recordare (F major), Ricci.
6. Ingemisco (A minor), Mini.
7. Confutatis (D major), Bouchenon.
8. Lacrymosa (G major, C minor), Coccia.
9. Domine Jesu (C major), Gaspari.
10. Sanctus (D♭ major), Plantania.
11. Agnus Dei (F major), Petrella.
12. Lux æterna (A♭ major), Mabellini.
13. Libera me (C minor), Verdi.

The several numbers were duly set to music and sent in, but, as might have been expected, when performed in an uninterrupted succession they were found to want the unity and uniformity of style that is the *sine qua non* of a work of art; and though every one had done his best, there were too many different degrees of merit in the several parts; so that, without assigning any positive reason, the matter was dropped, and after a while each number was sent back to its author. But Alberto Mazzucato, of Milan, who had first seen the complete work, was so much struck by Verdi's "Libera me" as to write him a letter stating the impression he had received from that single number, and entreating him to compose the whole requiem. Shortly after this, Alessandro Manzoni died at Milan; whereupon Verdi offered to write a requiem for the anniversary of Manzoni's death; and this is the work the last movement of which was originally composed for the requiem of Rossini.

It is quite safe to assert that no special form can be declared to be the only one suitable for sacred music, and that even Bach and Handel wrote their masterpieces as they did because that was the then universally accepted style of composition. There is certainly something in the *stilo fugato* nobler and sterner than in a purely melodic composition; still, we know that even simple melodies rouse high and noble feelings, and we see no objection to the praises of God being sung in melodies, instead of "chorales," or "fugatos," or Gregorian themes. Verdi's requiem, it has been said, puts the hearer too often in mind of the stage; its melodies would do as well for an opera; its airs, duets, and concerted pieces would be wonderfully effective in "Rigoletto," "Trovatore," and "Aïda," and are therefore too vulgar to be admitted in a sacred composition, in which everything that has any connection with earth must be carefully avoided. But this is others' judgment and not the composer's. Did Palestrina choose for his sacred music a different style from the one in which he wrote his madrigals? Did not Handel in "The Messiah" itself adapt the words of the sacred text to music that he had previously written with other intentions? And why should not Verdi be allowed to do as they did, and give vent to his feelings in the way that is most familiar to him? Of all branches of art there is one that must necessarily be in accordance with the feelings of the multitude, and that is religious art; and on that ground we think that Verdi was justified in setting the requiem to music in a style that is almost entirely popular. Whether it was possible for him, or will be possible for others to do better while following the same track, we willingly leave the music critics to decide.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MOTET

Variation in the Polyphonic Style Due to Greater Simplicity—Text Either from the Office Books or Scripture—Modern Motets Really Nothing More than Sacred Cantatas—Profitable Practice for Polyphonic Singers.

IN modern usage the word "motet" is restricted to music intended to be sung at high mass, either as a substitute for, or immediately after, the plain-chant offertorium for the day. As a rule the text is chosen from the office books or from Scripture.

This definition, however, extends no further than the conventional meaning of the word. Its origin involves some very grave etymological difficulties, immeasurably increased by the varied mode of spelling adopted by early writers. For instance, the form *motulus* can scarcely fail to suggest a corruption of *modulus*—a cantilena, or melody; and, in support of this derivation, we may remind our readers that in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and even earlier, the terms *motetus* and *motellus* were constantly applied to the voice-part afterward called *medius* or *altus*. On the other hand, the idea that the true etymon is supplied by the Italian word *mottetto*, diminutive of *motto*, and equivalent to the French *mot*, or *bon mot*, a jest, derives some color from the fact that it was unquestionably applied, in the first instance, to a certain kind of profane music, which, in the thirteenth century, was severely censured by the Church, in common with the *rondellus*, another kind of popular melody, and the *conductus*, a species of secular song, in which the subject in the tenor was original, and

suggested the other parts, after the manner of the *guida* of a canon. Again, it is just possible that the varying orthography to which we have alluded may, originally, have involved some real distinction no longer recognizable. But in opposition to this view it may be urged that the charge of licentiousness was brought against the motet under all its synonyms, though ecclesiastical composers continued to use its themes as *Canti fermi* as long as the polyphonic schools remained in existence—to which circumstance the word most probably owes its present conventional signification.

The earliest purely ecclesiastical motets of which any certain record remains to us are those of Philippus de Vitriaco, whose "Ars compositionis de Motetis," preserved in the Paris Library, is believed to have been written between the years 1290 and 1310. Morley tells us that the motets of this author "were for some time of all others best esteemed and most used in the Church." Some others, scarcely less ancient, are printed in Gerbert's great work "De Cantu et musica sacra"—rude attempts at two-part harmony, intensely interesting as historical records, but intolerable to cultivated ears.

Very different from these early efforts are the productions of the period which, in our chapters on the mass, we have designated as the First Epoch of practical importance in the history of polyphonic music—a period embracing the closing years of the thirteenth century and the first half of the fourteenth, and represented by the works of Dufay, Dunstable, Binchois, and other masters, whose compositions are chiefly known through the richly illuminated volumes that adorn the library of the Sistine Chapel, in which they are written, in accordance with the custom of the Pontifical Choir, in characters large enough to be read by the entire body of singers, at one view. These works are full of interest; and, like the earliest masses, invaluable as studies of the polyphonic treatment of the modes.

Equally interesting are the productions of the Second Epoch, extending from the year 1430 to about 1480. The typical composers of this period were Okeghem, Caron, Gaspar, Antonius de Fevin, Obrecht, and Bassiron, in whose works we first begin to notice a remarkable divergence between the music adapted to the motet and that set apart for the mass. From the time of Okeghem, the leader of the school, till the middle of the sixteenth century, composers seem to have regarded the invention of contrapuntal miracles as a duty which no one could avoid without dishonor. For some unexplained reason they learned to look upon the music of the mass as the natural and orthodox vehicle for the exhibition of this peculiar kind of ingenuity; while in the motet they were less careful to display their learning, and more ready to encourage a certain gravity of manner, far more valuable, from an esthetic point of view, than the extravagant complications which too often disfigure the more ambitious compositions they were intended to adorn. Hence it frequently happens that in the motets of this period we find a consistency of design, combined with a massive breadth of style, for which we search in vain in contemporary masses.

The compositions of the Third Epoch exhibit all the merits noticeable in those of the First and Second, enriched by more extended harmonic resources, and a far greater amount of technical skill. It was during this period, comprising the last two decades of the fifteenth century and the first two of the sixteenth, that the great masters of the Flemish school, excited to enthusiasm by the matchless genius of Josquin de Près, made those rapid advances toward perfection which, for a time, placed them far above the musicians of any other country in Europe, and gained for them an influence which was everywhere acknowledged with respect, and everywhere used for pure and noble ends. The motets bequeathed to us by these earnest-minded men are, with scarcely any exception, constructed upon a *Canto fermo,* supplied by some fragment of grave plain chant, or suggested by the strains of some well-known secular melody. Sometimes this simple theme is sung by the tenor, or some other principal voice, entirely in longs and breves, while other voices accompany it in florid counterpoint, with every imaginable variety of imitation and device. Sometimes it is taken up by the several voices in turn, after the manner of a fugue or canon, without the support of the continuous part, which is only introduced in broken phrases, with long rests between them. When, as is frequently the case, the motet consists of two movements—a *Pars prima* and *Pars secunda*—the *Canto fermo* is sometimes sung by the tenor, first in the ordinary way, and then backward, in retrograde imitation, *cancrizans.* In this, and other cases, it is frequently prefixed to the composition on a small detached stave, and thus forms a true *motto* to the work, to the imitations of which it supplies a veritable key, and in the course of which it is always treated in the same general way. But side by side with this homogeneity of mechanical construction we find an infinite variety of individual expression. Freed from the pedantic trammels which at one period exercised so unhealthy an influence upon the mass, the composer of the motet felt bound to give his whole attention to a careful rendering of the words, instead of wasting it, as he would certainly have done under other circumstances, upon the concoction of some astounding inversion or inscrutable canon. Hence, the character of the text frequently offers a tolerably safe criterion as to the style of work; and we are thus enabled to divide the motets, not of this epoch only, but of the preceding and following periods also, into several distinct classes, each marked by some peculiarity of more or less importance.

Nowhere, perhaps, do we find more real feeling than in the numerous motets founded on passages selected from the Gospels, such as Jacobus Vaet's "Egressus Jesus," Jahn Gero's renderings of the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican, and others of similar intention. The treatment of these subjects, though exhibiting no trace of the dramatic element, is highly characteristic, and shows a deep appreciation of the sense of the sacred text, embracing every variety of expression, from the triumphant praises of the *Magnificat* to the deep sadness of the Passion of our Lord. The oldest known example of the former subject, treated in the motet style, is a *Magnificat* for three voices, by Dufay. One of the earliest renderings of the latter is Obrecht's "Passio D. N. J. C. secundum

Matthæum," a work full of the deepest pathos, combined with some very ingenious part-writing. Scarcely less beautiful is the later "Passio secundum Marcum," by Johannes Galliculus; and Loyset Compère has left us a collection of Passion motets of extraordinary beauty.

The Book of Canticles was also a fruitful source of inspiration. Among the finest specimens extant are three by Johannes de Lynburgia (John of Limburg)—"Surge propera," "Pulcra es anima mea," and "Descende in hortum meum"; Dufay's "Anima mea liquefacta est"; a fine setting of the same words, by Enrico Isaac; Antonius de Fevin's "Descende in hortum meum"; and, among others, by Craen, Gaspar, Josquin de Près, and the best of their compatriots, a remarkably beautiful rendering of "Quam pulcra es anima mea," for grave equal voices, by Mouton.

A host of beautiful motets were written in honor of Our Lady, and all in a style of peculiarly delicate beauty; such as Dufay's "Salve Virgo," "Alma Redemptoris," "Ave Regina," and "Flos florum, fons amorum"; Brasart's "Ave Maria"; Binchois's "Beata Dei genitrix"; Arcadelt's "Ave Maria"; several by Brumel and Loyset Compère; and a large number by Josquin de Près, including the beautiful little "Ave vera virginitas."

The Lamentations of Jeremiah have furnished the text of innumerable beautiful movements in the motet style, by Joannes Tinctor, Hykaert, Gaspar, Pierre de la Rue, Agricola, and, above all, Carpentrasso, whose Lamentations were annually sung in the Sistine Chapel, until, in the year 1587, they were displaced to make room for the superb compositions of Palestrina.

The greater festivals of the Church, as well as those of individual saints, gave occasion for the composition of countless motets, among which must be reckoned certain sequences, set, in the motet style, by some of the great composers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; notably a "Victimæ paschali," by Josquin de Près, founded on fragments of the old plain-chant melody, interwoven with the popular rondelli "D'ung aultre amer" and "De tous biens pleine," and a "Stabat Mater" by the same writer, the *Canto fermo* of which is furnished by the then well-known secular air "Comme femme."

Less generally interesting than the classes we have described, yet not without a special historical value of their own, are the laudatory motets dedicated to princes and nobles of high degree by the maestri attached to their respective courts. Among these may be cited Clemens non Papa's "Cæsar habet naves" and "Quis te victorem dicat," inscribed to Charles V.; Adrian Willaert's "Argentum et aurum"; and many others of like character.

Finally, we are indebted to the great masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries for a large collection of *Næniæ*, or funeral motets, which are scarcely exceeded in beauty by those of any other class. The service for the dead has been treated, by composers of all ages, with more than ordinary reverence. In the infancy of descant, the so-called organizers who were its recognized exponents did all they could to make the "Officium Defunctorum" as impressive as possible; and, acting up to their light, endeavored to add to its solemnity by the introduction of discords which were utterly forbidden in *organum* of the ordinary kind. Hence arose the doleful strain anciently called "Litaniæ mortuorum discordantes."

The dirge of Josquin de Près in memory of his departed friend and tutor Okeghem is founded on the plain-chant melody of "Requiem æternam," which is sung in breves and semibreves by the tenor, to the original Latin words, while the four other voices sing a florid counterpoint to some French verses, beginning "Nymphes des boir, Déesses des fontaines." It was printed at Antwerp in 1544; and presents so many difficulties to the would-be interpreter, that Burney declares himself "ashamed to confess how much time and meditation" it cost him. The simple harmonies of the peroration, "Requiescat in pace," are touchingly beautiful.

The earliest printed copies of the motets we have described were given to the world by Ottaviano dei Petrucci, who published a volume, at Venice, in 1502, called "Motette, A. numero trentatre"; another, in 1503, called "Motetti de passioni, B."; a third, in 1504, called "Motetti, c. C."; a fourth, in 1505, "Motetti libro quarto"; and, in the same year, a book, for five voices, "Motetti e cinque libro primo," which, notwithstanding the promise implied in its title, was not followed by the appearance of a companion volume. In 1511 the inventor of printed music removed to Fossombrone; where, between the years 1514 and 1519, he published four more volumes of motets, known, from a figure engraved on the title-page, as the "Motetti della Corona." In 1538 Antonio Gardano published, at Venice, a collection, called—also from a figure on its title-page—"Motetti del Frutto." These were pirated, at Ferrara, under the name of "Motetti della Scimia," with the figure of an ape devouring a fruit; whereupon Gardano issued a new volume, with the figure of a lion and bear devouring an ape. Between the years 1527 and 1536 nineteen similar volumes were issued, in Paris, by Pierre Attaignant; and many more were printed, in the same city, by Adrian le Roy and Robert Ballard. These collections, containing innumerable works by all the great composers of the earlier periods, are of priceless worth. Of some of Petrucci's only one copy is known to exist, and that, unhappily, incomplete. The library of the British Museum possesses his Second, Third, and Fourth Books of "Motetti della Corona," besides his First and Third Books of Josquin's masses, and the First of Gardano's "Motetti del Frutto"; and this, taking into consideration the splendid condition of the copies, must be regarded as a very rich collection indeed.

During the Fourth Epoch—embracing the interval between the death of Josquin de Près, in 1521, and the production of the *Missa Papæ Marcelli*, in 1565—the development of the motet coincided so closely with that of the mass that it seems necessary to add but very little to the chapters already given upon that subject. The contemporaneous progress of the madrigal did, indeed, exercise a healthier influence upon the former than it could possibly have done in presence of the more recondite intricacies common to the latter; but certain abuses crept into both. The evil habit of mixing together irrelevant words increased to such an extent that among the curiosities preserved in the

library of the Sistine Chapel we find motets in which every one of the five voices is made to illustrate a different text throughout. In this respect, if not in others, an equal amount of deterioration was observable in both styles.

The Fifth Epoch—extending from the year 1565 to the beginning of the following century—witnessed the sudden advance of both branches of art to absolute perfection; for Palestrina, the brightest genius of the age, was equally great in both, and has left us motets as unapproachable in their beauty as the *Missa Papæ Marcelli*. The prolific power of this delightful composer was no less remarkable than the purity of his style. The seven books of motets printed during his lifetime contain two hundred and two compositions, for four, five, six, seven, and eight voices, among which may be found numerous examples of all the different classes we have described. About a hundred others, including thirteen for twelve voices, are preserved, in manuscript, in the Vatican Library, and among the archives of the Pontifical Chapel, the Lateran Basilica, St. Maria in Vallicella, and the Collegium Romanum; and there is good reason to believe that many were lost through the carelessness of the maestro's son, Igino. Beginning in 1862, Messrs. Breitkopf & Härtel, of Leipzig, have completed the publication of Palestrina's works, which are thus made available for students and general readers interested in the productions of this admirable master.

Palestrina's greatest contemporaries in the Roman school were Vittoria, whose motets are second only in importance to his own, Morales, Felice and Francesco Anerio, Bernadino and Giovanni Maria Nanini, Luca Marenzio, and Francesco Suriano. The honor of the Flemish school was supported, to the last, by Orlando di Lasso, a host in himself. The Venetian school boasted, after Willaert, Cipriano di Rore, Andrea and Giovanni Gabrieli, and, especially, Giovanni Croce, the originality of whose style was only exceeded by its wonderful delicacy and sweetness.

In England the motet was cultivated, with great success, by some of the best composers of the best period. The "Cantiones sacræ" of Tallis and Byrd will bear comparison with the finest productions of the Roman or any other school, those of Palestrina alone excepted. And besides these there are a number of beautiful motets by Dr. Tye, John Taverner, John Shepherd, Dr. Fayrfax, Robert Johnson, John Digon, John Thorne, and several other writers not unknown to fame. Though the Latin motet was, as a matter of course, banished from the services of the Anglican Church after the change of religion, its style still lived on in the full anthem, of which so many glorious examples have been handed down in cathedral choirbooks; for the full anthem is a true motet, notwithstanding the language in which it is sung; and it is certain that some of the purest specimens of the style were originally written in Latin, and adapted to English words afterward—as in the case of Byrd's "Civitas sancti tui," now always sung as "Bow thine ear, O Lord." Orlando Gibbons's first (and only) set of "Madrigals and Motetts," printed in 1612, furnishes a singular return to the old use of the word. They are all secular songs.

The Sixth Epoch, beginning with the early years of the seventeenth century, was one of sad decadence. The unprepared dissonances introduced by Monteverde sapped the very foundations of the polyphonic schools, and involved the motet, the mass, and the madrigal in a common ruin. Men like Claudio Casciolini and Gregorio Allegri did their best to save the grand old manner; but after the middle of the century no composer did it full justice.

The Seventh Epoch inaugurated a new style. During the latter half of the seventeenth century instrumental music made a rapid advance; and motets with instrumental accompaniments were substituted for those sung by voices alone. In these, the old ecclesiastical modes were naturally abandoned in favor of the modern tonality; and as time progressed, Alessandro Scarlatti, Leo, Durante, Pergolesi, and other men of nearly equal reputation, produced really great works in the new manner, and thus prepared the way for still greater ones.

The chief glories of the Eighth Epoch were confined to Germany, where Reinhard Keiser, the Bach family—with Johann Christoph and Johann Sebastian at its head—Graun, and Hasse clothed the motet in new and beautiful forms which were turned to excellent account by Homilius and Rolle, Wolf, Hiller, Fasch, and Schicht. The motets written by J. S. Bach are too well known to need a word of description—known well enough to be universally recognized as artistic creations of the highest order, quite unapproachable in their own peculiar style. With Handel's motets few musicians were familiar until, in the last century, the German Handel Society rescued them from oblivion. These compositions are extraordinarily beautiful, filled with the youthful freshness of the composer's early manner. Besides a "Salve Regina," the manuscript of which is preserved in the Royal Library at Buckingham Palace, we possess a "Laudate pueri," in D, used as an introduction to the Utrecht Jubilate; another in F, a "Dixit Dominus," a "Nisi Dominus," and, best of all, a lovely "Silete venti," for soprano solo, with accompaniments for a stringed band, two oboes, and two bassoons, the last movement of which, "Dulcis amor, Jesu care," was introduced in "Israel in Egypt," on its second revival, in 1756, adapted to the words "Hope, a pure and lasting treasure."

Of the Ninth, or Modern Epoch, we have but little to say. The so-called motets of the last century have no real claim to any other title than that of sacred cantatas. They were, it is true, originally intended to be sung at high mass; but the "Insanæ et vanæ curæ" of Haydn, the "Splendente te Deus" of Mozart, and the "O salutaris" of Cherubini, exquisitely beautiful as they are, when regarded simply as music have so little in common with the motet in its typical form that one can scarcely understand how the name ever came to be bestowed upon them. The motets of Mendelssohn, again, have but little affinity with these—indeed, they can scarcely be said to have any; for, in spite of the dates at which they were produced, they may more fairly be classed with the great works of the Eighth Epoch, to which their style very closely assimilates them. We need scarcely refer to his three motets for treble voices, written for the Convent of Trinita de' Monti, at Rome, as gems of modern art.

All that we have said in a former chapter on the traditional manner of singing the polyphonic mass applies with equal force to the motet. It will need an equal amount of expression and an equal variety of coloring; and as its position in the service is anterior to the Elevation of the Host, a vigorous *forte* will not be out of place, when the sense of the words demands it. It would scarcely be possible to find more profitable studies for the practice of polyphonic singing than the best motets of the best period.

CHAPTER XX

THE CHORALE

Origin of the Chorale—Its Rapid Spread—Sources—Famous Chorales—Organ Accompaniment.

THE chorale is a form of sacred choral song (*cantus choralis*) which may almost be said to belong exclusively to the reformed Church of Germany, in which it originated. Luther introduced a popular element into worship by writing hymns in the vernacular and wedding them to rhythmic music, which should appeal to the people in a new and more lively sense than the old-fashioned unrhythmic Church music. The effect was as great (with all due respect to the different quality of the lever) as that of the "Marseillaise" in France, or of great national songs in other countries.

It cannot be doubted that no insignificant share in the rapid spread of the new ideas was owing to the inspiriting and vigorous hymns which seemed to burst from the hearts of enthusiastic and earnest men of whom Luther was the chief. The movement passed rapidly over Germany, and produced in a short time a literature of sacred hymns and tunes which cannot be surpassed for dignity and simple devotional earnestness. Luther and his friend Walther brought out a collection at Erfurt in 1524, which was called the "Enchiridion," or handbook. Though not absolutely the first, it was the most important early collection, and had a preface by Luther himself. A great number of collections appeared about the same time in various parts of Germany, and collections continued to appear till the latter part of the seventeenth century, when, from political as well as religious circumstances, the stream of production became sluggish, and it soon stopped altogether.

The sources of the chorales were various; great numbers were original, but many were adapted from the old Church tunes, and some were from altogether secular sources. For instance, the chorale "Der Du bist drei" is from the ancient "O beata lux Trinitatis"; and "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr," which Mendelssohn uses in a modified form in "St. Paul," is also based upon a hymn of the Roman Church. On the other hand "Herr Christ der einig' Gott's Sohn" is taken from a secular tune, "Ich hört' ein Fräulein klagen"; and "Herzlich thut mich verlangen," which appears several times in Bach's "Matthäus-Passion"—for instance to the words "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden"—is taken from a secular tune, "Mein Gemüth ist mir verwirret."

Of many of the chorales it is difficult to fix the origin. That generally known to us as Luther's Hymn ("Es ist gewisslich") cannot with probability be attributed to him; and there is some doubt as to whether the famous "Ein' feste Burg," which Meyerbeer took as the text of "The Huguenots," and Mendelssohn used in his "Reformation" symphony, Wagner in his "Kaiser Marsch," and Bach in various ways in his cantata to the same words, is really by the great reformer.

The most prolific composer of chorales was Johann Crüger, who was born some time after Luther's death. One of his, "Nun danket alle Gott," is best known from its use by Mendelssohn in his "Lobgesang."

The chorale which Mendelssohn uses in "St. Paul," at the death of Stephen, is by Georg Neumark, who also wrote the original words to it. In the preface to Bennett and Goldschmidt's "Chorale Book for England" this tune is said to have been so popular that in the course of a century after its first appearance no less than four hundred hymns had been written to it.

A very famous collection of tunes was published in Paris in 1565 by Claude Goudimel. Most of these soon found their way into the German collections, and became naturalized. Among them was the tune known as the "Old Hundredth." Its first appearance seems to have been in a French translation of the Psalms with music by Marot and Beza, published at Lyons in 1563. Many of the tunes in Goudimel's collection were from secular sources.

The custom of accompanying chorales on the organ, and of playing and writing what were called figured chorales, caused great strides to be made in the development of harmony and counterpoint, and also in the art of playing the organ; so that by the latter part of the seventeenth century Germany possessed the finest school of organists in Europe, one also not likely to be surpassed in modern times.

CHAPTER XXI

THE ANTHEM

The Culminating Point of Ritual Music in Anglican Churches, in which it Takes the Place of the Motet—Long List of English Composers from Elizabeth to Victoria, Broken only by the Great Rebellion.

THE anthem is to the Anglican Church what the motet has always been to the Roman Catholic, except that it has acquired even greater musical importance. A mere catalogue of modern anthems and their composers would fill a considerable volume, and it must suffice to trace the history of this form of sacred composition, and refer by name only to the best works of the best masters.

The idea of responsive singing, choir answering to choir, or choir to priest, seems inherent in the term "antiphon," and was formerly conveyed by it; but this as a necessary element has disappeared in our more Anglicized synonym "anthem." This word—after undergoing several changes in its Anglo-Saxon and Early-English forms, readily traceable in Chaucer and those writers who preceded and followed him, and subsequently used by Shakespeare, Milton, and others—has at length acquired a meaning equally distinctive and widely accepted. It now signifies a musical composition, or sacred motet, usually set to verses of the Psalms, or other portions of Scripture, or the liturgy, and sung as an integral part of public worship. If it be not possible so to trace the word etymologically as to render it "the flower of song," as some scholars have wished, yet the anthem itself in an artistic aspect, and when represented by its finest examples, may justly be regarded as the culminating point of the daily ritual music of the Anglican Church.

Anthems are commonly described as either "full," "verse," "solo," or "for a double choir"; the two former terms correspond to "tutti" and "soli" in current technical phraseology. In his valuable work "The Choral Service of the Church" Dr. Jebb makes a distinction between "full anthems, properly so called, which consist of chorus alone, and the full anthem with verses; these verses, however, which form a very subordinate part of the compositions, do not consist of solos or duets, but for the most part of four parts, to be sung by one side of the choir. In the verse anthem the solos, duets, and trios have the prominent place; and in some the chorus is a mere introduction or finale."

Nothing can be more various in form, extent, and treatment than the music of "the anthem" as at present heard in churches and cathedrals. Starting at its birth from a point but little removed from the simplicity of the psalm or hymn tune, and advancing through various intermediate gradations of development, it has frequently in its later history attained large dimensions; sometimes combining the most elaborate resources of counterpoint with the symmetry of modern forms, together with separate organ, and occasionally orchestral, accompaniment. In its most developed form the anthem is peculiarly and characteristically an English species of composition, and is perhaps the highest and most individual point which has been reached by English composers.

The recognition of the anthem as a stated part of divine service dates from early in Elizabeth's reign; when were issued the Queen's "Injunctions," granting permission for the use of "a hymn or such like song in churches." A few years later the word "anthem" appears in the second edition of Day's choral collection, entitled "Certain Notes set forth in four and five Parts to be sung at the Morning and Evening Prayer and Communion"; and at the last revision of the Prayer-Book in 1662 the word appeared in that rubric which assigns to the anthem the position it now occupies in Matins and Evensong. Only one year later than the publication of the "Injunctions" Strype gives probably the earliest record of its actual use, at the Chapel Royal on mid-Lent Sunday, 1560: "And, Service concluded, a good Anthem was sung." (The prayers at that time ended with the third collect.) Excepting during the Great Rebellion, when music was banished and organs and choir-books destroyed, the anthem has ever since held its place in choral service. At the present day, so far from there being any prospect of its withdrawal, there seems to exist an increasing love for this special form of sacred art, as well as an earnest desire to invest its performance always, and particularly on festivals, with all attainable completeness and dignity.

Ever since the Reformation anthems have been composed by well-nigh all the eminent masters that Great Britain has produced, from Tye and his contemporaries onward to Gibbons, Purcell, Boyce, Attwood, and Sterndale Bennett. The history of the anthem accordingly can only be completely told in that of music itself. The following attempt at classification, and references to examples, may serve in some measure to illustrate the subject.

EARLY SCHOOL, 1520-1625.—Tye, Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons. The vagueness of tonality anciently prevalent begins in the music of Tye to exhibit promise of settlement; while in that of Gibbons it almost entirely disappears. Tye's anthem "I will exalt Thee, O Lord" is remarkable in this respect, as well as for its general clearness and purity of harmony. Of Tallis's style "I call and cry" and "All people that on earth do dwell" are good examples. "Bow thine ear" and "Sing joyfully," Byrd, with "Hosanna," "Lift up your heads," "O clap your hands together," and "Almighty and everlasting God," Gibbons, are assuredly masterpieces of vocal writing, which can never grow out of date. Most of the anthems of this period are "full"; "verse" or "solo" anthems, however, are at least as old as the time of Gibbons. Sir Frederick Ouseley has done good service to the cause of Church music and the

memory of the "English Palestrina" by his publication of a "Collection of the Sacred Compositions of Orlando Gibbons." In this interesting and most valuable work will be found (besides several "full" anthems, and other matter) not less than twelve "verse" anthems, some of which have solos; none of these are contained in Boyce's "Cathedral Music," and all may probably be reckoned among the earliest known specimens of this kind of anthem. The employment of instruments in churches as an accompaniment to the singers dates as far back as the fourth century, when St. Ambrose introduced them into the cathedral service at Milan. Later on, some rude form of organ began to be used; but only to play the plain song in unison or octaves with the voices, as is now often done with a serpent or ophicleide in French choirs. It seems to be beyond doubt that the use of some kind of instrumental accompaniment in churches preceded that of the organ. During our First Period it would seem that anthems when performed with any addition to the voices of the choir were always accompanied by such bow instruments as then represented the infant orchestra. "Apt for viols and voices" is a common expression on the title-pages of musical publications of this age. The stringed-instrument parts were always in unison with the voices, and had no separate and independent function, except that of filling up the harmony during vocal "rests," or occasionally in a few bars of brief symphony. Before the Restoration, according to Dr. Rimbault, "verses" in the anthems "were accompanied with viols, the organ being used only in the full parts." The small organs of this period were commonly portable; a fact which seems to indicate that such instrumental aid as was employed to support the singers was placed in close proximity to them: an arrangement so natural, as well as desirable, that it is surprising to find it ever departed from in the present day.

Second Period, 1650-1720.—Pelham Humfrey, Wise, Blow, Henry Purcell, Croft, Weldon, Jeremiah Clarke. Such great changes in the style and manner of anthem-writing are observable in all that is here indicated, that a new era in the art may be said to have begun. Traceable, in the first instance, to the taste and fancy of Humfrey and his training under Lulli, this was still more largely due to the renowned Purcell, whose powerful genius towers aloft, not only among his contemporaries, but in the annals of all famous men. The compositions of this period are mostly distinguished by novelty of plan and detail, careful and expressive treatment of the text, daring harmonies, and flowing ease in the voice parts; while occasionally the very depths of pathos seem to have been sounded. The following may be mentioned as specimens of the above masters: "Hear, O heavens" and "O Lord my God," Humfrey; "Prepare ye the way" and "Awake, awake, put on thy strength," Wise; "I was in the Spirit" and "I beheld, and lo!" Blow; "O give thanks," "O God, Thou hast cast us out," and "O Lord God of Hosts," Purcell; "God is gone up," "Cry aloud and shout" (from "O Lord, I will praise Thee"), and "Hear my prayer, O Lord," Croft; "In Thee, O Lord" and "Hear my crying," Weldon; and "I will love Thee" and "O Lord God of my salvation," Clarke. While all these pieces are more or less excellent, several of them can only be described in the language of unreserved eulogy. As the "full" anthem was most in vogue in the former period, so in this the "verse" and "solo" anthem grew into favor. It seems to have been reserved for Purcell, himself through life a "most distinguished singer," to bring to perfection the airs and graces of the "solo" anthem.

During this period instrumental music began to assume new and individual importance, and to exercise vast influence upon the general progress of the art. Apart from the frequent employment of instrumental accompaniments by anthem composers, the effect of such additions to the purely vocal element upon their style and manner of writing is clearly traceable from the time of Pelham Humfrey downward.

Some interesting notices of this important change and of the general performance of anthems in the Chapel Royal may be gleaned from the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn. To quote a few: Pepys, speaking of Christmas day there in 1662, says, "The sermon done, a good anthem followed with vialls, and the King came down to receive the Sacrament." Under the date November 22, 1663, recording his attendance at the chapel, the writer says: "The anthem was good after sermon, being the fifty-first psalme, made for five voices by one of Captain Cooke's boys, a pretty boy, and they say there are four or five of them that can do as much. And here I first perceived that the King is a little musical, and kept good time with his hand all along the anthem." Evelyn, on December 21, 1663, mentions his visit to the chapel, and records it in the following important passage: "One of his Majesty's chaplains preached; after which, instead of the ancient, grave, and solemn wind music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern, or playhouse, than a church. This was the *first* time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ; that instrument quite left off in which the English were so skillful!"

The development of the simple stringed quartet of Charles the Second's royal band was rapid and important. Purcell himself wrote trumpet parts to his celebrated "Te Deum," and in 1755 Boyce added hautboys, bassoons, and drums to the score. Handel's Chandos anthems were variously instrumented; among them, in addition to the stringed quartet, are parts for flutes, oboes, bassoons, and trumpets; though all these instruments are not combined in any single piece. After this, with Haydn and Mozart shining high in the musical firmament, it was but a short and easy step to the complete grand orchestra of Attwood's coronation anthems.

Third Period, 1720-1845.—Greene, Boyce, W. Hayes, Battishill, Attwood, Walmisley. At the beginning of this period the anthem received little accession of absolute novelty; yet, probably owing to the influence of Handel, it found able and worthy cultivators in Greene and several of his successors. "I will sing of Thy power" and "O clap your hands," Greene; "O give thanks," and the first movement of "Turn Thee unto me," Boyce; with "O worship the Lord" and "Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem," Hayes, are admirable examples of these several authors. To Battishill we owe one work of eminent and expressive

beauty: his "Call to remembrance" seems like a conception of yesterday, so nobly does it combine the chief merits of our best modern Church composers with the skill and power of the elder masters. "Withdraw not Thou" and "Grant, we beseech Thee," Attwood, with "Remember, O Lord" and "O give thanks," Walmisley, belong almost to the present day. With names so familiar in "quires and places where they sing" this brief record of notable anthem-writers of the past may be fitly closed.

The number of anthems composed previously to 1780, and scattered among the manuscript part-books of cathedral libraries, considerable though it be, represents but imperfectly the productive powers of the old-English school. It is probable that many hundreds of such pieces have been irretrievably *lost*, either by the sacrilegious hand of the spoiler or the culpable neglect of a mean parsimony. Of the seventy-one anthems written by Blow, and sixty by Boyce, as composers to the Chapel Royal, how few remain, or at least are accessible! And, to glance farther back, where are the missing outpourings of the genius of Orlando Gibbons, or the numerous "composures" of all his fertile predecessors? The principal treasures actually preserved to us are contained, for the most part, in Day's collection, already mentioned, Barnard's "Church Music," the volumes of Tomkins, Purcell, Croft, Greene, and Boyce, the collections of Boyce, Arnold, and Page in print, and of Aldrich, Hawkins, and Tudway in manuscript, that of the twenty-two anthems of the madrigalian era, edited by Dr. Rimbault for the Musical Antiquarian Society, and Sir Frederick Ouseley's edition of Gibbons already mentioned.

Foremost among all foreign contributions to the English school of Church music must be placed the twelve anthems written by Handel for his princely patron the Duke of Chandos. Standing apart from any similar productions composed on English soil to texts from the English Bible and for the chapel of an English nobleman, these works of England's great adopted son may justly be claimed as part of her rich inheritance of sacred art. Belonging to a class suited for special occasions are the funeral and coronation anthems of the same master. These, together with Mendelssohn's stately yet moving psalms and anthems —some of them also composed to English words—may be legitimately adopted as precious additions to the native store of choral music.

Widely different from such genuine compositions are those adaptations, in the first instance from Handel by Bond, and later on from masses and other works, which have found their way into use in England. Whether in these we regard the application of strange words to music first inspired by other and widely different sentiments, or the affront to art involved in thus cutting and hacking the handiwork of a deceased master (even in his lightest mood) for the sake of pretty phrases or showy passages, such adaptations are radically bad and repugnant to all healthy instincts and true principles of feeling and taste.

Concerning the choice of the anthem the same clerical and high authority before quoted remarks that "it ought to be a matter of deliberate and religious study"; and being a "prescribed part of the service, every notion of ecclesiastical propriety dictates that it should harmonize with some portion of the service of the day." Dr. Jebb further says that "at each of the particular seasons of the year it would be well to have a fixed canon as to the anthems from which a selection should invariably be made." These opinions carry conviction with them, and need no enforcement.

In counterpoint and its concomitants, the great works of former ages will scarcely ever be equaled, still less surpassed. Yet, while the English Church can reckon among recent writers S. S. Wesley, whose anthems, whether for originality, beauty, or force, would do honor to any school or country, together with the genial and expressive style of Sir John Goss, and the facile yet masterly art of Sir Frederick Ouseley, not to mention well-known living men, England may be well content with the present fortune of the anthem, as well as hopeful for its future.

CHAPTER XXII

ORATORIO AS AN ART-FORM

Definitions—Oratorio and Opera—Secular and Sacred—Distinction of Forms—Oratorio Compared to a Cathedral—The Highest Form of Musical Art.

THE definitions given of oratorio in most musical text-books may be summarized as follows: Oratorio form embodies the same mode of construction as opera—it is built up of recitatives and arias for solo voices (singly and concerted), as also of choral and instrumental numbers. These latter include the overture, which is usually written in strict classical form. In opera the dramatic and secular elements are uppermost; in the oratorio, the text being taken from Scriptural or sacred sources—albeit one great event or series of consequent incidents and lines of thought are followed out as consistently as possible—interest is maintained rather by an appeal to the intellectual than the sensual attitude of the mind. Idealism rather than realism is aimed at.

Yet the oratorio is not reft of tendencies dramatic and personal. Although Frédéric Louis Ritter defines it as "sacred art for art's sake," still he subsequently refers to it as "the highest form of musical dramatic art, in the sense that it possesses as foundation and contents the deepest and loftiest ideas of Christian religious-moral life. Its heroes and heroines are the ideal instruments and messengers of divinity. Their struggles, their triumphs, are those of high and noble souls. The strains with which the composer expresses their emotions, their feelings, must thus aim at the freest and most ideal perfection. . . . The chorus, forming one of the most important factors in the oratorio, not seldom concentrates in itself all the rays of the central idea of the composer's sacred, dramatic expression and inspiration. The purely sentimental, the realistic passionate—the reflex of human life in its continual conflicts and struggles, and the necessary basis of opera—do not find such a conspicuous place in the oratorio."

When contrasting the dramatic and epic powers which respectively distinguish the two greatest of musical art-forms—opera and oratorio—from each other, William S. Rockstro writes as follows: "Dramatic expression necessarily presupposes the presence of the actor, who describes his own emotions in his own words. Epic power is entirely subjective. Its office is so to act upon the hearer's imagination as to present to him a series of pictures—whether of natural scenery, of historical events, or even of dramatic scenes enacted out of sight—sufficiently vivid to give him a clear idea of the situation intended to be described. Now, if in 'Deeper and deeper still' Handel has given us a convincing proof of his power as a dramatist, it is equally certain that, in the Flute Symphony to 'Angellati che Cantate' in 'Rinaldo,' the Pastoral Symphony in 'The Messiah,' and the Dead March in 'Saul,' he has shown himself no less successful as a tone-painter. The perfection of these wonderful pictures may be tested by the entire absence of the necessity for scenic accessories to give them their full force. When Sims Reeves declaims 'Deeper and deeper still' in ordinary evening dress, he speaks as directly to our hearts, and portrays Jephtha's agony of soul quite as truly, as he could possibly do were he dressed in the robes of an Israelitish judge. . . . The value lies in the music itself; the only condition needful for its success is that it should be well performed."

Again, in comparing opera with oratorio music, the secular as opposed to the sacred element in music has been the subject of frequent and varied discussion. The literary text is not always responsible for the solemn, exhilarating, pathetic, or enlivening sentiments which music, *per se*, often awakens. The association of certain words, say some, with certain musical phrases, gives to those phrases a character sacred or the reverse. Others declare that the speed, or rate, of performance has so much to do with the general character of the music that a dance tune, played slowly, may be metamorphosed into a hymn-tune, and vice versa.

The story is on record of a certain young organist who had a partiality for arranging Wagnerian operatic excerpts and playing them as offertory voluntaries. The music chosen gave no offense until it came to the clergyman's ears that his congregation were regaled on Sunday to music originally written for the stage. The young musician was reprimanded for his want of devotional sense as to what was becoming and appropriate for performance at divine service. Feeling somewhat nettled, the Wagnerian determined to have his revenge. Accordingly, the following Sunday, a staid body of worshipers were not a little amazed to hear, during collection, what sounded very like a lively dance tune. After service the organist was peremptorily summoned to the vestry.

"You will please to understand," said the pastor with severity, "that, if you wish to retain your position as director of the music of this church, we cannot have frivolous or secular organ selections played during service."

"I quite understand that, sir," was the reply, "but forgive me if I deny having transgressed to-day. The voluntary you disapproved of was an improvisation on an old hymn-tune, my apology for playing it at a brisk speed being that it was originally so intended to be rendered, as the hymn-melody was adapted from a still older dance."

A somewhat similar situation is narrated of the organist who, being reproved for playing "lively" voluntaries in church, improvised on a popular music-hall ditty taken at "dirge" pace, and was complimented afterward upon the solemnity and appropriateness of his selection by those who did not know the source from which it was drawn. But such "tricks" upon the part of musicians are neither legitimate nor in good taste. The speed of performance doubtless affects the character of the music rendered; but "quick" music is by no means always of a frivolous character; witness the energy and earnestness of some of the most rapid and florid of Johann Sebastian Bach's organ fugues.

Music has been described as "the language of the emotions." Even as our emotions are swayed by human passion or the divine afflatus, so will the music which emanates from a gifted composer's emotional tone-sense disclose, if we could but diagnose it accurately, the spirit in which that music was written. For oratorio work the musician undoubtedly requires "the sincere reverence of a devout mind, accompanied by a keen appreciation of the inner meaning of the text—a thorough understanding of the spirit as well as of the letter." How fully Handel's grand choruses and sublime arias adapt themselves to the Biblical words chosen, even the ordinary listener finds no difficulty in realizing. With regard to the composition of the "Hallelujah" chorus, the great Saxon is recorded to have said, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God himself."

The very "forms" utilized in oratorio, though similar to those in opera, are of a more solid and perhaps scholarly character than the solo and concerted numbers written for the stage. In chorus work, particularly, we see the difference between these two great art-products. The opera chorus is, of its nature, light and fragmentary. Inner parts cannot be too complex, or even the best drilled of chorus-singers, having to memorize these parts, would have to face almost insuperable difficulties. The sentiment of the opera chorus is, indeed, usually of such an evanescent nature —the mere expression of a passing phase of emotion,

or the description of a temporary dramatic situation—that counterpoint and canon, still more fugue, would seem strangely labored and out of place. In the oratorio chorus, on the contrary, the grand embodiment of one mighty thought or precept, or the description of a solemn, strong, or impressive incident, calls for majestic, solid, and erudite treatment; and hence upon the chorus the oratorio composer should lavish all the wealth and proficiency of his musicianship. Whether in choral or fugue form, the oratorio chorus should have an artistic value of its own, as a piece of polyphonic writing, which is not looked for in the corresponding operatic choral number.

We may therefore best describe the distinction between opera and oratorio by observing that dramatic or emotional sentiment in the sacred work is expressed more often *collectively;* whereas in the secular work the thread of the narrative, story, or main idea is generally left to *individual* exposition. The introduction of a chain of choruses—such as we find in Handel's "Israel in Egypt," for example—finds no parallel in opera. The whole construction of the sacred drama is indeed opposed to personality or individualism, save in an idealized sense. Thus in "Elijah" we see rather the messenger of Divinity than the man; whereas, in a work like "Tannhäuser," the man and the woman are the center-pivots around which revolve the interest and action of the whole. The treatment of the opera is, in short, lyrical, as contrasted with the choral development of the oratorio.

If, as is generally allowed, chorus work is the highest achievement of the expert composer, the oratorio gives most scope for the display of the greatest musical gifts and erudition. That few have succeeded in investing this superb art-form with lasting interest is attested by the fact that we possess, compared with other classes of composition, so few really great oratorios.

The oratorio has been aptly compared to a cathedral. The fanciful thought seems to have struck many authors, probably independently of each other. Thus we have it from the German philosopher Schelling; the French writer Mme. de Staël (in "Corinne"); and the Irish novelist Frank Frankfort Moore presents the idea in "A Nest of Linnets." A character in this book, Mrs. Abingdon, a charming actress, thus speaks of the composer of "The Messiah": "Oh, I can only think of Handel as a builder of cathedrals. Every oratorio that he composed seems to me comparable only to a great cathedral, glorious within and without, massive in its structure, and here and there a spire tapering up to heaven itself, and yet with countless columns made beautiful with the finest carving. . . . If the music of 'Messiah' were to be frozen before our eyes, would it not stand before us in the form of St. Paul's?"

To follow out this pleasing conception, one might perhaps add that the sacred edifice of the oratorio has for its foundation and paving, the orchestra; for its masonry, pillars, and lofty roof, the chorus work; while the "storied windows richly dight," the marble pulpit, altar, and font, represent the solo or solo-concerted numbers, each a gem of tone-constructive art, beautiful to the ear as the architectural features named delight and astonish the eye. Just as the cathedral is one of the highest triumphs of the designer's and builder's art, so the oratorio is in the front rank of all that is noble and exalted in the output of the creative musician. As the cathedrals form the "sights worth seeing" of great cities, so the study and the performances of oratorios offer opportunities for culture, experience, and widening of musical thought to the student—amateur and professional musician—which cannot be surpassed. The stability of first-class oratorio music is proved in the most conclusive way by the familiarity of all classes of hearers with such works as Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The multiplication of great works like these is no more looked for than we would look for many great cathedrals in the same towns. If anything went to prove the value of the "Book of Books," it would be the fact that the grand music of the best oratorios, being wedded to imperishable words, partakes of that imperishability, and seems never to grow stale or out of date. The *immortality* of foremost oratorio music is that which, to thoughtful minds, makes one realize the infinite possibilities of the divine art. Music can charm us at all times with strains exhilarating, joyous, tender, plaintive, pathetic, and meditative; it can thrill the emotions or soothe angry or frantic passion; best of all, it can raise the soul from earth to heaven, as when, for instance, we listen to that pure and beautiful melody, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," or that restful sacred song, so replete with comfort for many aching hearts, "O rest in the Lord, wait patiently for him; and he shall give thee thine heart's desire."

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SACRED MUSICAL DRAMA

Stage and Pulpit—Ancient Musical Drama—Early Christianity and the Stage—Sacred Plays in the Church—Outside of the Church—The Miracle Play in England—Music in the Sacred Plays.

MUSIC being possible to us under nearly all phases and forms of existence, we need not wonder that it largely affects things commonly distinguished as secular and sacred. We have seen that oratorio is what may be called a sacred poem, usually of a dramatic character. We have now to refer to an extraordinary combination of apparently opposing elements in connection with which music plays an important part. The stage and the pulpit have quite generally been assumed to be at variance with each other. Yet, in the so-called dark ages, when the majority of people were illiterate, the stage was positively found in the Church itself; and from this most potent of pulpits—whether erected within sacred edifices, or set at street corners, or in the market-place—were promulgated, under the names of Mysteries, Moralities, and Miracle Plays, Scriptural doctrine and dogma, and dramatized versions of the great epochs and incidents of Holy Writ. To vary and intensify these representations, music, both sacred and secular, was introduced at the interludes. Gradually the language of sound, in the shape of chorus-singing, crept into the body of the performance itself. From such beginnings arose the idea of the sacred musical drama, to be subsequently freed from the trammels of action, and idealized in the form of the oratorio.

The idea of associating music with the drama first came into artistic prominence among the ancient Greeks. Although the exact nature of the music linked with the works of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides is shrouded in obscurity, we may conjecture that it was mainly choral; or, as has been suggested with some plausibility, the actors intoned their parts. The Romans copied the Greeks in their dramas as in other things; but the copy, under the brutality and sensuality of imperial Rome, soon degenerated into a parody, or rather a coarse caricature of the original; and it is certain that the accompanying music, being associated with unwholesome surroundings, shared the degradation of the text to which it was wedded. In time, Roman drama became thoroughly obnoxious to all moral sense, and the earnest-minded saw that, if any purification of the stage was to be attempted, it was necessary to revert to Greek models.

It is curious to read that the first attempt toward the regeneration of the drama was the production of a Passion Play (the Passion of Christ and the Sorrows of the Blessed Virgin), attributed, perhaps erroneously, to St. Gregory Nazianzen (fourth century). This curious work is said to have been constructed closely upon the lines of Greek tragedy, save that there were no lyrical choruses. It is particularly interesting to the classical scholar, as it contains several hundred lines of Euripides not found elsewhere.

Thus early did the sufferings and death of the Redeemer afford a grand theme for the purification and exaltation of a debased art-form. In this dramatizing of the story of the Saviour's self-sacrifice, devout minds of the day saw also a ready and effective means of impressing the theme and doctrine of Christianity upon an unlearned and ignorant multitude. Church ritual might solemnize and overawe for the moment; but there was something to be memorized and talked about in the visual representation of the sufferings of the Man of Sorrows. Thus the very means that had hitherto been used as a tool of licentiousness, now, in the hands of the ministers of the new religion, became a mighty factor in the moral enlightenment and instruction of the people. It is even recorded that a learned nun of Saxony wrote six plays after the design of those of the comic poet Terence, in order to show that "much better comedies [than his] might be written to inculcate strict moral and religious teaching." A scene, supposed to be humorous, in one of her plays relates how a number of holy women, being imprisoned in the kitchens of his palace by a wicked Roman governor, by devoting themselves to prayer diverted their captor's obnoxious attentions from themselves, and caused him, in a fit of madness, to make love instead to the pots and pans in his scullery!

Briefly tracing the history of religious drama from its first indications, we find, in the thirteenth century, St. Francis of Assisi representing at his forest altar the scene of the Nativity—a young girl, with a baby in her arms, taking the part of the Virgin and Child, St. Joseph also being personated, and the *mise en scène* including the introduction of a live ox and ass. At Christmas time it was early customary for the shepherds to come into Rome from Ambruzzi and pipe before pictures of the Virgin. The German peasants also used formerly to go round their villages on Christmas eve in the guise of the Three Kings from the East. From such primitive customs we doubtless have the origin of the sacred drama.

At first the sacred plays, or Scriptural scenes, were enacted only in the churches. Easter in particular was solemnized with impressive and realistic ceremonies. As may be imagined, these representations soon became very popular, and attracted enormous congregations. A special service in Rouen was that of unveiling the crucifix. So large a body of worshipers thronged for admission to witness this spectacle that, in 1316, an archbishop of Worms found it necessary to ordain that the rite should be enacted with closed doors, and before the priests only. From a very interesting manuscript of the thirteenth century we gather the following account of the mode of per-

formance of a Latin play on the Resurrection: Three priests, robed as the three Marys, solemnly walk up the church to where a grave had been prepared, singing a lamentation for the death of the Good Shepherd. At the grave is stationed an ecclesiastic arrayed as an angel, miter on head, and palm in left hand, with branch of candlesticks on the right. Other priests personated SS. Peter and John, and "One arrayed in the likeness of a gardener." Monks, garbed as angels, invite the congregation to see the empty grave, and the cerecloth is held up to view. At this juncture the Holy Women "answer one another with outbursts of joy." The next stage direction enjoins him "who afore was the gardener to come in the likeness of the Lord," appropriately arrayed. The choir then greet him with hallelujahs, and the play ends with the singing of the Te Deum.

It will be seen that music was an adjunct to the ceremony just described. These early sacred representations were, indeed, generally interspersed with anthems for the choristers. Such were the Slaughter of the Innocents, in which the choir-boys personated the children (the fact of the youthful singers being *over* two years old being an unconsidered trifle), the Miracles of St. Nicholas, Adoration of the Magi, Conversion of St. Paul, Raising of Lazarus, etc. All these were written for performance within the church itself, the canticles and hymns of the day were introduced in the course of the representation, and the whole required the simplest of stage accessories, the officiating priests and monks themselves personating all the parts, male and female.

Hilarius, the pupil of Abelard (about 1125), has left three interesting sacred plays in Latin. These are "The History of Daniel" (in which the author collaborated with two other writers), "The Raising of Lazarus" (a favorite subject with the early sacred dramatists), and a "Miracle of St. Nicholas." The subject of the last is as follows: A heathen had hidden treasure under the image of the saint, in the hope that it would be safe there during his absence. Upon returning to repossess himself of his valuables, the owner finds they have been taken away. In anger, he beats the image. Later on, St. Nicholas appears to the robbers and compels them to restore the stolen goods. The unbeliever, when upon a second search he finds that his treasure has been returned intact to him, makes amends to the saint for the desecration of his image and becomes a convert to Christianity. In this play it is also curious to note that there is a refrain in old French. So did the secular element continually creep in, until at length comic interludes were introduced in which the Devil, the often much-abused clown of the sacred drama, became the most popular personage of the presentation.

The churches soon became too small to accommodate the vast crowds that assembled within them to witness the special plays enacted at festival times. From the church the arena of action was removed to the churchyard. This resulted in the desecration of graves; and eventually open spaces in or near the great towns, street-corners and market-places were availed of for the holding of these half-solemn, half-ludicrous mummeries. Once the Miracle Play passed outside the precincts of the church, laymen took the parts hitherto filled by clerical actors; and great bands of performers, which included wandering jugglers, mountebanks, and probably also minstrels, formed themselves into guilds and companies, and made a regular business of performing in the open on the occasion of all the great Church feasts and holydays. The stage used was a high wooden scaffold, with two, or sometimes three, stories. The topmost represented heaven; the middle, earth; and the lower, hell. Sometimes the under portion was utilized as a kind of dressing-room for the performers, while the higher landings were devoted to the action. The costuming appears to have been more glaring than appropriate or reverential. The most sacred personages were arrayed in the most absurd garbs. Thus God was presented with a white coat and gilded face. The Devil was invariably accompanied by a caudal appendage. The fees expended upon the dress, meat, and drink of the performers, as preserved in the old chronicles, make quaint reading.

At length these representations—once they passed from out the sanctity and reserve of the Church and clergy—degenerated into orgies. Biblical truths were still inculcated, but the manner in which this was done was so irreverent, and the most solemn subjects were mingled with the coarsest jesting and buffoonery to such an extent, that the more earnest-minded of the community became disgusted, and efforts were made to put a stop altogether to a practice which permitted such abuses.

The first Miracle Plays produced in England date back to the times of William Rufus. The taste for these performances soon spread through the country. In London, in 1378, the choristers of St. Paul's prayed for the suppression of performances by "inexpert people," which shows that in the widespread popularity of the representations keen rivalry as well as incompetence and sham had to be contended with.

In England the reign of the Miracle Play may be roughly computed to have extended from the time of Chaucer to that of Shakespeare. The final performance at York took place in 1579, when Shakespeare was a lad of fifteen; ten years subsequently Newcastle saw the last of the sacred mummers; Chester patronized sacred plays until the end of the sixteenth century; and in Beverley we hear of their being performed in 1604. The fashion and public taste for the representations finally seem to have died out with the demise of Elizabeth. Thus the fourteenth century saw the religious drama at its height, the fifteenth century witnessed its decay, and the sixteenth its death. The custom still lingers among the peasants of Oberammergau, in Bavaria, where every ten years the thrilling performance of the famous Passion Play attracts crowds of spectators from all parts of the world. In passing, it may be remarked that the so-called Morality differed only from the Miracle Play proper in that it dealt with Scriptural dogma rather than incident.

The introduction of music into these sacred dramas is of particular interest when tracing the events which preceded the production of the first oratorio. In the "Mystère de Jesus," a Breton sacred drama of Hersart de la Villemarque (produced before 1530), scene iv of the second part, "La résurrection," we read that Le Témoin (the witness) is directed to

sing the words of the Angel—"Jesus, que vous cherchez, n'est point ici," etc. In "The Sacrifice of Isaac," an old English religious play, we find the quaint stage direction—"To cheer themselves, they sing a catch." In the Morality "The Castell of Perseverance," there is an exhortation to "Pipe up [mu]sic"; and instances like this could be multiplied.

In one case the very tune sung on a specific occasion has come down to us. We refer to the celebrated "Hymn of the Ass." At the "Donkey's Festival," a somewhat ridiculous rite held to commemorate the flight into Egypt of Joseph with Mary and the Holy Child, a donkey was solemnly led into church caparisoned in the gown of a monk. Occasionally it was ridden by a young girl, with a babe or doll in her arms, to represent the Virgin and Child. As the procession advanced up the aisle, the officiating clergyman sang the Latin hymn "Orientis partibus." At the end of each verse, the priests and people responded with "Hez, sir Ane, hez," and other grotesque imitations of the brayings of an ass. Such absurdities naturally offended those of serious religious principle; but for a long time the Donkey's Festival was one of the most popular of these representations, especially in France, where the history of the sacred drama well repays the attention of curious readers.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BIRTH OF ORATORIO

The Work of San Filippo de' Neri—The Dawn of Sacred and Secular Dramatic Music—The First Oratorio—Opera, Oratorio, and Cantata Work—The Tragic Romance of Stradella—Alessandro Scarlatti as a Composer of Sacred Music—Oratorio among the Venetians—The Adolescence of Oratorio.

IN the preceding chapters we have seen the tendency of the human mind toward a realistic—pictorial and dramatic—demonstration of man's beliefs and emotions. It was reserved for the devout insight of San Filippo de' Neri, a Florentine who was admitted to the Roman priesthood in 1561, to strike a happy mean between the severity of Church musical ritual and the abuses which had crept into the semisecular representations of sacred drama. Shortly after his consecration, Neri founded a congregation of clergy at Rome, whose gatherings he endeavored to make instructive and attractive. Sacred songs, hymns, and psalm-singing interspersed his exhortations, and he instituted the rendering of sacred plays. As the drama was mounted in the vestibule or vestry of the chapel—generally called the oratory—whither priest and congregation adjourned before and after the sermon, the term oratorio came to be applied to the performances themselves.

The doings of the Congregation of the Oratory naturally attracted the attention of poets and musicians; and it was reserved for a woman, the gifted Laura Guidiccioni, to write the libretto of the first work which received the regular title of oratorio. This sacred drama was entitled "Rappresentazione di anima e di corpo," and was constructed somewhat after the fashion of the then very popular Moralities, being rather allegorical and doctrinal than descriptive of a Scriptural incident. The music of this first oratorio was composed by Emilio del Cavalieri (born about 1550).

The principal characters were Time, Life, the World, Pleasure, the Intellect, the Soul, the Body, two Youths, who recited the prologue, and the Chorus. The orchestra, consisting of five instruments, was hidden from view, but the characters were directed to carry instruments in their hands and pretend to accompany their voices at the proper times. Complete and curious directions were given for the performance.

The most astonishing direction is that in which the introduction of the ballet is sanctioned with all seriousness. This is the more remarkable as Cavalieri's work was written to be rendered in the oratory of the new church of Neri, Santa Maria in Vallicella. The fashion of the times, however, for bringing the light and even comic element into the sacred plays of that epoch, is to be remembered; and it might also be remarked, in passing, that the sacred dance is not inseparable from religious ritual, King David himself having danced before the ark of the Lord.

This first oratorio coming out at the same time (1600) as Jacopo Peri's "Euridice," the first opera, marks the commencement of an epoch destined to bear luxuriant fruit in the departments of both sacred and secular drama. At the start there was little difference, save that of subject-matter, between the two great art-forms. The new stilo recitativo (or vocal declamation), which Peri claimed to have invented upon the traditions of Greek dramatic intonation, was at once utilized in oratorio; and in all musical constructive effects—overture, aria, chorus, etc.—opera and oratorio advanced at the beginning upon similar lines.

With Giacomo Carissimi (1604-74), who became

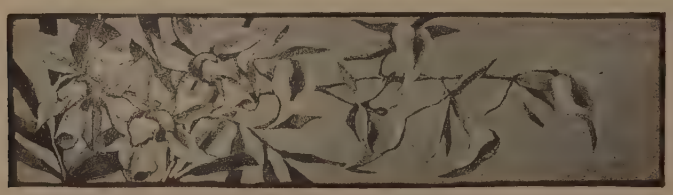
famous as a writer of sacred cantatas, oratorio seems to have taken the first step toward idealism as opposed to the realism of opera. The cantata was essentially intended to be *sung* rather than acted. The text to which cantata music is set is, or should be, lyrical rather than epic or dramatic in character. It was the trend toward contemplation rather than demonstration—a trait we recognize first, perhaps, in the cantatas and oratorios of Carissimi—that suggested the throwing of a deeper and more serious musicianship into the composition of oratorio work. This resulted in the production of that distinguishing feature of all the greatest oratorios, strong and scholarly chorus work. For his oratorios Carissimi chose such subjects as "Jephtha," "Solomon's Judgment," "Belshazzar," "David and Jonathan," etc. His recitatives and choruses are particularly fine.

Of Italian composers of oratorio who were influenced by the example of Carissimi, doubtless the two most important were Alessandro Stradella (born about 1645) and Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725). Stradella's life-story was a romantic if pathetic one. He had eloped with a young lady, Hortensia, the betrothed of a nobleman. Hortensia's aristocratic lover relentlessly persecuted the pair, and, in the end, Stradella was assassinated when visiting Genoa by banditti in the pay of his rival. Stradella's works are as yet in manuscript, but they are described as being full of musicianship and expression. The best-known of his oratorios are "Susanna" and "San Giovanni Battista." A touching tale is told of the first performance of the latter. Assassins, hired by his wife's admirer, were among the audience who thronged to the church to hear the new work performed. They had intended to seize the occasion as a favorable one for wreaking a jealous man's dire revenge upon the composer; but so deeply stirred were even these villains' hearts by the beauty of the music that they afterward sought out Stradella, confessed their murderous plan, and asked the musician's forgiveness. How much credence may be given to the story it is impossible to say. It had possibly some foundation in fact, and appears to suggest that music may, under fitting circumstances, check the basest of human crimes, and that the music of Stradella's "San Giovanni" must have been considered a masterpiece of devotion and moving power when it was accredited with thus turning aside the murderer's knife. It is interesting to note, in passing, that the German composer Flotow has written an opera, "Alessandro Stradella," the plot of which embodies the main romantic incidents of the ill-fated composer's career.

Scarlatti, the pupil of Carissimi, is famed as being one of the greatest of the celebrated school of Neapolitan composers. "As a composer," says Naumann, "Scarlatti was greatest in his sacred works. It is these that specially represent the 'Neapolitan style,' a style which for nearly a century retained a high place in the musical world." The oratorios attributed to Scarlatti are: "I dolori di Maria," "Il Martiro di Santa Teodosia," "San Filippo de' Neri," and "Passio Domini nostri Jesu Christi secundum Johannem." The latter work especially deserves attention as being a predecessor of the passion oratorios of Johann Sebastian Bach. Several contemporaries of Scarlatti wrote oratorios, some of which, had we space, might well be noticed here.

Almost under the heading of oratorio work come the settings of the Psalms by Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739), one of the greatest musical and political luminaries of the Venice of his day. Marcello was a nobleman by birth and position; yet it speaks much for the esteem with which music was then regarded, seeing that a man highly placed as he made a serious study of the art, and desired to be regarded as a professional musician. The works referred to are particularly interesting, as Marcello therein utilizes as themes several well-known Jewish synagogal melodies. The fact that sacred, in place of secular, tunes are adapted, seems a foreshadowing of the subsequent oratorio treatment of the Protestant chorale (or hymn-tune) in the compositions of Bach and Mendelssohn.

Thus gradually, from the fusion of many ingredients and under a vast variety of surroundings, we begin to see modern oratorio take shape. All musical influences, being brought to bear upon religious thought, were instrumental to the forthcoming of sacred musical drama in its highest and noblest sense. This height was reached mainly through the work of great German composers.



CHAPTER XXV

RELATION OF THE CHORALE AND THE PASSION TO ORATORIO

Luther and the Chorale—First-fruits of the Lutheran Chorale—Early German Passion Music—Bach—The Matthew Passion—The John Passion—Protestantism and the Oratorio.

WITH the Lutheran Reformation, the popularity of a new musical form, the chorale, did much to influence the sacred compositions of German musicians. Long after his own soul-emancipation had been attained—when, in mounting St. Peter's staircase at Rome as an act of penance, a divine voice seemed to whisper in his ear, "The just shall live by faith"—Luther found the chorale one of the greatest of exhilarating influences upon the minds of the people whom he sought to elevate and instruct. And it was this very Lutheran chorale, upon its being introduced with all the most expert devices of musicianship into the oratorios of Bach and Mendelssohn, that gave to oratorio, when transplanted from Italy to Germany, all the majesty, grandeur, and intensity which characterize this noblest of all outcomes of musical art.

Being himself an enthusiastic musician, and possessing not only a fine voice but the composer's instinct, Luther conceived the idea of writing hymns in the vernacular; and these, with the help of his professional friend Walther, he had the satisfaction of seeing arranged to strong flowing melodies which could be easily taken up and memorized by a large body of people.

The chorale also made its influence felt in nearly all the higher departments of German sacred music of the epoch that followed. Particularly was this so in the great examples of passion music which preceded the noblest of all passion oratorios, that according to St. Matthew by J. S. Bach. Among the predecessors of Bach in this form of music were Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672), "the father of German music," Johann Sebastiani (born 1622), and Reinhard Keiser (1674-1739).

Through the strong popular element of the Protestant chorale, the earnest and solemn recitatives of Schütz and Sebastiani, and the infusion of a certain dramatic element into the sacred narrative of Christ's sufferings and death by Keiser and his librettist, oratorio form, transplanted from Italy to Germany, gradually assumed elements of construction which were destined to be evolved and glorified to the highest degree by two of the greatest of the tone-poets, J. S. Bach and G. F. Handel. To Bach himself it was reserved to give to the world, in his passion oratorios, work that has hitherto been unsurpassed for dignity, grandeur, depth, and devotional expression.

Bach's famous Matthew Passion was produced for the first time on the evening of Good Friday, 1729, in the St. Thomas Church, Leipzig, the sermon coming between the two parts after the manner of Neri's procedure at Rome.

The Matthew Passion is written for two complete choirs, each accompanied by separate orchestra and organ. The chorales are particularly solemn and impressive: they are supposed to convey the sentiments of the whole Christian Church, and are such as an ordinary German congregation could render, although the inner harmonies are by no means simple. These majestic hymn-tunes should be sung very slowly. The instrumentation of Bach in this noble masterpiece is wonderful, and the polyphony marvelous. The richness of the general tone-painting grows upon us the more intimately we become acquainted with the eminently modern construction of the fine choruses and stately recitatives. "In this great work," says W. S. Rockstro, "the German form of 'Passions Musik' culminated; and in this it may fairly be said to have passed away: for, since the death of Bach, no one has seriously attempted, either to tread in his steps, or to strike out a new ideal fitted for this peculiar species of sacred music."

Besides the Matthew Passion, the only one of the five sets composed by Bach that we now have, and know to be his work, is the John Passion. In this are found many resemblances to previous Lutheran settings of the sacred narrative. Chorales are numerous throughout the work, and are remarkable, in many instances, for their chromatic treatment. An exceedingly beautiful aria is that entitled "I follow thee also, my Saviour, with gladness." It might well be considered the song of "that disciple whom Jesus loved." It is written for a treble voice, and while not free from difficulty in phrasing and execution, yet there is a certain ingenuity and simplicity—almost childlike confidence and faith—about the flow of the melody that invests this number with peculiar charm for singers and listeners.

Thus we see how Protestantism, with its distinctly human badge of the people's sacred song, or chorale, added the finishing touch of solidity, universality, and grandeur to the sacred edifice of the oratorio. It was as if, through the newly erected cathedral of noblest tone-forms, the grand voice of the organ pealed forth for the first time, filling every nook and crevice with glorified sound, the music ascending, in wave upon wave of vibrating air, to the highest pinnacle and dome, and shaking even the "storied windows" with the throbbings of its mighty pedal pipes.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE ORATORIOS OF HANDEL

His Italian, German, and English Oratorios—"Israel in Egypt"—"Saul"—Handel in Ireland—"The Messiah"—Other Great Oratorios of Handel.

FOR details of the life and general works of George Frederick Handel (1685-1759), as well as for those relating to several other great oratorio composers to be spoken of here, the reader is referred to the biographical section of this series.

Handel wrote two Italian oratorios and one German oratorio before writing any of his seventeen English works in that form. He first went from Germany, his native land, to England in 1710, and there he remained practically for the rest of his life.

Among Handel's English oratorios are his greatest works, and of some of the more important of them we will now speak.

After writing numerous works for the stage, and producing the oratorios "Esther" (1720), "Deborah" (1733), and "Athalia" (1733), as well as a variety of other compositions, Handel, worn out with labor and business troubles, withdrew from England to the Continent to recruit his exhausted energies. On his return from the Continent, restored in constitution and spirits, he brought out his "Israel in Egypt," written in the marvelously short space of twenty-seven days. But it met with a very indifferent reception from the public; and, when repeated, the composer found it necessary to introduce Italian solos between the massive choruses in order to induce an audience to sit out a second performance! The grandeur of the double choruses in this noble work is unquestionably unsurpassed in oratorio music.

Our readers, if they are not already familiar with them, are recommended to examine such wonderful numbers as the "Hailstone" chorus, the magnificent fugal chorus "He led them through the deep," and the great bursts of jubilation "I will sing unto the Lord" and "Thy right hand, O Lord." The majesty of these choral numbers perhaps appeals to us in its full force only when rendered by singers numbering thousands, and where there is ample space for unlimited volume of sound. In "Israel in Egypt" also occurs the noted duet "The Lord is a man of war," now usually and most appropriately rendered as a two-part chorus for male voices.

Following upon "Israel" came the fine oratorio "Saul," the many beautiful numbers of which the space at our command does not permit us to specify. We cordially agree with Frederick Crowest that Jonathan's aria, "Sin not, O King," is an especially impressive number, and that the treatment of the "infernal music" is very striking and wonderful. But "Saul," the Dead March in which is almost all of the work wherewith the public is now widely familiar, met with little better fate than that of "Israel."

Then arrived a crisis in the life of Handel, and with it an event which will ever stand out like a beacon-light in the history of the world's music. We refer to the fact that Ireland, the land of the harp, whose folk-song heritage is one of the richest and most venerable in the world, was destined to be the scene of the production of that first of all oratorios, "The Messiah."

The special circumstances inducing Handel to visit Ireland were: the invitation of the Lord Lieutenant; the advantage of having his friend Matthew Dubourg resident in Dublin; the opening of the Great Music Hall, as Neale's Music Hall was called; and the negotiations into which he had entered with the friends of three charitable institutions. The Great Music Hall in Dublin had been opened for concerts and musical performances about four weeks before the "Great Saxon" started for Ireland. The three charitable institutions referred to were beneficiaries of the first production of "The Messiah."

There has been a great deal of debate as to the length of time which Handel took to compose "The Messiah." According to the record in Handel's own handwriting, in the original score of the oratorio (now in Buckingham Palace), the work was commenced on August 22, 1741, and completed on September 14. Such marvelous speed of output in such a musical masterpiece seems almost incredible; but with genius there is nothing impossible. Handel may have conceived the whole work *mentally* before he committed it to paper. Anyway, we may gather that the undertaking inspired him to an extraordinary extent.

Handel, after writing "The Messiah," left London for Ireland in November, 1841. On the way he was weather-bound at Chester. Here, it is said, desirous of trying some of the hastily transcribed choruses of his new work, he placed the parts before some of the best cathedral singers of the town. An amusing anecdote (which, though often quoted, will bear repetition here) is narrated in connection with this "trying through" of "The Messiah" parts by the Chester choir. Among the vocalists was one Janson, who had a very good voice. When it came to reading "And with his stripes," the good man failed several times to interpret his part correctly. Handel, who was particularly sensitive to a wrong note, and who was irascible often to an acute degree—his wig, in particular, being perturbed to an alarming extent—when his ear was offended, lost his temper and exclaimed in broken English: "You schountrel! Tit you not dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir," was the reply of the mortified singer, "and so I can; but not at *first sight*."

Handel was more than four months a resident of Dublin before "The Messiah" was produced, April 13, 1742. During that period he gave series of concerts, consisting mainly of his own works, and all these were most heartily and enthusiastically patronized and enjoyed by the warm-hearted Irish people, for whom Handel always expressed the highest esteem. At length the rehearsal of "The Messiah," to which ticket purchasers were admitted, took place. This was on Thursday, April 8, 1742. The Music Hall was crowded with the *élite* of the city, and the intensest enthusiasm prevailed. The work was "allowed by the greatest judges to be the finest composition of music that ever was heard." The first public performance called forth universal expressions of wonder and delight. In this first performance of the "king of oratorios," the choir was composed of boys and men from the cathedrals of Christ's and St. Patrick's.

The sacred words of "The Messiah" text had been arranged for Handel by Charles Jennens, a highly connected and gifted gentleman between whom and the composer much interesting correspondence took place.

It was only natural that the Irish public should desire a repetition performance of this noble work. This was accorded to them on June 3, in the memorable year named. This was Handel's last performance in Ireland. In course of time he returned to London, where he passed the latter part of his days in honor and affluence.

"The Messiah" was heard for the first time in London on March 23, 1743. The success and appreciation accorded to the great work was instantaneous. The King (George II), who was present at this first London performance, is said to have risen to his feet during the singing of the "Hallelujah Chorus"; a custom since usually followed, not only on account of the example thus set, but also from the innate feeling of a large assemblage that such homage is fitting to the majesty of Handel's work.

A few passages in "The Messiah" may be remarked upon. Perhaps nothing was ever conceived in all music more beautiful than the reiterated major chords which succeed the wailing minor of the overture in the introductory symphony to "Comfort ye my people." They speak the "comfort" long before the word is sung. Nearly the whole of the first part is solemnly prophetic, though not without descriptive touches—as in "Thus saith the Lord" and "The people that walked in darkness"—working gradually up to the tremendous climax at the words "Wonderful! Counselor!" After this, we have a picture such as no one short of Raphael could have displayed upon canvas, introduced by the "Pastoral Symphony," and terminating with "Glory to God in the highest." In this chorus the trumpets are heard for the first time—and without their natural bass, the drums, which Handel considered out of place in an anthem sung by the "heavenly host." Then follows a burst of irrepressible joy, in the brilliant aria "Rejoice greatly"; and then the prophetic comfort again, in "He shall feed his flock" and "His yoke is easy."

The second part differs entirely from this. It begins by calling upon us to "Behold the Lamb of God," and then paints the agony of the Passion, not in its separate details, but as one great and indivisible sorrow, which is treated with a tenderness of feeling such as is nowhere else to be found; beginning with the unapproachable pathos of "He was despised," and bringing the sad recital to a conclusion with the no less touching strains of "Behold and see." The composer has been accused of having taken too low a view of one particular passage in this part of the oratorio. It has been said that in "All we like sheep" he has described the wanderings of actual sheep, and not the backslidings of human sinners. The truth is, he has gone far more deeply into the matter than the critics who have ventured to find fault with him. Rebellion against God is an act of egregious folly, as well as of wickedness. More men sin from mere thoughtlessness than deliberate and intentional disobedience. Handel has looked at the case in both lights. In the first part of the chorus he has shown us what thoughtless sinners do; in the last fourteen bars he describes the fatal consequence of their rebellion, and the price which must be paid, not only for deliberate wickedness, but for thoughtlessness also. After the last recitative of this division of the work, "He was cut off," comes a gleam of hope, in "But thou didst not leave," followed by the triumphant "Lift up your heads"; and again through a series of airs and choruses of transcendant beauty, we are led on, step by step, to that inimitable climax in which, disguising his contrapuntal skill under the deceptive appearance of extreme simplicity, Handel himself seems to have fixed the limits beyond which even his genius could not soar—for not even the learned and supremely gorgeous Amen with which the oratorio concludes can be said to exceed the "Hallelujah Chorus" in sublimity.

The difficulty of keeping up the hearer's interest throughout the third part, after having already wrought him up to so great a pitch of excitement, was one under which any ordinary composer must of necessity have succumbed; but in truth this third part is another miracle of art. Not without careful consideration, we may be sure, did Handel begin it with an aria of surpassing beauty, though only accompanied by a thorough-bass, with violins in unison. Any more elaborate combination would have served as a foil to the preceding chorus. But this takes such new ground that it immediately attracts attention; and from it the composer works up, through a series of masterpieces, to the only chorus in the world that will bear mentioning in the same breath with the "Hallelujah"—"Worthy is the Lamb," with its fitting conclusion, the Amen.

Of the oratorios that followed "The Messiah" in marvelously rapid succession—"Samson," "Joseph," "Belshazzar," "Hercules," "Occasional Oratorio," "Judas Maccabæus," "Joshua," "Solomon," "Susanna," "Theodora" (Handel's favorite), and "Jephtha"—it is not possible, in the space at our disposal, to speak in detail. These are noble works, massive, impressive, and worthy of more frequent hearings than they obtain. We have dwelt upon "The Messiah" in particular, as its unchallenged position as the chief of oratorios deserves that attention. It is too well known to need further comment as to its contents, the many glorious numbers that compose it being as familiar as the sacred text itself to nearly every section of the community.

Next to "The Messiah," perhaps "Judas Maccabæus" is the most frequently heard of all Handel's other oratorios to-day. The chorus work of "Judas" is particularly popular with choral societies, large and small, the tuneful "See the conquering hero comes," and such dramatic numbers as "We hear the pleasing, dreadful call," which follows the Jewish leader's stirring solo "Sound an alarm," affording admirable effects at a minimum of difficulty in the rendition. Some of the arias in "Judas" are also remarkably fine, and written in the true Handelian spirit; for instance, "From mighty kings," giving full scope for the display of a cultured florid soprano. All Handel's oratorios might indeed have obtained wider familiarity than they have done had it not been that they were so overshadowed and eclipsed by the surpassing magnificence and universality of "The Messiah" that they might aptly be compared to marigolds surrounding a sunflower, beautiful in themselves, but insignificant when matched with the giant growth. Truly the great tone-cathedral of Handel's "Messiah" is an erection of which all nations of the world may be proud, and for which humanity must be ever grateful.

CHAPTER XXVII

HAYDN'S "CREATION" AND "SEASONS"—BEETHOVEN'S "MOUNT OF OLIVES"

Influence of "The Messiah"—Production of "The Creation"—General Characteristics of this Great Oratorio—How England Influenced Haydn—His Humor and Devotion—Beauties of "The Creation"—The Choruses—Some Favorite Solos—Haydn's "Seasons"—Beethoven's "Mount of Olives"—Beethoven a Hero-Worshiper—Representation of a Divine Hero.

HOW wide and wonderful indeed has been the influence of Handel's "Messiah" will perhaps never be fully computed. It appeals to men and women of all classes and grades of social and intellectual standing; it furnishes the most appropriate and impressive Christmas and Easter sacred music; it is a standard work for musical societies and all great choral organizations; it supplies unsurpassable and indispensable items for the repertoires of all great singers; lastly, as moral elevator, spiritual comforter—the solace of human sorrow and the strengthener of Christian faith—"The Messiah" undoubtedly wields a power that is immeasurable.

Perhaps no greater tangible result of this noble masterpiece could be named than that it was the inspiration which urged Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) to the composition of his famous oratorio "The Creation." Having listened in England to his great predecessor's noblest output, and being powerfully moved by the majesty of the "Hallelujah Chorus," Haydn determined to celebrate his declining years by the production of a work on similar lines. If "The Creation" scarcely rises to the sublimity of "The Messiah," it yet never fails to charm us by its bright melody and sunny imagery. It seems the outpouring of a spirit ingenuous, unsophisticated, and exultant in childlike faith in Nature's God—a great sacred bird-song of jubilance and praise to the Creator of things animate and inanimate—a tribute to the hand of love and order that regulates the music of the spheres.

As subject-matter for Haydn's grand task, Salomon offered him a libretto, compiled by Lidley from Milton's "Paradise Lost." Later on, after Haydn's return to Vienna, Freiherr van Swieten translated this, introducing many alterations in the text. The work was first heard in public on Haydn's name-day, March 19, 1799, at the National Theater. Its reception was most enthusiastic. Haydn himself was much affected. The next year "The Creation" was performed in London, at Covent Garden, and also in Paris. This was the performance (December 24, 1800) to which Napoleon I was going when he narrowly escaped an infernal machine.

The beauties, structural and emotional, of Haydn's "Creation" might well claim, for their full description, a volume by themselves. We must leave much that we would wish to say unsaid, and only try, by the most general indication, to persuade readers to a closer personal analysis of the work for themselves. A few salient points with regard to the work as a whole, and the circumstances under which it was written, must first have our attention. The entire oratorio is permeated with those personal characteristics which made Haydn, the man, beloved by his circle and contemporaries. Therein is the expert and conscientious musicianship which the composer fought so hard to obtain during the early days of his poverty and difficulties; therein is the innate happy-heartedness of a gentle and sympathetic being; therein is, moreover, all that devout trust in the goodness of the Almighty which neither adversity nor worldly prosperity could shake.

If we add that in the instrumental symphonies and accompaniments of "The Creation" we find the richer modern coloring in orchestration which was afterward to reach such wondrous contrast and blending of tone-tints under the hand of Beethoven, we discover something that makes Haydn's master oratorio a unique production even when placed side by side with Handel's "Messiah." The differing effects which the two works

produce upon us may best be described by the varied feelings aroused when we look at a smiling country landscape, adorned with the flowering hedgerows of May or early June, the noonday sun flooding all with a mellow and golden grandeur; or when we contemplate, almost with awe, the primeval forest, the snow-capped mountain-range, or the mighty, immeasurable ocean stretching to the far horizon, or breaking its billows upon a stubborn rock-bound shore. The rural beauty of Haydn's music is, indeed, striking when compared with the massive grandeur of Handel's works.

The circumstances and surroundings in which "The Creation" was composed were significant. The composer was within four or five years of his seventieth birthday when he set himself to his great task. Behind him were the experiences and triumphs won through his masses, symphonies, and quartets; nor was this his first trial of oratorio form; for, in 1785, he had penned his setting of "The Seven Words of Our Saviour on the Cross." When he was writing "The Creation" he found himself in what may be called ideal circumstances for the evolution of the best work. He had just returned from his second visit to England; and, as a result of the fame and emolument which fell to his lot there, he was enabled to settle down in a retired suburb of Vienna, where he could compose without molestation and free from all anxiety and worry. His successful visits to London had also wrought a marvelous change in his appreciative nature, and had brought him, even upon the borders of his threescore years and ten, into a state of artistic rejuvenescence. The enthusiastic plaudits of the English people kindled and kept burning in his breast a spirit of conscious strength which he knew not he possessed, or knowing, was unaware of its true worth.

Added to these things, the humor of the genial composer, being no longer repressed by any untoward circumstance, reached, in his latter days, its highest artistic development. Oratorio form could not, of course, be supposed to give any opportunity to the "father of humorous tone-poetry"; nevertheless, in the roaring of the lion, and the grotesque grunt of the double bassoon where the ground is described as "trod" by the "heavy beasts," we see a glimpse of ingenious comicality in such mimicry that makes even the most astute of musical critics smile. Turning from the ludicrous to the sublime, like Handel as he descended the vale of years, Haydn, ever deeply religious and fervently reliant upon God for his inspiration, was more than ever devout and fully imbued with the most pious aims and motives when he wrote his "Creation."

The introduction, the "Representation of Chaos," is a wonderful piece of tone-painting. The clarinet arpeggi, blending with appropriate scraps on oboes and horns, invariably strike the listener. The seething of a great mass of instruments, delicate flute passages being mingled with occasional tutti, and the continuous alternations of forte and piano, fill our minds with a vague sense of matter in its primeval, half-molten, formless state. Then succeeds a piece of descriptive recitative for Raphael (bass), followed by a pianissimo reiteration on the strings as the chorus whispers of "the Spirit" that "moved upon the face of the waters." What a stroke of genius is there in the staccato choral phrase (unaccompanied) "Let there be light," followed by the pizzicato chord on the strings which ushers in the grand C major common chord, taken fortissimo in the accompaniment, at the word "light," in the phrase "And there was light!" Very tranquil and beautiful is the flute-colored solo for Uriel (tenor) which follows: "Now vanish before the holy beams"—a strong contrast to the dramatic choral (fugued) passage which succeeds, remarkable for the chromaticism of both its voice parts and accompaniment, "Despairing, cursing rage." One can almost imagine the fell downward swoop of the disobedient angels as they "sink in the deep abyss." Mingled with the tumult—indeed, developed as it were from it—comes that well-known tender little passage on the violins leading into the tuneful choral phrase "A new created world springs up at God's command." And so we might go right through the work, specifying fresh beauties at every point; but it is only possible now to linger briefly upon some of the principal choruses and solos.

Starting with the choruses, "The heavens are telling" stands preëminent. The simplicity and yet expert musicianship of its structure is remarkable. It starts almost as if it were a chorale. Later on we find imitation and fugal development taxed to the uttermost; and yet there is never a sense of confusion or complexity, never a feeling that the composer is displaying his learning at the risk of being misunderstood. Nothing, perhaps, can be named finer than the grand protraction, once the dominant pedal is announced some thirty-eight bars from the close, of tonic harmony. Yet all is carried out so consistently that the ear is never conscious of unrest: there is rather a feeling that we are gradually borne on, step by step, to a glorious cadence, firm and strong, as the "glory of the Lord" is displayed in the firmament. Other admirable choral numbers are the jubilant and melodious "Awake the harp"; the second, "Achieved is the glorious work," with its tuneful double fugue; and the more involved but scholarly final choral number, "Sing to the Lord, ye voices all." The florid trio and chorus, "The Lord is great," is also noteworthy for its neat balance of soli and chorus parts; and a very popular favorite is the solo (soprano) and chorus, "The marvelous work," in which the oboe plays such an important part in the accompaniment.

"The Creation" is particularly rich in descriptive solo numbers. No soprano considers her education complete without a study of "With verdure clad," an aria altered three times before Haydn was quite satisfied with it. Students will note that this fine melody is really written in strict sonata form, having a first and second subject, a middle phrase, and a repeat. "On mighty pens," with its strikingly descriptive orchestration, gives a facile treble good opportunity for display of all-round ability. "In native worth" supplies the tenor with a worthy number; and "Rolling in foaming billows," with the liquid refrain "Softly purling," affords a good bass full scope for the exercise of his specific powers. It will be noticed that the contralto is not catered for. One cannot help wishing that Haydn had represented Eve's womanly sympathy through the medium of a second treble: the solo portions for the newly created man and woman are scarcely at such a high level as the work that precedes.

In "The Seasons" Haydn gives us another distinct expression of himself. Handel could no more have written "The Creation" than Haydn could have written "Israel in Egypt"; nor could any one but Haydn have written "The Seasons"—another work full of delicious imagery, and, if more secular in its character than "The Creation," only just so much so as was necessary in order to bring the music into closer harmony with the subject. The words of this oratorio were also compiled by Freiherr van Swieten, who, delighted with the success of "The Creation," took Thomson's well-known poem as the basis of a somewhat similar work, and persuaded Haydn to undertake the composition, though he himself felt unwilling to trust his then manifestly failing powers. The result found Van Swieten to be in the right. Haydn soon overcame his diffidence, entered enthusiastically into the scheme, disputed manfully over points on which he and his friend disagreed, and produced a work as full of youthful freshness as "The Creation" itself. Not a trace of the "failing power" of which the grand old man complained is to be found in any part of it. It is a model of descriptive writing; true to Nature in its minutest details, yet never insulting her by trivial attempts at outward imitation where artistic suggestion of the hidden truth was possible.

It is this great quality, this depth of insight into the soul of Nature, which places Haydn's tone-pictures so far above all meaner imitations. To this we owe our untiring interest in the scenes depicted in the oratorio; in the delicious softness of the opening chorus, which seems actually to waft a perfumed breeze into the midst of the concert-room; in the perfection of rustic happiness portrayed in the song which describes the joy of the "impatient husbandman"—"impatient" only because he longs to hurry on from one "joy" to another. These things all prove conclusively that Haydn's genius was not failing. Yet, in another sense, he was quite right and Van Swieten wrong: the labor of producing such music was too great for his physical strength. The first performance of "The Seasons" took place at the Schwarzenberg Palace, on April 24, 1801. It was repeated on the 27th, and on May 1; and on May 29 the composer conducted a grand public performance at the Redoutensaal. Its success was as great as that of "The Creation," and Haydn was equally delighted with it; but he was never really himself again, and never attempted another great work. Strange that his last almost superhuman effort, though it cost so much, should in itself have exhibited no sign of the weakness which was soon to become so painfully apparent.

The next work that arrests our attention is Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," his one oratorio. It was mainly written in the village of Hetzendorf, near Vienna, whither Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) had gone to spend the summer of 1801; but the work had been thought out a considerable time before. It is well known how fond the great composer was of the country: in the open air came to him his noblest inspirations. That he should have turned to oratorio at this period has a pathetic significance when we recollect that it was about this time that his deafness was beginning seriously to trouble him. Well can one imagine the lonely thinker, hiding behind his eccentricity and gruffness such a wealth of nobility and feeling, wandering about the rural district of Schönbrunn, near Hetzendorf, note-book in hand, picturing to himself the suffering of the Man of Sorrows in the Garden of Gethsemane, as he himself (the composer) faced the coming of a calamity that might well be reckoned, for such as he, a living death.

The words of "The Mount of Olives" had been given to Beethoven by Huber, and according to the composer they had been written in fourteen days. The work was not heard in public until April 5, 1803, when it was produced at the "Theater an der Wien." It seems to have been very well received: indeed, so excellent was the impression made that it was performed four times during that year by independent parties. Sir George Smart was the first to introduce the work to London. He performed it on February 25, 1814, among his Lenten oratorios given at Drury Lane, the English version probably being made by Arnold, manager of the King's Theater. Other versions were made by Thomas Oliphant and Bartholomew; but the one usually followed is that by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, which was written for the Leeds Festival. The "Engedi" text was written by Dr. Hudson, of Dublin, in 1842, David in the Wilderness being substituted for Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane, owing to the religious scruples of some who see sacrilege in any singer personating the rôle of the Saviour.

Beethoven's sense of hero-worship—even when his own strange personality was the object—cannot fail to strike those who have carefully studied the records of his life-history. In "The Mount of Olives" how vividly we see the hero of Nazareth stand forth. What a soul-struggle—a mighty "wrestling in prayer"—is that pathetic recitative and aria "Meine Seele ist erschüttert" (My soul is shaken), with which, following the introduction, the work opens! It is a grand appeal from tried humanity to the Fatherhood of the Almighty. Very bright, angelic in its jubilance and brilliance—an aria only possible for a very flexible, bravura soprano voice—is the fine "Preisst, preisst des Erlösers Güte" (Praise, praise the Saviour's goodness), which succeeds, intensified by the strong choral number that follows—"O Heil euch, ihr Erlösten!" (All hail, ye ransomed). Inspired by such heavenly consolation, the divine hero nerves himself to face the final pangs—"Willkommen, Tod!" (Welcome, Death), and the dramatic recitative rings forth, "Da ich am Kreuze zum Heil der Menschen blutend sterbe" (When I on the cross to the saving of mankind bleeding die). The vivid choruses for the Roman soldiers and disciples, which come next, are conceived with a dramatic power that thrills us; and throughout all we are impressed with the heroic struggle of purity and truth against wrong—the hero, Christ, forgiving his persecutors, and returning love for hate. Finally comes the "Hallelujah" chorus. Comparison with Handel's famous "Hallelujah" is impossible on account of the absolutely different methods of treatment of similar subject-matter by the two great composers. Students of form will note the free, but masterly, handling of the imitatory and fugued parts of this chorus. The simplicity of the diatonic themes utilized is also remarkable. That the whole is deeply impressive no listener can deny; the only reason for the infrequency

of its performance in church and elsewhere being, perhaps, owing to the high pitch, in some portions, of the soprano voice parts. The entire work resembles, in length, the sacred cantata rather than the oratorio; yet, as the oratorio characteristics are all there, the title is thoroughly legitimate.

Had Beethoven written another oratorio in his riper —"third"—period, the world might have had a masterpiece of depth and intensity, hinted at, but under the constraint of Church ritual, in his impressive masses. "The Mount of Olives" stands, however, almost unique in its humanizing of a divine hero. It is a marvelous, if daring, conception of the man Christ Jesus.

CHAPTER XXVIII

ORATORIO AND THE ROMANCE COMPOSERS

Spohr and Schumann—A Violinist Composer—"The Last Judgment"—Profundity of the Theme—"Calvary"—"The Fall of Babylon"—Schumann, a Many-sided Genius—An English Poem and the German Musician—"Paradise and the Peri": a Strongly Imaginative Tone-Picture—The Peri's Great Solo.

WE now turn aside, for a brief space, from the great masterpieces of oratorio to the consideration of one or two works which—although the product of peculiar phases of genius, or of creative talent—from their obvious limitations in development are to be rather placed in a category by themselves than with such compositions as "The Messiah" and "The Creation." We refer in particular to the oratorios of Louis Spohr (1784-1859) and that unique, so-called profane oratorio of Schumann, "Paradise and the Peri"—works so decidedly imbued with the individualities of their respective composers as scarcely to call for universal acceptance, nor, from their innate peculiarities and mannerisms, to attract a wide section of critical interest. To some musical readers it may appear unwonted to couple the name of Spohr with that of Schumann in this category. Yet be it remembered that in this case we are simply considering the two composers with regard to their work in the department of oratorio, and quite apart from any contrast of the specific chromatic talent of the gifted violinist composer, or the vivid romanticism of a tone painter of so many parts as Robert Schumann. Diverse as the two are in style and conception, it is, however, worth noting that both have left specimens of creative work in well-nigh every department of musical art.

That the infinite enharmonic possibilities of the violin appealed to Spohr, the sensitive virtuoso, and impelled him in his compositions to incessant modulation, seems as certain as that the pianoforte, with its fixed gamut of equal temperament, urged Schumann, in order to obtain the intense coloring he desired, to seek for strong key change and daring intricacies of rhythm. The products of two such minds in any one department, though vastly differing from each other, were bound to be alike in one respect—they would offer genre pictures of musical idiosyncrasies that would scarcely create a wide circle of imitators. So the works we are about to refer to stand alone, rather as experiments in novel treatment of a familiar subject than models to be copied or followed by ambitious composers.

Taking Spohr's two principal oratorios first, "The Last Judgment" and "Calvary," we are brought face to face with the work of a creative artist who had already won his fame as a great executant. When he made his first appearances in Leipzig, Dresden, and Berlin as a solo violinist, the press was enthusiastic as to his skill as a virtuoso. Even then he had begun to compose, his beautiful violin concertos being among the items of his repertoire—numbers which evoked enthusiastic admiration. These works were the predecessors of output in almost every form of composition —symphony, opera, and oratorio. Spohr's life was, indeed, a long and active one; and, both as executive artist and composer, he must be placed in the first rank of great musicians. Although not without his troubles, still, compared with the trials and life-struggles of so many others of the great masters, Spohr's circumstances were such as to permit him the full and joyous exercise of his distinguished talents, both as performer and creative musician. He was already a composer of some fame, having written his operas "Faust," "Zemire und Azor," "Jessonda," and his D flat symphony, before he turned his attention to oratorio work.

"Die letzten Dinge," known under its English title as "The Last Judgment," was first heard at the Rhenish Festival of 1826. We here see Spohr at his best; his style, more conspicuous for its individuality than that of any other composer of his time, fully developed; his experience matured by long and unbroken familiarity with the orchestra, under circumstances scarcely less favorable than those which exercised so happy an effect upon the art-life of Haydn; and his genius free to lead him where it would. It led him, in this case, to attempt the illustration of mysteries which might well have appalled a less bold spirit than his. But there can be no doubt that the subject presented a peculiar attraction for him. There is in all his music—even in his most joyous strains—an undercurrent of unfathomable depth which seems continually striving to lead the hearer away from the external

aspect of things, in order to show him a hidden meaning not to be revealed to the thoughtless listener.

The value of such a quality as this in "Die letzten Dinge" was incalculable. Spohr's familiarity with the profoundest secrets of the chromatic and enharmonic genera, which had by this time become a second nature to him, afforded him access to regions of musical expression as yet unexplored; and he entered them, not with the timidity of a pioneer, but with the certainty of a finished master. His refined taste precluded the possibility of an inharmonious progression; yet he dared modulations which, in less skillful hands, would have been excruciating. In the space of half a bar he may take us miles from the key in which we started; but the journey is performed so smoothly that we scarcely know we have performed it. The quality one most misses in his music is that of sternness; yet in "Die letzten Dinge" we are not without indications even of that.

This great oratorio, the name of which literally signifies "The last things," is not well entitled "The Last Judgment." In fact, the English title is a very unfortunate one; for besides being a gross mistranslation, it gives a very false idea both of the scope and the intention of the work. The words are selected, for the most part, from those parts of the Apocalypse which describe the terrible signs and portents to be sent, hereafter, as precursors of the consummation of all things. Dramatic treatment would manifestly have been an insult to the solemnity of such a subject. Spohr has not even ventured to look upon it as a sacred epic. His interpretation is purely contemplative. He first strives to lead our thoughts as far as possible beyond the reach of all external impressions; and then, with the irresistible force of that oratory which far exceeds in power the rhetoric of words, invites us to meditate upon some of the most thrilling passages to be found in any part of the Bible. The amount of artistic skill made subservient to this great end is almost incredible. The form of the movements, the disposition of the voices, the instrumentation of the accompaniments, are all, in turn, brought to bear upon it. There is but one idea from beginning to end. The composer makes no attempt to please, but is content to come before us simply in the character of preacher. Hence it is that the work does not contain a single air. The lovely duet for treble and tenor, "Forsake me not," is the only regularly constructed movement allotted to the solo voices. Except for this, they are exclusively employed, either in conjunction with the chorus, which is in constant requisition, or in the declamation of highly wrought accompanied recitative, so melodious in character, that, had it been produced at the present day, it would probably have been called "melos."

The instrumentation of this recitative exhibits the composer in his fullest strength, but proclaims, at the same time, a most commendable amount of self-renunciation. In a certain sense it may be described as tone-painting, but its imagery is purely subjective. Ever striving so to influence the mind as to bring it more and more closely *en rapport* with the written text as the work approaches its climax, it never attempts to depict realities, but aims rather at the suggestion of unspoken thoughts which serve its purpose far more readily than any amount of realistic delineation—and it attains its end by many a master-stroke. In the well-known chorus "All glory to the Lamb that died" the pastoral character of the pizzicato accompaniment brings instantly before us the birth of the Lamb whose Incarnation formed the first step in the great Sacrifice we are contemplating. It is like a glimpse of the Van Eycks' marvelous picture in the cathedral at Ghent. The tumultuous horror of the chorus "Destroyed is Babylon the mighty" is increased a thousandfold by the freezing lull during which "the sea gives up its dead." And when the horror is over, and we have felt rather than heard its thunders dying away in the distance, and have learned, from the voice of the angel, that "All is fulfilled," and Babylon no more, the wrathful sounds, already nearly inaudible, continue to fade through a still softer pianissimo, until they lead us into the opening strains of the ineffably beautiful quartet "Blessed are the dead," which forms the culminating point of the whole. There is nothing in the oratorio more striking than this truly sublime conception. Spohr himself evidently felt this, and intended that it should be so; for he attempts nothing more. Henceforward, all is peace; and even the bold chorus "Great and wonderful," with its fine fugal writing and beautiful contrasts, dies away, at last, into a pianissimo.

Spohr wrote no other oratorio, after this, until 1833, when, living at Cassel, he composed and superintended the performance of "Des Heilands letzte Stunden," a work which first became known in England under the title of "The Crucifixion," and, at a later period, under that of "Calvary." Some of the choruses in this are characterized by a tenderness to which their chromatic structure lends an inexpressible charm; and the whole work is pervaded by a solemn beauty which leads us deeply to regret that it should be so rarely performed in public. "Calvary," indeed, is full of beautiful and plaintive melody. We see it in the theme of the opening chorus, "Gentle night, O descend"; the solo for Mary, followed by the chorus of disciples, "Though all thy friends prove faithless"; Peter's touching air, "Tears of sorrow, shame, and anguish"; and the exquisite opening theme of the chorus "In this dread hour of death"; to mention only a few of many excerpts that might be quoted. Spohr's "Calvary" may well be considered a melodious and most delicately harmonized passion oratorio; less profound and masterly than Bach's works; less strong and heroic only than Beethoven's "Mount of Olives."

"Calvary" was followed, some years later, by "The Fall of Babylon," a work of greater proportions, which, on July 21, 1843, the composer himself directed, for the first time, at Exeter Hall, London, by special invitation of the Sacred Harmonic Society, on which occasion the effect produced by the opening bars of the chorus, "The lion roused from slumber is springing," was one which those who were fortunate enough to hear it could not easily forget. Spohr, indeed, was a model conductor, and sometimes electrified his audience by a single stroke of his baton, though never with a rude or unwelcome shock.

In this work, some critics tell us, the music is scarcely grand or stern enough for the majesty and solemnity of the subjects dealt with. There is too much

sweetness and melody where power and dramatic intensity would be more in keeping with the requirements of the subject-matter.

Turning to "Paradise and the Peri," the work of Robert Schumann (1810-56), we find a very different type of musical genius manifested. Commencing with pianoforte compositions, Schumann turned his attention to song-writing upon the occasion of his happy marriage with Clara Wieck at the age of thirty; and later on we find him engrossed by the unfathomable beauties of orchestral music, which afforded his intense and emotional temperament the wealth of coloring he desired. His B flat symphony was the main product of this period, which was also marked by the composition of some of his finest pieces of chamber music; and after these we reach the notable year 1843, when (December 4) Leipzig saw the first performance of "Paradise and the Peri," the composer himself conducting. The work was most enthusiastically received; so much so that a repetition performance of it was held the following week, and later on in the same month it was heard in the Opera House at Dresden.

Schumann himself seems to have been particularly attracted by the subject of "Paradise and the Peri." Moore's imagery and music of poetical expression (in "Lalla Rookh") appealed powerfully to his own imagination, and offered him opportunity for the variety of tone-coloring that he desired. In a letter to a friend, after his work was finished, the composer says: "A soft voice within me kept saying while I wrote, 'It is not in vain that thou art writing!'" On June 27, 1844, Schumann wrote to Moscheles, saying that, with the full support of Mendelssohn, he hoped to visit England and conduct parts of his "Paradise and the Peri" there, "which," he said, "had, as it were, sprung from English soil, and was one of the sweetest flowers of English verse." The project of an English tour seems, however, to have fallen through, owing to some difficulty in bringing out the work with English words.

Turning to the oratorio itself, though we find, perhaps, much from a technical point to criticise, the beauties of the whole, as an imaginative tone-picture, are very great. The opening phrase of the introductory symphony seems almost to anticipate the half-despairing cry of the Peri when, after her second offering has failed to open to her the sacred portal of heaven, she cries, "Rejected, and sent from Eden's door." Then, from the very start, we are led on through a fascinating chain of delicate rhythmic and harmonic effects, the accompaniment being all the time most vividly and exquisitely orchestrated, until military prowess, self-sacrificing love, and the sinner's repentance are portrayed by musical methods which, if not immediately appreciable to the casual listener, yet strike the student and connoisseur with their originality and intensity as something quite out of the beaten track.

The choral parts have been characterized as weak. In the third part especially it is said that the whole is dragged out so as to become monotonous and wearisome. Even vocally, one cannot help being aware of the strain upon the singers—a strain scarcely requisite, especially in the solo soprano part, to the effect produced. While acknowledging that these are defects from a performer's point of view, yet they scarcely take from the artistic value of the work itself. Strong and vivid as it is in its tone-coloring, it seems quite certain that Schumann wrote to please himself rather than the often claptrap taste of the public. Even that most popular of numbers in the work, the Chorus of Houris, "Wreathe ye the steps to great Allah's throne," depends more upon its consistent development of Moore's poetic idea than upon any choral climax of striking effect. Therein we see, as if through the clouds, the flower-laden groups of spirits, happy and blessed in an innocence that knows neither earth-born sorrow nor passion, and who, as they sing their pæan of joy and devotion, float now nearer, now farther away, until, at last, the final vocal phrase falls pianissimo on the ear: "Joy's crystal fountain floweth for those who wait on the Lord."

Adverting again to the criticism that the vocal parts in the "Peri" are to a great extent trying to the voice and inclined to be monotonous, one instance will suffice to quote in evidence against this verdict. Take the Peri's solo—

> Yet will I not stay, but constantly,
> From pole to pole without rest I'll wander.

There is a sweep, a vigor, and a determination about this number which, when well interpreted by a strong dramatic soprano, is full of fascination and spirit. The setting of the words—

> And though the jewel guarded be,
> Fast though the granite rocks may bind it,
> I will, I must yet surely find it,

is full of a musical energy which cannot but impress. The final cadence is also such that therein a good soloist may find a worthy display for her powers.

Many portions of this fine work, if analyzed thoughtfully, would disclose structural beauty and design. The epithet "profane," as applied to the one sacred drama—if we may so call it—of Schumann, might be misunderstood by one who failed to remember that "profane" here means "secular." In fact, the term secular is already recognized as describing this type of oratorio, of which Schumann may be considered as the founder.

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CHAPTER XXIX

ORATORIOS OF MENDELSSOHN AND GOUNOD

A Fortunate Genius—How "St. Paul" Originated—Mendelssohn as a Contrapuntist—Brief Analysis of "St. Paul"—English Performances of "St. Paul"—Evolution of the "Elijah"—Birmingham Performance—Some Notable Features of "Elijah"—Influences that led Gounod to Write his Oratorios—"The Redemption" and "Mors et vita."

DURING the first half of the nineteenth century no star shone with such brilliance in the musical horizon as Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-47). Genius, united to a charming personality, and fostered from birth by all that favorable circumstance, individual aptness, and the love and devotion of beloved ones could bestow, offers a combination of fortunate happenings and surroundings which seldom falls to the lot of mortals. The wonder was that his "luck" did not spoil Mendelssohn, or make him less willing to work. He was ever the true artist—never satisfied with anything but the best—ever striving to attain to the highest ideals and give to the world the noblest output of his exertions. Such was the man who was destined to erect the great tone-cathedrals "St. Paul" and "Elijah," the former more strictly in the oratorio vein than the latter, but "Elijah" still remaining a fine example of a popular oratorio.

The circumstances which led to the composition of "St. Paul" are deeply instructive and interesting. Previously had come the "wonder music" of his youth, including that most delightful of all overtures, the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; his beautiful concert overtures; the "Scottish" and "Italian" symphonies; and that superb and masterly setting, almost in oratorio form, of Goethe's impressive "Walpurgis Night." Ever a reverent devotee of J. S. Bach, there is no doubt that Mendelssohn's revival, in 1829, after a century's oblivion, of the Matthew Passion, gave him an insight into the majestic polyphony and religious fervor of its great composer that must strongly have influenced him a few years later in the evolution of "St. Paul." For a long time he had been anxious to find a good libretto whereon to base a large choral work. Against the puerility and coarseness of most opera libretti of the day his refined mind revolted. "If," he says in one of his letters written from Paris in 1831, "that style is indispensable, I will forsake opera and *write oratorios.*" It is significant that very soon afterward the Cäcilien-Verein of Frankfort invited him to compose an oratorio on St. Paul.

As if by inspiration, Mendelssohn seems at once to have conceived the entire plan upon which his oratorio text was to be based—the Biblical narrative interspersed with chorales. This idea he communicated to his friend Adolph B. Marx. The two then made a bargain: each was to write an oratorio text-book for the other, Mendelssohn to be responsible for "Moses," and Marx for "St. Paul." Mendelssohn's part of the compact was soon fulfilled, but Marx was less faithful to his promise. For some unexplained reason he returned Mendelssohn's text, and refused to furnish a book upon St. Paul, on the plea that chorales were an anachronism. Mendelssohn was therefore compelled to fall back upon his own resources; but these seldom failed him. With his close and reverent knowledge of the Bible and the assistance of his friends Fürst and Schubring, he soon put together the text of "St. Paul." The March of 1834 saw the musical part of the task commenced. Two years subsequently, at the beginning of 1836, "St. Paul" was a *fait accompli.* Owing to the illness of Schelbe, the director of the Cäcilien-Verein at Frankfort, the work was not first produced at the latter place, but upon the occasion of the Lower Rhine Festival of 1836 at Düsseldorf. The enthusiasm evoked was very marked.

An examination of the work itself discloses musicianship and beauty of conception and construction decidedly Mendelssohnian. Therein is all the symmetry and design, the delicious yet never enervating melody, and the clear and smooth harmonization of the tone-painter of the concert overtures. But there is something more. We have spoken of the influence of J. S. Bach on the composer. In "St. Paul," especially in the treatment of the chorales, we see the triumph of modern constructive skill in the weaving together of solid, mainly diatonic, harmony. In his four-part unaccompanied writing no one has so nearly approached his great model as Mendelssohn. Even in the simple and touching three-part number "To thee, O Lord, I yield my spirit," if the sternness of the elder master is wanting, there is the sweetness and power inseparable from the tone-combinations of the younger. Mendelssohn must ever remind us of Bach as he might have been under the irresistible charm of Mozart's melody. If any one possessed the skill of beautifying counterpoint, it was Mendelssohn. We are powerfully struck with this in the interludes and accompaniments to his chorales; see, for instance, "O thou, the true and only light," in "St. Paul."

No number of "St. Paul" is without its own intrinsic beauty. We can, however, in passing, refer only to a few of the salient points of the oratorio. The dignified choral opening, announced by the bass instruments of the orchestra, gives the keynote, as it were, to the entire work. Therein we see the steadfastness and grandeur upon which the Christian faith is founded—the sacrifice of flesh and self for love of others. Then comes the St. Stephen episode, vividly *indicated* rather than dramatized. Afterward we have the pure and lovely aria "Jerusalem," with its delicately scored

accompaniment for wood-wind, horns, and strings, without the strident voice of the oboe. There are the wonderful choruses "Take him away" and "Stone him to death." We are deeply moved as we listen, and cannot but admire the irreproachable good taste of Mendelssohn which makes this entire opening portion of his oratorio a kind of prologue to the first entry of the defender of the faith of Israel at the fine bass solo "Consume them all." Almost like the voice of an angel there comes the lovely contralto fragment "But the Lord is mindful of his own."

Full and satisfying in its vocal and instrumental effects is the noble chorus "O great is the depth," which forms a conclusion to the first part of the oratorio. Mendelssohn himself is said to have been particularly fond of the sweetly flowing theme of "How lovely are the messengers." A slight flavor of the pagan element—afterward so powerfully used in the Baal choruses of "Elijah"—is effectively introduced in the chorus "O be gracious, ye immortals." The well-written cavatina for tenor, "Be thou faithful unto death," and the final chorus with its bright fugal second part, "Bless thou the Lord, O my soul," are other notable excerpts from a work which we would gladly hear oftener in its entirety.

"St. Paul" was performed for the first time in England at Liverpool on October 3, 1836; and was heard in September of the following year, rendered by the Sacred Harmonic Society at Exeter Hall, London; being given a little more than a week later (September 20, 1837) at the Birmingham Festival. Upon the first of these occasions Mendelssohn was among the audience, and had thus an opportunity of being a listener, for the first time apart from conducting duties, to his work. He records of the event in his private diary that he found it "very interesting." Later on, the success of Mendelssohn's appearance in the triple rôle of composer, conductor, and executant (pianist and organist) was phenomenal.

To enter into anything like complete detail with regard to "Elijah" would require a disproportionate space in the present work. From the composer's private journal we discover that he was discussing an oratorio text on the great Jewish prophet with Klingemann on the occasion of his London visit of 1837. Upon his return to Leipzig Mendelssohn was, for some few years, mainly taken up with other work. In 1839 we once more find him busy over the "Elijah" subject, the idea of which had been suggested to him by that striking passage in 1 Kings xix. 11: "Behold, the Lord passed by." Already he had submitted various parts of Holy Writ and the order of certain scenes to his friend Schubring, having, some short time before, discussed "St. Peter" as a possible theme. But, as yet, no music seems to have been written.

At last, by May 23, 1846, the first part of the "Elijah" was finished, and the entire work was ready for translation by the end of July.

On August 26 "Elijah" was first heard at the town hall, Birmingham, Mendelssohn himself conducting. Richard Hoffman, in his book entitled "Some Musical Recollections of Fifty Years" (1910), describes the production of this great oratorio. He was then fifteen years of age. At the rehearsals, which he was permitted to attend, he closely observed Mendelssohn, whom he portrays as having a "small, lithe figure, the head rather large, face long and oval, eyes prominent but full, large and lustrous, beaming with the light of genius."

The first performance of "Elijah" was striking and wonderful. It seems that, just as the gifted musician stepped to his place at the conductor's desk, the sun burst forth from behind a cloud and illumined the scene, while the applause from a densely crowded orchestra and audience resounded on all sides. "No work of mine," said the composer, "ever went so admirably at the first performance, or was received with such enthusiasm by musicians and the public, as this." Yet Mendelssohn was not entirely satisfied with his work in its first draft. Before it was finally published in July, 1847, he made many revisions in the score.

It cannot be said that "Elijah" is really a greater work than "St. Paul"; it is great in a different way. In one respect, the main idea is the same as that treated in "St. Paul"—the triumph of truth over falsehood. In both oratorios the instrument by which this triumph is accomplished is a Heaven-commissioned teacher, whose influence is distinctly perceptible throughout the entire work; only, in "Elijah" the personality of this teacher is more frequently brought before us than in "St. Paul," where we are so frequently made to feel his influence without actually seeing him. As a natural consequence, the later oratorio is much more dramatic in structure than the earlier one. The character of the prophet is drawn with minute attention to the peculiar traits by which it is distinguished in the Scripture narrative; and the scenes in which he stands forth as the principal figure are painted with intense descriptive power. Eight such scenes are brought most prominently into the foreground: four in the first part—the prophecy of the drought, the raising of the widow's son, the sacrifice on Mount Carmel, and the coming of the rain; and four in the second part—the persecution of Elijah by Jezebel, the prophet's sojourn in the desert, with all its awful revelations of almighty power, his return to his people and subsequent departure in the fiery chariot, and the magnificent conclusion which teaches us the deep signification of the whole.

The recitative in which the opening prophecy is announced, placed *before* the overture which so vividly describes its terrible effects, is a grand conception, scarcely exceeded in dramatic force by any subsequent passage, and immeasurably enhanced by the four solemn chords with which the brass instruments prelude the first words of the terrible denunciation. The despairing phrases of the overture lead so naturally into the cry of the wailing people, "Help, Lord! the harvest is over, the summer days are gone," that we cannot but believe the whole chain of movements to have been the result of the same individual idea, the gradual development of which finds consistent expression in Obadiah's exhortation to repentance—clothed in the lovely tenor air, "If with all your hearts"—and the noble chain of movements, beginning with "Yet doth the Lord," which forms the climax of this division of the subject.

In the next picture we find Elijah "by the brook Cherith," whence, after having been comforted by

the soothing strains of the double quartet "He shall give his angels charge over thee," he is summoned to Zarephath, to the house of the widow, the raising of whose son is painted in tender accents which find their fitting response, not, as the careless hearer might have expected, in a chorale—for the chorale belongs exclusively to the Christian dispensation, and this is preëminently a Jewish oratorio—but in the contemplative chorus "Blessed are the men who fear him," which brings the scene to so appropriate and well-considered a conclusion. Then follows the sacrifice, in which the thoroughly worldly yet never trivial strains sung by the Baal-worshipers are so strikingly contrasted with Elijah's sublime prayer, "Lord God of Abraham," the softer harmonies of "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," and the descent of the fire and consequent recognition of the true God—a tremendous scene, which reaches its climax in the destruction of the prophets of Baal, and needs all the resources, both choral and instrumental, that the orchestra can afford, for its efficient representation. How these resources are used will be best understood by those who have not only heard but studied the oratorio, and endeavored to interpret it in the spirit in which it was composed.

But this is not the culminating point of the first part. After the beautiful alto song "Woe unto them," we again meet the prophet on Mount Carmel, to watch with him for the coming rain, until the orchestra actually *shows* us the "little cloud" arising "out of the sea, like a man's hand," and the storm bursts over us in welcome torrents, bringing salvation to the famine-stricken people, who, intoxicated with wonder and delight, unite in the thrilling chorus "Thanks be to God," which is so placed as to bring out its strongest points to the best advantage, while it derives additional effect from the skill with which it is fitted into its important position, where it forms so perfect a complement to the almost despairing cry for mercy with which the oratorio began.

The second part opens with the soprano solo "I am he that comforteth," followed by the quite exceptional chorus "Be not afraid," in which so many different emotions are portrayed by the master hand which makes them all subservient to a common end. After this, we are brought face to face with the hateful Jezebel, who comes before us, in all her meanness and deceit and treachery, to incite the people against the prophet whose prayers have saved them, and so to compass his destruction. The recitative in which Obadiah counsels the seer to fly from persecution is strangely beautiful, and introduces us to one of the most impressive pictures that have ever been attempted in the whole range of descriptive music—the hiding in the wilderness; the comfort proffered by the angels, in the heavenly trio "Lift thine eyes," and the chorus which follows it; the sadness which almost overcomes even Elijah's constancy; the calm peace of the beautiful air "O rest in the Lord"; and then the awful history which tells how the Holy One of Israel, who was not in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, revealed himself, at length, in the still small voice. It is impossible to do adequate justice to the power with which this terrible event is depicted—the combination of technical skill and depth of feeling needed to render that possible which, had either quality failed, or even existed in excess of the other, could only have resulted in irreverence too ghastly for contemplation. There can be no doubt that this is the finest part of the oratorio; and in order to calm the excitement which it never fails to produce, it is absolutely necessary that the hearer should return for a moment to things of earth, and join in converse with the sons of the prophets before he is privileged to hear of the "Chariot of fire, and horses of fire," in which the man of God is taken to receive his reward. Then follows the peroration—including the tenor air "Then shall the righteous shine," the quartet "O come, every one that thirsteth," and the splendid chorus "And then shall your light break forth"—in which is summed up the lesson of the whole; the lesson of faith in the future, founded on experience of the past; the lesson of hope and peace and joy, which the composer has impressed upon us throughout.

Had Mendelssohn lived to complete his fortieth year, we should probably have had a third oratorio from his pen—"Christus"—upon fragments of which he was busy up to close upon the time of his death. Thus might we have had a grand trilogy of Biblical heroes, the great Hebrew prophet, Paul the Jewish convert and apostle of the Gentiles, and Christ himself, in whose praise some of the noblest music has been written.

It is quite possible that he might have produced a work more perfect than either "St. Paul" or "Elijah." But we dare not grieve for the loss of it. For surely, if it be true, as one of the most judicious of modern German critics has said, that the ultimate purpose of the oratorio is "neither to minister to our senses, nor to afford us what we ordinarily understand by the words 'pleasure' and 'entertainment,' but to elevate our souls, to purify our lives, and, so far as art can conduce to such an end, to strengthen our faith and our devotion toward God"—surely if this be the legitimate aim of the great art-form we are considering, no writer, ancient or modern, has ever striven more earnestly to attain it than did Mendelssohn, and the efforts of very few indeed have been blessed with an equal measure of success.

Concerning the work of the famous French composer Charles François Gounod (1818-93), as a writer of oratorios, much might be said, but we must be content with a few passing remarks. After "Faust" had brought him name and fame, we find him ever turning his attention to sacred music. He had always been a great admirer of Schumann, and notably of Berlioz; nor did Wagner's early sermons on operatic reform shake the art world without causing Gounod to think. That the productions of these men influenced the reflective and keenly analytical mind of the French composer, who was ever more of a student and a thoughtful recluse than a man of the world, who can doubt? As early as 1868 Gounod is said to have sketched out "The Redemption"; but the work was not finished until 1881. It was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1882, and was heard in Paris May 22, 1886. Since then it has become widely popular and has figured in the repertoire of all choral societies of importance. It was followed by a second great sacred work, "Mors et vita," called a tetralogy, from its being

laid out in four parts. This last composition, full of majestic and melodious "representative themes," and surpassingly beautiful and refined in orchestration—like its immediate predecessor, "The Redemption"—first obtained a hearing in England, having been produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1885. Though it is often to be heard, either as a whole or in part, it has not, perhaps, yet obtained the full recognition it deserves as a score of remarkable religious thought and striking musicianship.

Concerning "The Redemption," as also with regard to the genius of its author, there are many varied opinions. In his work Gounod makes a bold innovation in almost entirely discarding the polyphonic and fugal chorus of his predecessors in oratorio work. His recitatives are most delicately and tastefully colored by the instrumental accompaniment, and doubtless in this, as in his constant use of the *Leitmotiv*, the composer was much under the spell of Wagner. The beautiful "Redemption" theme, which serves as principal material of the opening of the symphony of the first chorus, "The earth is my possession," is a piece of luscious melody which lingers in the memory with a strange clinging power. We meet it frequently throughout the work—where the Angel hails Mary as "Gratia plena"—where the Saviour prays, "Pardon their sin, my Father"—where the dying thief is comforted with the words "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise"—where the risen Redeemer addresses the holy women with "All hail! Blessed are ye women"—and notably, like a great pæan of triumph, where it is introduced fortissimo in the orchestra at the close of the grand chorus "Unfold, ye portals everlasting."

Strong numbers in the work—numbers we can memorize with strange persistency, so vividly do their symmetry and melody appeal to us—are the thrilling "March to Calvary," with the choral introduction of the old Church hymn "Vexilla Regis"; Mary's lovely and touching solo with harp accompaniment, "While my watch I am keeping"; the exquisite chorale "For us the Christ," with its rich melodic coda at the words "Faith unswerving, holy Hope, that unconquered remained, heavenly Love, ever young; for them thanks do we raise."

So far the first part. The second part of the oratorio, based on the divine subjects of the resurrection and the ascension, is full of touches of inexpressible charm. As day dawns on the first resurrection morn, how beautiful is that rhythmic allegretto on muted strings, ushering in the approach of the three Marys to the sepulcher! How dramatic the scenes that follow—scenes by the tomb and in the Sanhedrin which we can almost picture as being enacted before us when we close our eyes and let the music speak to the emotional side of our intellect! Then comes one of the gems of the work, the exquisite soprano solo and chorus "From thy love as a Father." Seldom, perhaps, has melody been penned more ravishing than that to "They who seek things eternal."

For choral effects—each of a different color—there can be few selections named more attractive or impressive than "Unfold," already referred to; the delicious melodic opening to the third part, "Lovely appear"; and the majestic unisonal start of the hymn of the apostles, "The Word is flesh become." These, and many other traits, impossible to dwell upon here, make "The Redemption" essentially an oratorio of modern religious thought.

Taking it as a whole, Gounod's "Redemption" may be considered as a modern religious work built upon a wholly different plan from the classical oratorios. It shows a much more dramatic use of orchestra and a more operatic vein than the older and more standard works.

CHAPTER XXX

ORATORIOS OF ENGLISH COMPOSERS

Musical Influences in England—Eminent British Musicians of the Day—Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon"—Other Living British Musicians—Bennett's "Woman of Samaria"—Macfarren's "St. John the Baptist"—Sullivan and Sacred Music—His "Prodigal Son"—Oratorio in America—The Future of Oratorio.

THE reproach is often uttered that there is no great school of English composers. According to the views of English writers, it would be more just to say that in former times no fair opportunity was given to native talent for the development of such a school. But Great Britain and Ireland have not been without honor in the annals of musical achievement. In the madrigal, glee, anthem, and Church service they have had many noted names; and the ballad operas of Balfe and Wallace still exercise an apparently undiminished popularity throughout the United Kingdom. In a less obtrusive, if none the less effectual way, British musical art, especially since the middle of the nineteenth century, has made itself felt in various departments of life and through numerous channels of influence and usefulness. Great music-schools, musical

guilds, cathedral choirs, large choral societies, national institutions and festivals—all these agencies are doing much for the spread of musical knowledge and the development and encouragement of talent in that part of the world. And Great Britain is proud of eminent musicians to-day, whose works are solid and worthy of the land that produces them. Among names of honor we may mention Sir William Sterndale Bennett (1816-75), Sir George A. Macfarren (1813-87), Sir John Stainer (1840-1901), Sir Robert P. Stewart (1825-94), and preëminently, perhaps, Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900). Of living musicians it is not always convenient to speak; but three names may be fittingly given here, respectively representing the three sister countries constituting the British school—England, Ireland, and Scotland. We refer to Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, and Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie. Sir Hubert Parry's "Judith" (Birmingham Festival, 1888) is a work of scholarship worthy the dignity and culture of the principal of the Royal College of Music. Sir C. V. Stanford has done much admirable work in all the loftiest branches of composition, as well as in unearthing many valuable folk-songs of his country. Upon the performance of his fine work "The Three Holy Children" (Birmingham Festival, 1885) in Dublin, by the Dublin Musical Society, a profound impression of the composer's musicianship was conveyed, the able and dramatic orchestration, as the masterly eight-part writing, being particularly effective. A work of even greater importance is the composer's "Eden," in which the many features of interest deserve the study of all musical aspirants.

Foremost as champion of the "Renaissance" of British music comes Sir Alexander C. Mackenzie, principal of the Royal Academy of Music. His "Rose of Sharon" (Norwich Festival, 1884) is a dramatic oratorio, founded on the Song of Solomon, which has had many successful performances.

Of English oratorio composition by earlier and now departed musicians one or two instances must suffice for present analysis and comment. Starting with the compositions of Sir William Sterndale Bennett, we find in that eminent composer a refinement and artistic delicacy of coloring which perhaps appeal rather to the cultured musician than to the ordinary listener. His oratorio, "The Woman of Samaria," was first heard at the Birmingham Festival in 1867. This scholarly composition has a notable introductory movement, in which the chorale and its accompaniment are written in different tempi, and the whole shows traces of the composer's devotion to the methods of J. S. Bach. It cannot be said that this fine work is popular, in the sense of appealing to all classes of listeners; but the score will well repay the study expended upon it by thoughtful musicians.

In Sir George A. Macfarren we meet with an English musician of rare capacity and astonishing fertility of musical invention. He tried his hand at almost all kinds of composition, and as author, editor, and lecturer he obtained a position of high respect in the musical world as a man of the widest culture and erudition, as well as of marked creative ability. His first oratorio, "St. John the Baptist," is perhaps the best known of the four written by him. It was originally written for performance at the "Three Choirs" Festival held at Gloucester in 1872. Owing partly to the fact that the cathedral authorities objected to the singing in sacred precincts of the secular air "I rejoice in my youth," it was not given; and to the Bristol Festival Committee of 1873 was reserved the honor of giving a public hearing to this really fine work. The oratorio was received with great enthusiasm. It was soon after heard in London, where it was equally successful.

The work is full of originality, and shows depth of scholarship and creative power. The opening trumpet-call is most effective. The distinctive themes, their clever development, and the avoidance of a perfect cadence until the close, suggestive of the long expectancy of the faithful until prophecy be fulfilled—these points tend to make the overture a striking piece of instrumentation. The opening chorus is majestic and impressive, and embodies a vigorous fugue with a coda leading to a strong climax on the word "curse." The scene with St. John, the people, publicans and soldiers, is then very dramatically narrated after the manner of a musical dialogue. An effective solo (bass), "I indeed baptize you with water," follows for St. John; and then succeeds what is popularly considered the gem of the work, the short chorus for female voices in four parts: "This is my beloved Son."

The second part of the oratorio, which opens with the brilliantly depicted scene of Herod's court, is of necessity rather dramatic in character; but with such good taste and refinement is even the dance episode treated, wherein the daughter of Herodias pleases the King, and, acting upon the prompting of her mother, obtains the execution of the Baptist, that the incongruity of such an element in oratorio is scarcely noticeable. Some very scholarly writing, both solo and choral, then follows, not the least remarkable being the final chorus, "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" The fugal subject, based on an ascending scale, at the words "He was a burning and a shining light," is particularly telling, and is intensified by the inversion of the subject toward the close.

"St. John the Baptist" was followed by "The Resurrection," "Joseph," and "King David." Of the four, probably the first displays the best work. It deserves to be more frequently placed in the programmes of oratorio societies than hitherto it has been.

Another contemporary English composer, Sir Edward Elgar, has written two oratorios of high merit: "The Light of Life" (1896) and "The Dream of Gerontius" (1900).

No English musician has won his way so widely with the public as the late Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan. This popularity was no doubt, in a great measure, due to the success of his many comic operas; but, even had these never been written, the composer's unsurpassed song "The Lost Chord," and the wonderful hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers," would have endeared his memory to that large section of listeners which is mainly drawn by beautiful and rhythmic melody. In the higher realms of art, Sullivan has left us his grand opera "Ivanhoe," and the favorite cantata, "The Golden Legend." Early in his career sacred music had undoubtedly attracted him. When a boy in the choir of the Chapel Royal, he had written several anthems, one of which, "O Israel," is published, and

is a wonderful composition for the mere child he was then, in 1855.

In 1869 Sullivan's first oratorio, "The Prodigal Son," was performed at the Worcester Festival, Sims Reeves taking the tenor part. In 1873 appeared "The Light of the World," a remarkably fine work, which, no doubt, would be oftener performed, in his own country at least, but for scrupulous feelings which British audiences evince toward the impersonation of the Saviour, or the too vivid musical representation of his sufferings, on a concert platform. The Leeds Festival of 1880 witnessed the performance of "The Martyr of Antioch," written to Milman's play on that subject. This impressive work is described as being "between an oratorio and a cantata." Lastly, the public have received with ever-increasing approbation the beautiful cantata which takes for its text the subject-matter of Longfellow's "Golden Legend." It was brought out and conducted by the composer at the Leeds Festival of 1886. If Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" is to be called a secular oratorio, the same term may be applied to Sullivan's "Golden Legend." The work is, in reality, one of the finest allegories of the Christian religion that has ever been penned.

The earliest of Sullivan's sacred compositions, the short oratorio entitled "The Prodigal Son," was thought out and written before Sullivan had completed his twenty-seventh year.

"It is a remarkable fact," as Sullivan himself observed in his preface, "that the parable of the Prodigal Son should never before have been chosen as the text of a sacred musical composition. The story is so natural and pathetic, and forms so complete a whole; its lesson is so thoroughly Christian; the characters, though few, are so perfectly contrasted; and the opportunity for the employment of 'local color' is so obvious, that it is indeed astonishing to find the subject so long overlooked. The only drawback is the shortness of the narrative, and the consequent necessity for filling it out with material drawn from elsewhere.

"In the present case this has been done as sparingly as possible, and entirely from the Scriptures. In so doing, the Prodigal himself has been conceived, not as of a naturally brutish and depraved disposition—a view taken by many commentators with apparently little knowledge of human nature, and no recollection of their own youthful impulses; but rather as a buoyant, restless youth, tired of the monotony of home, and anxious to see what lay beyond the narrow confines of his father's farm, going forth in the confidence of his own simplicity and ardor, and led gradually away into follies and sins which, at the outset, would have been as distasteful as they were strange to him."

Turning to the music itself, we find that the melodious treatment of the introduction is full of charm, as much from its simplicity of structure as the flow of its rhythm. A bright chorus, "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God," opens the work, the initial phrase being given to the sopranos. After a four-part choral introduction, a briskly moving fugue subject emphasizes the words "Like as a father pitieth his own children." Then follow tenor and bass solos, full of melody and essentially vocal, for the Prodigal and his father respectively. Characteristic of the revelry implied is the tenor solo and chorus "Let us eat and drink." A really beautiful song for contralto shortly follows: "Love not the world." This is perhaps the most popular number of the work, and is frequently heard at sacred concerts. A short but very lovely number is the aria for soprano, "O that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments." The home-returning of the Prodigal is then graphically described, and some excellent, if not particularly profound, vocal concerted work follows, including the fugal chorus "O that men would praise the Lord"; the beautiful unaccompanied quartet "The Lord is nigh"; and the final chorus (with a fugue subject on "Hallelujah"), "Thou, O Lord, art our Father." Such, in brief survey, is this short English oratorio, which undoubtedly did much to win fame for the brilliant and versatile young composer.

In America the field of oratorio has been thus far but slightly cultivated. It may be that this part of the world will prove favorable at least for further development of "secular" oratorio, for which our own history might even furnish subjects. The earliest American oratorio that has won recognition beyond the bounds of this country is the "St. Peter" of John Knowles Paine (1839-1906), which was produced in 1873. The "Lazarus" of Julian Edwards was successfully given in New York in 1910.

In this brief survey of the vast field of oratorio no idea could be given of the extent to which it has actually been cultivated, often by composers whose works are well worthy of examination. We have necessarily confined ourselves to general outlines of historical treatment, and to such productions as have either achieved immortality or characteristically illustrated the subject under consideration. In conclusion we commend to the reader the following thoughts submitted by a recent writer on the history of this form of music:

"What will be the *future* of oratorio? Whither are composers tending in this direction? We can scarcely now go back to the fast-bound rules of the old contrapuntal school once we have tasted the sweets of liberty in the matter of chordal progression, and have trodden the threshold of the inexhaustible mine of the orchestral coloring of the future. In many cases the oratorio is a *drama without action,* just, perhaps, as Wagner's 'Parsifal' is an oratorio with all the added realism of stage accessory. Will the secular once more give of its best to intensify and make more human to us the sacred? Will pulpit and stage again be combined, as was the case in the Mystery and Miracle Plays of yore, and is still an observance, periodically, at Oberammergau?

"That we are treading upon the borders of a great change in the higher musical forms seems evident to the thoughtful observer. Wagner can scarcely have said the last word in opera. While Handel's 'Messiah' and Mendelssohn's 'Elijah' mark, each, a glorious achievement. it would be presumptuous to say that either bars the path to further advancement in the higher realms of musical thought. If Wagner ingrafted spiritual things upon the dramatic tree, may we not look for a future creator of tone-forms who may still further *humanize* oratorio?

"To peer farther into the mysteries that ever tend to

link flesh with spirit would be, perhaps, sacrilege at present. For the soul's complete emancipation—when surely music, in its most exalted forms, will be fully appreciable by *all*—we must only wait for that day when the blind shall have vision, and the deaf hearing. No longer then shall we see 'through a glass darkly,' but 'face to face'; and to the musician no promise concerning the restitution of all things seems so remarkable as the prophecy which declares that, in those days, 'the tongue of the dumb shall sing.' "

CHAPTER XXXI

THE PASSION

Solemn Music for Holy Week a Necessity throughout Christendom—Dramatic Form Adopted by St. Gregory Nazianzen in the Fourth Century—Many Glorious Musical Versions of the Gospel Narratives—Bach's Matthew Passion.

IN every age and in every part of Christendom the historic churches have felt the need of special music for the chapters of the Gospel which recite the Passion of Christ.

St. Gregory Nazianzen, who flourished between the years 330 and 390, seems to have been the first ecclesiastic who entertained the idea of setting forth the history of the Passion in a dramatic form. He treated it as the Greek poets treated their tragedies, adapting the dialogue to a certain sort of chanted recitation, and interspersing it with choruses disposed like those of Æschylus and Sophocles. It is much to be regretted that we no longer possess the music to which this early version was sung; for a careful examination of even the smallest fragments of it would set many vexed questions at rest. But all we know is that the sacred drama really was sung throughout.

In the Western Church the oldest known "Cantus Passionis" is a solemn plain-chant melody, the date of which it is absolutely impossible to ascertain. As there can be no doubt that it was, in the first instance, transmitted from generation to generation by tradition only, it is quite possible that it may have undergone changes in early times; but so much care was taken in the sixteenth century to restore it to its pristine purity, that we may fairly accept as genuine the version which, at the instance of Pope Sixtus V., Guidetti published at Rome in the year 1586, under the title of "Cantus ecclesiasticus Passionis Domini nostri Jesu Christi secundum Matthæum, Marcum, Lucam, et Joannem"—St. Matthew's version being appointed for the mass of Palm Sunday, St. Mark's for that of the Tuesday in Holy Week, St. Luke's for that of the Wednesday, and St. John's for Good Friday.

Certainly since the beginning of the thirteenth century, and probably from a much earlier period, it has been the custom to sing the music of the Passion in the following manner. The text is divided between three ecclesiastics—called the "deacons of the Passion"—one of whom chants the words spoken by our Lord, another, the narrative of the Evangelist, and the third, the exclamations uttered by the Apostles, the crowd, and others whose conversation is recorded in the Gospel. In most missals, and other office books, the part of the first deacon is indicated by a cross; that of the second by the letter C. (for *Chronista*), and that of the third by S. (for *Synagoga*). Sometimes, however, the first part is marked by the Greek letter X. (for *Christus*), the second by E. (for *Evangelista*), and the third by T. (for *Turba*). Less frequent forms are, a cross for *Christus*, C. for *Cantor*, and S. for *Succentor;* or S. for *Salvator*, E. for *Evangelista*, and Ch. for *Chorus*. Finally, we occasionally find the part of our Lord marked B. for *Bassus;* that of the Evangelist, M. for *Medius;* and that of the crowd, A. for *Altus;* the first deacon being always a bass singer, the second a tenor, and the third an alto. A different phrase of the chant is allotted to each voice; but the same phrases are repeated over and over again throughout to different words, varying only in the cadence, which is subject to certain changes determined by the nature of the voice which is to follow.

Until the latter half of the sixteenth century the Passion was always sung in this manner by the three deacons alone. The difficulty of so singing it is almost incredible; but its effect, when really well chanted, is most touching. Still, the members of the Pontifical Choir believed it possible to improve upon the time-honored custom; and in the year 1585 Vittoria produced a very simple polyphonic setting of those portions of the text which are uttered by the crowd, the effect of which, intermingled with the chant sung by the deacons, was found to be so striking that it has ever since remained in use. His wailing harmonies are written in such strict accordance with the spirit of the older melody, that no suspicion of incongruity between them is anywhere perceptible. The several clauses fit into each other as smoothly as those of a litany, and the general effect is so beautiful that it has been celebrated for the last three centuries as one of the greatest triumphs of polyphonic art.

Mendelssohn, indeed, objects to it rather fiercely

in one of his letters, on the ground that it is neither dramatic nor descriptive; that the music does not properly express the sense of the text; and that especially the words *Crusifige eum* are sung by "very tame Jews indeed" ("sehr zahme Juden"). But we must remember that there was nothing whatever in common between the purely devotional music of the polyphonic school and that of the "Reformirte Kirche" to which Mendelssohn was attached. So little did he sympathize with it, that, as he himself has told us, he could not even endure its constant alternation of recitation and cadence in an ordinary psalm-tone. He longed for a more fiery reading of the story; and would have had its awful scenes portrayed with all the descriptive energy proper to an oratorio. But such an exhibition as this would have been manifestly out of place in a Holy Week service. Moreover, the evangelists themselves treat the subject in an epic and not a dramatic form; and the treatment required by the two forms is essentially different. Mendelssohn would have embodied the words "Crucify him! crucify him!" in a raging chorus, like his own "Stone him to death." Vittoria sets them before us as they would have been reported by a weeping narrator, overwhelmed with sorrow at their cruelty; a narrator whose tone would have been all the more tearful in proportion to the sincerity of his affliction. Surely this is the way in which they should be sung to us in Holy Week. The object of singing the Passion is, to lead men to meditate upon it; not to divert their minds by a dramatic representation. And in this sense Vittoria has succeeded to perfection.

Francesco Suriano also brought out a polyphonic rendering of the exclamations of the crowd, with harmonies which were certainly very beautiful, though they lack the deep feeling which forms the most noticeable feature in Vittoria's settings, and, doubtless for that reason, have never attained an equal degree of celebrity. Vittoria's "Passion" was first printed at Rome by Alessandro Gardano in 1585. The entire work of Suriano will be found in Proske's "Musica Divina," vol. iv.

But it was not only with a view to its introduction into an ecclesiastical function that the story of our Lord's Passion was set to music. We find it in the Middle Ages selected as a constant and never-tiring theme for those Mysteries and Miracle Plays by means of which the history of the Christian faith was disseminated among the people before they were able to read it for themselves. Some valuable relics of the music adapted to these ancient versions of the story are still preserved to us. Fontenelle speaks of a "Mystery of the Passion" produced by a certain bishop of Angers in the middle of the fifteenth century, with so much music of a really dramatic character that it might almost be described as a lyric drama. In this primitive work we first find the germ of an idea which Mendelssohn has used with striking effect in his oratorio "St. Paul." After the baptism of our Saviour, God the Father speaks; and it is recommended that His words "should be pronounced very audibly and distinctly by three voices at once, treble, alto, and bass, all well in tune; and in this harmony the whole scene which follows should be sung." Here then we have the first idea of the "Passion Oratorio," which, however, was not developed directly from it, but followed a somewhat circuitous course, adopting certain characteristics peculiar to the Mystery, together with certain others belonging to the ecclesiastical "Cantus Passionis," already described, and mingling these distinct though not discordant elements in such a manner as to produce eventually a form of art the wonderful beauty of which has rendered it immortal.

In the year 1573 a German version of the Passion was printed at Wittenberg, with music for the recitation and choruses—introductory and final—in four parts. Bartholomäus Gese enlarged upon this plan, and produced, in 1588, a work in which Christ's words are set for four voices, those of the crowd for five, those of St. Peter and Pontius Pilate for three, and those of the maidservant for two. In the next century Heinrich Schütz set to music the several narratives of each of the four evangelists, making extensive use of the melodies of the innumerable chorales which were, at that period, more popular in Germany than any other kind of sacred music, and skillfully working them up into very elaborate choruses. He did not, however, venture entirely to exclude the ecclesiastical plain chant. In his work, as in all those that had preceded it, the venerable melody was still retained in those portions of the narrative which were adapted to simple recitative—or at least in those sung by the evangelist—the chorale being only introduced in the harmonized passages. But in 1672 Johann Sebastiani made a bolder experiment, and produced at Königsberg a "Passion" in which the recitatives were set entirely to original music, and from that time forward German composers, entirely throwing off their allegiance to ecclesiastical tradition, struck out new paths for themselves and suffered their genius to lead them where it would.

The Teutonic idea of the "Passions Musik" was now fully developed, and it only remained for the great tone-poets of the age to embody it in their own beautiful language. This they were not slow to do. Theile produced a "Deutsche Passion" at Lübeck in 1673 (exactly a century after the publication of the celebrated German version at Wittenberg) with very great success; and some thirty years later Hamburg witnessed a long series of triumphs which indicated an enormous advance in the progress of art. In 1704 Hunold Menantes wrote a poem called "Die Passions-Dichtung des blutigen und sterbenden Jesu," which was set to music by the celebrated Reinhard Keiser, then well known as the writer of many successful German operas. The peculiarity of this work lies more in the structure of the poem than in that of the music. Though it resembles the older settings in its original recitatives and rhythmical choruses, it differs from them in introducing, under the name of *Soliloquia*, an entirely new element, embodying, in a mixture of rhythmic phrase and declamatory recitation, certain pious reflections upon the progress of the sacred narrative. This idea, more or less exactly carried out, makes its appearance in almost every work which followed its first enunciation down to the great "Passion Oratorios" of Johann Sebastian Bach. We find it in the music assigned to the "Daughter of Zion" and the "Chorales of the Christian Church"; in Handel's "Passion"; in the chorales and many of the airs in Graun's "Tod Jesu";

and in almost all the similar works of Telemann, Matheson, and other contemporary writers. Of these works, the most important were Postel's German version of the narrative of the Passion as recorded by St. John, set to music by Handel in 1704, and Brockes's famous poem "Der für die Sünden der Welt gemarterte und sterbende Jesus," set by Keiser in 1712, by Handel and Telemann in 1716, and by Matheson in 1718. These are all fine works, full of fervor, and abounding in new ideas and instrumental passages of great originality. They were all written in thorough earnest, and, as a natural consequence, exhibit a great advance both in construction and style. Moreover, they were all written in the true German manner, though with so much individual feeling that no trace of plagiarism is discernible in any one of them. These high qualities were thoroughly appreciated by their German auditors; and thus it was that they prepared the way, first, for the grand "Tod Jesu," composed by Graun at Berlin in 1755, and then for the still greater production of Sebastian Bach, whose "Passion according to St. Matthew" has come to be universally regarded as without doubt the sublimest work of the kind that ever was written.

The idea of setting the history of the Passion to the grandest possible music, in such a manner as to combine the exact words of the Gospel narrative with finely developed choruses, meditative passages like the *Soliloquiæ* first used by Keiser, and chorales, sung, not by the choir alone, but by the choir in four-part harmony and by the congregation in unison, was first suggested to Bach by the well known preacher Solomon Deyling. This zealous Lutheran hoped, by bringing forward such a work at Leipzig, to counteract in some measure the effect produced by the ecclesiastical "Cantus Passionis," which was then sung at Dresden under the direction of Hasse, by the finest Italian singers that could be procured. Bach entered warmly into the scheme. The poetical portion of the work was supplied, under the direction of Deyling, by Christian Friedrich Henrici (under the pseudonym of "Picander"). Bach set the whole to music; and on the evening of Good Friday, 1729, the work was performed for the first time in St. Thomas's Church, Leipzig, a sermon being preached between the two parts into which it is divided, in accordance with the example set by the oratorians at the Church of St. Maria in Vallicella at Rome.

"Die grosse Passion nach Matthäus," as it is called in Germany, is written on a gigantic scale for two complete choirs, each accompanied by a separate orchestra and an organ. Its choruses, often written in eight real parts, are sometimes used to carry on the dramatic action in the words uttered by the crowd or the Apostles, and sometimes offer a commentary upon the narrative, like the choruses of a Greek tragedy. In the former class of movements, the dramatic element is occasionally brought out with telling effect, as in the reiteration of the Apostles' question, "Lord, is it I?" The finest examples of the second class are the introductory double chorus, in 12-8 time, the fiery movement which follows the duet for soprano and alto near the end of the first part, and the exquisitely beautiful "Farewell" to the crucified Saviour which concludes the whole. The part of the Evangelist is allotted to a tenor voice, and is carefully restricted to the narrative portion of the words. The moment any character in the solemn drama is made to speak in his own words, those words are committed to another singer, even though they should involve but a single ejaculation. Almost all the airs are formed upon the model of the *Soliloquiæ* already mentioned; and most of them are sung by "The Daughter of Zion." The chorales are supposed to express the voice of the whole Christian Church, and are therefore so arranged as to fall within the power of an ordinary German congregation, to the several members of which every tune would naturally be familiar. The style in which they are harmonized is less simple, by far, than that adopted by Graun in his "Tod Jesu"; but as the melodies are always sung in Germany very slowly, the passing notes sung by the choir and played by the organ serve rather to help and support the unisonous congregational part than to disturb it, and the effect produced by this mode of performance can scarcely be conceived by those who have not actually heard it. The masterly treatment of these old popular tunes undoubtedly individualizes the work more strongly than any learning or ingenuity could possibly do; but, in another point, the Matthäus-Passion stands alone above the greatest German works of the period. Its instrumentation is, in its own peculiar style, inimitable. It is always written in real parts—frequently in very many. Yet it is made to produce endless varieties of effect. Not, indeed, in a single movement; for most of the movements exhibit the same treatment throughout. But the instrumental contrasts between contiguous movements are arranged with admirable skill. Perhaps the most beautiful instance of this occurs in an air, accompanied by two oboi da caccia and a solo flute.

In this great work the German form of "Passions Musik" culminated; and in this it may fairly be said to have passed away; for since the death of Bach no one has seriously attempted either to tread in his steps or to strike out a new ideal fitted for this peculiar species of sacred music. The oratorio has been further developed, and has assumed forms of which Bach could have entertained no conception; but the glory of having perfected this particular art form remains entirely with him; and it is not at all probable that any future composer will ever attempt to rob him of his well-earned honor.

THE VOCAL ART

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SINGING

SURVEY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

By Harry Collins Deacon

Higher View of Music in Singing—Origins of Vocal Music—Development to 1600—Superiority of Italian—Other Languages—Difficulties of English—Common Faults to be Corrected—Early Italian Solo-singing.

TO sing is to use the voice in accordance with musical laws. Singing is a musical expression of thought and feeling through the medium of the voice and the organs of speech generally, by means of two technical operations—vocalization (the work of the vowels) and articulation (that of the consonants). A passing word on the meaning and nature of music will hardly be out of place, as from common English parlance it might often be inferred that singing is distinct from music, and that music means instrumental music only.

Music may be accepted to signify sounds in succession or combination regulated by certain natural and artificial laws, the result of which has been the establishment of a series of these sounds (called a scale) having certain proportions to, and relations with, each other, and being susceptible of combinations capable of affording deep emotion. The effect of abstract music—that is, music without words—upon the soul, though vague and undefinable, is so incontestable and all-powerful that its immediate origin in nature itself can hardly for a moment be doubted. Musical combinations and progressions seem at times to recall something that does not belong to the present order of things, and to inspire almost a conviction that in another existence only will the full scope and significance of abstract music be understood.

From the time of man's first awakening to the influence of that which was not purely animal, or at least from the date of the earlier forms of organization and civilization, it is probable that singing in some form has had its place as an individual solace or as a convenient means of expressing a common sentiment, either in war-cries (afterward war-songs) or in addresses to the deities or idols (afterward chants and hymns).

Much has been said of the "language of music." This is but a rhetorical figure. Language is definite and states facts, the significance of which will depend upon the greater or less sensitiveness of the hearer. Music does precisely what words do not do. It represents a state of thought and feeling, more or less continuous, awakened by the statement of facts—a brooding over what has been said after the words are supposed to have ceased. Hence the propriety of prolonging syllables and repeating words, which the cynically disposed are often inclined to ridicule as opposed to reason and common sense. This inclination to ignore the high office of music (that of expounding what passes in the mind and soul) is one great cause of the frequent tameness of singing; and this same tameness it is that in reality makes singing at times ridiculous and opposed to reason and common sense. And if this higher view of music in singing is not to be taken—if all that is to be looked for is a rhythmical tune—then by all means let it be played upon an instrument, as the intonation will be safe, provided the instrument be in tune; and the head may nod, and the feet may tap, the ear will be tickled and the soul unruffled. Besides, the power of using the voice for the purpose of communicating ideas, thoughts, and feelings, and of recording facts and events (to be set down in characters, and thus transmitted from generation to generation), being a special gift to the human race, and the attribute which most thoroughly separates man from the lower animal tribe, the inane warbling of a tune is an anomaly.

It scarcely matters which of the many theories may be the right one of the origin of musical sound, i.e., of the manner in which it first presents itself to the ear. Any continuous sound in nature may call our appreciation into activity. It is certain that it appeals to something in our inmost nature which responds as directly to it, and that its effect is a reality; otherwise it could not take its active part in the expression of thought and feeling, or rather be, as it is, the real manifestation or representation of a state of thought and feeling only *suggested* by words. Its appreciation by the mind and soul through the medium of the ear cannot well be a matter of development, but is rather a revelation, from the simple fact that it is distinguished from noise by the isochronism of vibration; and the difference between the two could not but be marked the moment it presented itself, as a brilliant color, distinguished from surrounding neutral tints, at once attracts the eye. The manner in which a musical sound arrests the attention of a child too young to understand, or of an animal, is a strong proof of its being a special sense of which we shall perhaps know more in another state of existence. Some sort of language, we may conclude, came first, and syllables were prolonged for

the sake of emphasis. The continuous note having presented itself through some sound in nature, the power of imitation by the voice would be recognized. Rhythm, the innate sense of accent—the spirit of meter, as time is the letter—will also have been awakened by some natural sound, such as the slow dropping of water, or the galloping of an animal. The ideal pendulum once set going within us, words would adapt themselves to it, and poetry, or at least verse, would come into being. The substitution of a musical note for the simple prolongation of the spoken sound would not fail to take place in due time. With the awakening of a purer religious feeling, the continuous note would be found a suitable means of keeping together large numbers in singing chants and hymns, the splendor of many voices in unison would be felt, and ecclesiastical music would assume something of a definite form.

The stages in the rise of music may have been, therefore, as follows: first, nature's instruments—the cleft in the rock, the hole in the cabin, the distant trickling water, or the wind blowing into a reed; then the imitation of these sounds by the voice, followed by the imitation of these and the voice by artificial instruments. Again, the increased accuracy of artificial instruments imitated by the voice; and finally the power of expression of the voice imitated by instruments, vocal and instrumental music aiding each other.

An idea of what remote nations may have done in the way of music can only be gathered from representations of instruments and obscure records of the various periods, and these indications are naturally too vague for any precise estimate to be formed, but there is no reason to imagine that it reached a high point of development with them. A painting on plaster in the British Museum, taken from a tomb at Thebes, represents a party of comely Egyptian ladies, about the time of Moses, enjoying some concerted music. Three are playing upon instruments of the guitar or lute kind, a fourth upon a double tibia, while a fifth appears to be beating time by clapping her hands. If domestic music was customary so far back, why was the wonderful development of modern times so long in being brought about?

Even the Greeks, with all their boundless love for, and appreciation of, the beautiful, and their power of its reproduction, cannot be supposed to have gone far in the cultivation of music. Their use of music seems to have been to form an accompaniment to oratory and to furnish rhythmical tunes for dancing. With their voices they seem to have been inclined at times to indulge in mass of sound rather than music properly so called, if we consider Plutarch's warning to his disciples against indulging in too violent vociferation for fear of such calamitous consequences as ruptures and convulsions. The student then, as at the present day, apparently took upon himself to make all the noise he could against the advice of his instructors. But this is not important to the present purpose. It is enough that we know with tolerable certainty that we are indebted to a long line of pious and learned men for the gradual development of the material with which we have to work. The spread of Christianity required that Church music should be purified and put into something like form. This was commenced by St. Ambrose in the latter part of the fourth century, his work being continued and amplified two centuries later by St. Gregory.

Down to Palestrina's time melody had been held of too little account by theorists. This great reformer knew, beyond all others, how to revivify dry contrapuntal forms with music in its great and ultimate capacity as a manifestation of thought and feeling, and thus brought to its gorgeous perfection the polyphonic school, soon to be thrust aside, never, perhaps, to reappear in its integrity, but later to assert its great master's mighty spirit in the works of those of his successors capable of receiving it.

Until the end of the sixteenth century, singing as an independent art, solo-singing, had been held of little account, and had been the vocation almost exclusively of troubadours and other unscientific (though often sympathetic) composers of popular music. Its great impulse was given by the creation of the opera out of an attempt toward the close of the sixteenth century, on the part of a little knot of disciples of the Renaissance, to revive the musical declamation of the Greek drama. The result was not what they intended, but of vastly wider scope than they could have anticipated. In connection with this movement was the name of Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the great astronomer known as Galileo. From these small beginnings—a few cantatas accompanied by a single instrument—we have the magnificent combination of music, poetry, and scenery of the present day.

Though in the music of Palestrina the doctrine is exemplified and carried to its conclusion that to be truly beautiful polyphonic music must be melodious in all its parts, still this form was impracticable for the purpose immediately in hand. In all times of reaction the vibration of the chain of events throws it far out of its center. Hence the almost immediate abandonment of the polyphonic in favor of the monodic form, instead of a healthy combination of the two.

The first true Italian opera was the "Euridice" of Jacopo Peri, given in 1600 on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV of France with Maria de' Medici. The first result of the movement was the recitative, in something very like its present form. But the outcry against the so-called interruption of dramatic action by the introduction of the aria, set concerted piece, and formal chorus, is only reasonable when directed against the abuse of these means of expression so legitimate in their proper place and at their proper time. In everyday life (the principles of which, in an exalted and artistic form, must be the basis of all dramatic action), events, though they succeed each other quickly, have their moments, if not of repose, at least of the working out of their immediate consequences, and these give the opportunity for the expression of the (for the time) dominant state of thought and feeling. Even musical decoration, wisely chosen and put together, adds immensely to the general significance.

What, then, besides the creation of opera, were the causes of the great development of the art of singing in Italy, its stage of perfection for a time, and its deterioration—let us trust for a time also? Italy, inheriting the proud position, from Greece, of foster-mother to the arts, could not neglect music as one of

her foster-children. But while other countries vied with her, and at times surpassed her, in musical science, the tide of vocal sound, the power of using the voice, could not but flow into the channel prepared for it by nature and art. The gradual evolution of the Italian out of the Latin language, the elimination of every hard sound, where practically consistent with the exigencies of articulation, and its refinement to a state of almost perfect vocal purity, brought about a facility in producing vocal sound possessed by other nations only in so far as their respective tongues contain the elements of the Italian. The Italian language is almost entirely phonetic, and is preëminent in the two respects of vocal purity and amount of vocal sound. Its vowels are not only Italian; they are the pure elements of language in general, resembling in idea the painter's palette of pure colors, and offering therefore the material by which to gauge the purity of other languages.

A short inquiry into the difference between speaking and singing in the five languages to which the largest amount of vocal music has been composed—Italian, Latin, French, German, and English—will not be out of place. Of all languages the Italian is most alike in singing and speaking—English the least. The four essential points of difference between speaking and singing are, first and foremost, that in speaking (as in the warbling of almost all birds) the isochronism of vibration is never present for a period long enough to make an appreciable musical note. A sympathetic speaking voice is one whose production of tone most nearly approaches that of the singing voice, but whose inflexions are so varied as to remove it entirely from actual music. The word "cant" not improbably has its origin in puritanical singsong speaking, and the word has been transferred from the manner to the matter, and applied to hypocritical expression of sanctity or sentiment. In singsong speaking the exact opposite of the above combination is generally found—an approximation to musical notes, and an abominable tone-production. The second distinguishing point is the fact that in ordinary speaking little more than one third (the lower third) of the vocal compass comes into play, while in singing the middle and upper parts are chiefly used. The third point of difference, and that which most especially distinguishes singing from speaking, in English, is that short syllables (that is to say with the accent falling on the concluding consonant) cannot exist, as such, since the accent in singing is upon the vocal portion of the syllable. This, indeed, is the case in reading Italian, and even in carefully speaking it. Lastly, singing tends to preserve intact the relative purity of a language; speaking, to split it up into dialects and peculiarities.

Italian, then, takes the first position as having the purest vocal sounds and the largest amount of vowel. Latin, as sung, comes next. Its vowels are the same, but it has more consonants. The classification of French and German requires qualification. In amount of vocal sound French takes the third place. The custom of pronouncing, in singing, the otherwise mute syllables prevents consonants from coming together, and words from ending with hard consonants, but the quality of some of the vowels requires very great care to prevent its marring the pure emission of the voice. The proper management of the final *n* and *m* must be also closely studied. A great quality in the French language, as sung, is the fact that the amount of vocal sound is always at the same average. No sudden irruption of a mass of consonants, as in German or English, is to be feared. In vocal purity, though not in amount of vocal sound, German takes precedence of French, as containing more Italian vowel, but it is at times so encumbered with consonants that there is barely time to make the vowel heard. The modified vowels *ü, ö* and *ä* are a little troublesome. The most serious interruption to vocal sound is the articulation of *ch* followed by *s*, or worse still, of *s* by *sch*. But if the words are well chosen they flow very musically. The first line of Schubert's "Ständschen," "Leise flehen meine Lieder," is a good example, all the consonants being soft except the *f*. In contrast to this we have "Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen" with thirty-one letters and only nine vowels.

Polyglot English requires more careful analysis than any other language before it can be sung, on account of the nature of its vowel sounds and the irregularity of its orthography, consequent upon its many derivations. Its alphabet is almost useless. There are at least fourteen different ways of representing on paper the sound of the alphabetical vowel *i*. There are nine different ways of pronouncing the combination of letters *ough*. The *sound* of the English language is by no means as bad as it is made to appear. No people in the civilized world speak a language so abominably as those who speak English. Not only are we, as a rule, inarticulate, but our tone-production is wretched, and when English-speaking people begin to study singing they are astonished to find that they have never learned to speak. In singing there is scarcely a letter of our language that has not its special defect or defects among nearly all amateurs, and, sad to say, among some artists. An Italian has but to open his mouth, and if he have a voice its passage from the larynx to the outer air is prepared by his language. We, on the contrary, have to study hard before we can arrive at the Italian's starting-point. Besides, we are as much troubled as Germans with masses of consonants. For example, "She watched through the night," "The fresh streams ran by her." Two passages from Shakespeare are examples of hard and soft words. The one is from "King Lear," "The crows and choughs that wing the midway air." In these last five words the voice ceases but once, and that upon the hard consonant *t*. The other sounds are all vocal and liquid, and represent remarkably the floating and skimming of a bird through the air. The other is from "Julius Cæsar," "I'm glad that my weak words have struck but thus much fire from Brutus." The four hard short monosyllables, all spelled with the same vowel, are very suggestive.

All these difficulties in the way of pronunciation can be largely overcome by carefully analyzing vowels and consonants. Voice-production, that difficult and troublesome problem, will be in a great measure solved thereby, for it should be ever borne in mind by students of singing, as one of two golden precepts, that a pure vowel always brings with it a pure note—for the simple reason that the pure vowel only brings into play those parts of the organs of speech that are necessary

for its formation, and the impure vowel is rendered so by a convulsive action of throat, tongue, lips, nose, or palate.

In studying voice-production let three experiments be tried. 1. Take an ordinary tumbler and partially cover its mouth with a thin book. Set a tuning-fork in vibration and apply the flat side to the opening left by the book, altering the opening until the note of the fork is heard to increase considerably in volume. When the right-sized opening is found, the sound of the fork will be largely reinforced. In like manner, in singing, the small initial sound produced by the vibrating element of the voice-organs is reinforced by vibrations communicated to the air contained in the resonance-chambers. 2. Next take an ordinary porcelain flower-vase. Sing a sonorous A (Italian) in the open, on the middle of the voice, then repeat the A with the mouth and nose inserted in the flower-vase, and the vowel sound will be neutralized and the vibration to a great extent suffocated. In like manner the sound which has been reinforced by the good position of some of the resonance-chambers may be suffocated and spoiled by a bad position of any one of the remaining ones. These two experiments, simple as they are, are conclusive. 3. The third, less simple, consists in whispering the vowels. The five elementary sounds of language (the Italian vowels) will be found in the following order, *i, e, a, o, u,* or vice versa, each vowel giving a musical note dependent entirely upon the resonance of the chambers, the larynx giving no musical sound, but only a rush of air through the glottis. *I* gives the highest sound and *u* the lowest, the pitch of the notes having been fixed by Helmholtz. The importance of these three experiments consists in their clearly showing how the smallest deviation from a certain position produces a marked change of resonance in the note, and an alteration in the color of the vowel sound.

Though foreign singers are often indistinct, radical faults of pronunciation are rare with them when singing their own language, and this on account of the less complex character of their respective tongues, and the greater simplicity of their orthography. The difficulties of English are considerable, but this does not excuse the irritating indifference of many amateurs and would-be artists in the matter of languages generally. It is not at all unusual for a student when training for a singer's career to study a large amount of foreign music, extending over a considerable time, the words being always carefully translated to him, the roots explained, and the analogies between the foreign language and his own pointed out, in the hope that at least a little might be picked up in the time; and yet, in the end, to find that he exhibits total ignorance of even the definite article. In some cases the pronunciation has been more than fairly acquired, which makes the other failure the more unpardonable. Nor is the common utterance of blind prejudice particularly edifying. It is frequently said, "Oh, French is a horrible language to sing; it is *all* nasal!" or "German is a wretched language to sing; it is *all* guttural!" A language is in a great measure what a singer makes it.

Enough has been said to show that all the purer and more sonorous parts of language in general are Italian. We thus arrive at a first reason why singing should have naturally flourished in Italy. The unsatisfactory treatment of our own language is a first reason why it does not flourish as it ought with us. In using foreign languages we dread affectation, and are glad to comfort ourselves with the reflection that the world at large will not recognize our defects. Whom ought we really to consider—the many who may not recognize the defects, or the one or two natives who may be present? Dread of affectation must be got over by careful study and habit.

Another cause for the development of singing in Italy was the necessity for finding the best singers for the papal service, in which females were not permitted to take part. Boys were employed, and counter-tenors, or falsetto singers, chiefly Spaniards. But as solo-singing increased in importance, the counter-tenors no doubt began to realize the fact that by cultivating the falsetto they were ruining their more robust registers, and the fact became more and more patent that as soon as a boy was beginning to acquire some cultivation of taste his voice left him. This led to the custom of preventing the voice from breaking, by artificial means. In the case of these singers there was hardly any cessation in the course of study from early to more mature years. There was not the total stoppage of work, the enforced interval of two or three years for the voice to settle, and the recommencement under totally different conditions. The long course of uninterrupted study would bring the art of vocalization to perfection, and these perfect singers, who were afterward introduced upon the stage, became, as the art progressed, models of style and execution (according, be it understood, to the taste of the period), and furnished many of the best singing-masters. The first representative was the Padre Rossini, admitted into the Pontifical Chapel in 1601, and nearly the last was Crescentini, who died in 1846. The last papal falsetto singer was Giovanni de Sanctos, who died at Rome in 1625.

In addition to the influences already named, ecclesiastical authority would have its effect, at any rate in the early stages of study, in exacting the necessary application on the part of students. Subordination to teachers existed in times gone by, and the gradual development of volume of voice and the power of exact execution, without the sacrifice of quality, and the cultivation of taste (the abstract of judgment, a sense of proportion and fitness) were the results. The observance of the second golden precept in studying singing, "Work for quality, and power will take care of itself," has not been sufficiently carried out in later times.

At a not very remote time no females were permitted to appear on the stage at Rome in any entertainment, operatic, dramatic, or chorographic, the singing parts being filled by the best-looking artificial soprani and contralti that could be found. It is an injustice to ascribe to these a deficiency of intellectual power or personal courage. History sets this question quite at rest. Nor were defects in the powers of articulation peculiar to them. Scarcely one in a hundred of ordinary mortals is free from some failure in this respect.

Very little seems to be known about solo singers before the beginning of the seventeenth century, the period in fact at which they were really required. Caccini, the composer, and his daughter are said to have been

both fine singers. The monodic form growing with Caccini and his immediate successors brought with it, of necessity, a corresponding growth of the vocal art. The great stride made by Monteverde and Cavalli toward the modern opera, their amplification of the orchestra, and the improvement of the recitative by Carissimi and others, gave so great an impulse to the study of using the voice, that in a comparatively short time there was without doubt some very fine singing, if music of the middle of the seventeenth century had adequate interpretation; and if not its continued production would speedily have come to an end. Among the cantatas of Luigi Rossi is one in particular, "Gelosia" (composed about 1640), requiring all the qualifications of a fine singer—voice (tenore robusto, high barytone, or mezzo soprano), declamatory power, pathos, and agility. Another, by Carissimi, "Vittoria," demands vigorous singing. The dramatic force exacted by a just rendering of the kind of music named, naturally brought about by the creation of the recitative, by degrees gave place to a more mechanical style of singing. The constant recitative became monotonous, and rhythmical airs, more and more formal, came into vogue, their formality being afterward relieved by set passages or divisions. The singers above referred to brought their vocalization to such a grade of perfection and exactness that they must have sung really with the precision of an instrument. This wonderful power of exact execution culminated in Porpora's famous pupils, Farinelli and Caffarelli.

HOW TO SING

By Annie W. Patterson

Classification of Voices—Breathing—Tone-production—"Placing the Voice"—Enunciation—Oratorio Singing—Operatic Vocalism—Concert Work—Part-singing—Choral Singing.

THERE are few accomplishments surrounded by such glamour as that of the singer. Apart from the pleasure which good vocalism gives to all who hear, there are social and public opportunities of winning wealth and fame by singing which particularly characterize that art. The harm comes in when one's own overweening ambition, or the thoughtless flattery of relatives or friends, vaunts a mediocre voice beyond its possibilities. Hence may follow years of wasted energies and shattered hopes, usually accompanied by loss of means and collapse of nerves. Another grave mistake that the would-be vocalist often makes is to forget that "there are voices and voices." If all cannot shine on the stage or in concert work, there is the home circle, the drawing-room of friends, the church choir, even the bedside of the sick and weak, where a small voice—so it be pleasing in timbre, coupled with a correct ear, and carefully trained—may contribute its meed of enjoyment. Much disappointment would be saved all classes of vocal students if they could be honest with themselves and curtail their aspirations in accordance with their vocal abilities—or inabilities.

In commencing to learn singing, error is often made as to the nature of a voice. Thus soprani have been trained as contralti, and vice versa. The opinion of an efficient teacher at the start is indispensable. Roughly speaking, there are the great divisions of male and female, as of "first" and "second" voices. Again, there are the subdivisions of soprano, mezzo soprano, contralto, tenor, barytone, and bass. The choice of music for each class of voice is very diverse, and the various ranges and qualities require particular attention from a conscientious trainer. Doubtless the greatest future lies before the dramatic soprano and the pure tenor; but very satisfactory triumphs are in store for ordinary medium voices, the "mezzo" and the barytone. The fact that many boys, naturally gifted, sing as children in church and cathedral choirs, gives them an early training in vocalism which does not always fall to the lot of girls. The age at which a girl should regularly study singing is, indeed, a debatable point; though it is worth consideration that most great prime donne have sung, as they are so fond of telling their interviewers, from the time they could speak, if not before!

Again, systems in vocal culture are so multitudinous—some vehemently upholding and others as strenuously condemning the existence of "registers," for instance—that to pin one's faith to any one "method" means that criticism is invited from eminent exponents of the other, and probably equally successful, schemes of "voice-production." However, if we assume that the development of beautiful *tone* and clear *enunciation* go to form the main attractions of a great voice, the following hints as to preparatory work, apart from any particular "system," may be of assistance to the student who wishes to learn how to sing.

Initial vocal drill concerns itself principally with (1) breathing, (2) tone-production, and (3) "placing" the voice. Foremost authorities lay special stress upon breath-taking. In order to test the importance of this, let the singer try a simple experiment. Take a short sharp breath and intone any given note—say, middle C. The chances are that it may be held for a varying number of seconds with comparative ease; but with in-

ception of the tone comes the feeling that it is slipping away, and that the singer has little power to increase or diminish its volume. Then, standing firmly on the feet with erect frame and the chest thrown well forward, let a deep, slow inhalation be taken. Now, sing the same note, and mark, if the breathing has been full and gradual, with what pleasure and confidence the carefully anticipated tone is taken, of how much better quality it is, and that crescendos and diminuendos may be made with a facility varying only as the vocalist is accomplished or the reverse. The natural conclusion is that to get the most out of one's vocal tones a full deep method of breathing is necessary. We might enlarge here upon collar-bone as opposed to abdominal breathing; but details are best obtained from teachers and text-books. The art of taking a full deep breath may be practised with most ease when one is lying prone on the back; and it is recommended that a few minutes each morning be devoted to this exercise before rising. Success comes when one has learned, while singing, to breathe thus unconsciously and without effort or discomfort.

Regarding tone-production, the best means to an end consists in the daily "scaling" of the voice to open vowel sounds, and in vocalizing intervals to tonic sol-fa syllables. The range to be scaled will depend upon the kind and compass of individual voices, the soprano scale of practice being usually from middle C to treble G. The frequent injunction of teachers to "open the mouth well" is of very general application in all scaling exercises; and if preliminary practice can be done in front of a small mirror the pupil may the more readily cultivate a pleasing expression when singing, or at least avoid grotesque facial contortions.

An easy natural pose, both of face and figure, adds greatly to the effect which vocalists produce, and such a matter as general deportment deserves attention. Tone-production, however, is the all-essential point in early lessons. Timbre, or quality of tone, is also as much to be sought after as quantity. Purity and evenness of tone should never be sacrificed to loudness. There is an art in controlling the voice so that it will "carry" to the extreme limits of the apartment, no matter what may be the capacity of the latter. Once this art is acquired, the painful sensation of effort or straining passes from the voice of the singer. Many instructors say: "Sing out well, so that you may reach the farthest corner of the room." To this advice we might add: "*Anticipate,* as well as *listen to,* the tone produced, and do not be satisfied with it until it is as *beautiful* as possible."

"Placing the voice" touches somewhat on the vexed subject of "registers." The latter are commonly divided into those of "chest," "throat," and "head," so called from the parts of the human anatomy in which, respectively, the lower, middle, and upper sections of one's vocal range are produced. To illustrate this, let it be allowed that what are known as "breaks" occur in most treble voices between the semitones (3d and 4th and 7th and 8th degrees) of the scale of C. To aid in bridging over these breaks, and thus effectively to "place" the voice, the first three notes of the scale (commencing with middle C) may be sung to open (broad) *a,* the aspirate *ha* being recommended for those who have a difficulty in producing from the chest. The succeeding four notes (from F to B—first space and third line of the treble staff) might then be intoned to the syllable *oo;* the remaining notes of the compass (from C on third space, upward) being taken with mouth well open on vowel *a.* Another method of placing the voice can be practised with various syllabic particles, but these entail acquaintance with open and closed sounds, best studied under the subject of enunciation.

Volumes might be written on the topic of vocal enunciation, but space limitations permit only a few brief remarks. The correct as well as distinct pronunciation of words in singing is of the greatest importance. Thus, all colloquialisms and peculiar accents in song-speech should be avoided. Tone should be prolonged, more than in speaking, on vowel sounds; while the pronunciation of final consonants, and especially of the sibilants, should be postponed to the last possible second. At the same time, the greatest care must be taken not to drop or slide over final, and particularly the dental, consonants. In rapid speech, we may, perhaps, be pardoned for saying "You an' I," but in singing the "and" must get its full value. Syllables containing the liquids (*l, n,* and *r*) bring the often troublesome tongue into play, and they are best practised by the repeated vocalization of such words as *dream, near, still,* etc., all of which give opportunity for the placing of so-called closed tones in enunciation. The great beauty of a perfect enunciation in singing lies, however, in the fact that the pronunciation of words is neither exaggerated nor "skimped"; i.e., that each syllable gets its due emphasis and delivery and no more.

Coming to departments of vocal study—oratorio, operatic, and concert work—each demands special training. To become a proficient singer of oratorio music, one needs acquaintance with sacred vocal music of all kinds. The performances of church and cathedral choirs, as of large choral and festival societies, should be attended as often as possible, many oratorio vocalists beginning their career as choristers in some sacred vocal union. The systematic study of standard oratorios follows as a matter of course. It is well to prepare as many "parts" as possible under the guidance of a competent teacher. A soprano who knows her "Messiah" and "Elijah" rôles will never regret the knowledge thus acquired. Often it happens that an eminent singer becomes indisposed upon the eve of an important performance. This is the débutante's chance. The more fully she can prepare herself for these contingencies the better. Seldom does such equipment come amiss. Sooner or later, occasions will arise when the vocalist who is "ready" will find that her turn has come. It is also wise for would-be oratorio artists to cultivate the acquaintance of organists and conductors of choral societies. These are always on the lookout for really reliable soloists, especially in secondary parts; and in this way many a successful career has been opened up for promising young singers. It should not be forgotten, however, that the right interpretation of sacred music demands a fitting reverence and devotion in the performer. Singers who do not enter into sympathy with the words they interpret minimize the power of appeal which they otherwise would exercise over appreciative listeners.

If the singing of oratorio music requires special gifts, the preparation of great operatic rôles demands suitable temperament and training. It is not enough to be a good vocalist; one needs histrionic talent, a capable physique, and no small endowment of courage and nerve. The fact that women have been so eminently successful on the operatic stage disproves the theory that they are the weak and neurotic creatures so many would have us believe. That pluck and endeavor in these departments unsex the woman is an old-world prejudice well-nigh exploded in these more generous days of liberal thought and action. At the same time, the profession of operatic singer is not to be undertaken by impressionable young girls without due consideration of its requirements, taxes, and risks. Those ladies who have succeeded best as prime donne have had plentiful stage experience from their youth up, and they frequently come of families in touch with dramatic affairs. A pleasing appearance, personal magnetism, and powers of physical endurance are very essential to the operatic singer if high rank is to be reached. The best practical apprenticeship is to be served by joining the chorus ranks of touring companies; and, in any case, the repertoires of these companies should be carefully studied by the aspirant, so that familiarity may be gained with the rôles of grand operas most frequently performed.

To many a young girl singer, the concert artist's life appears a most satisfactory and enjoyable one. What easier or more pleasurable than to step gracefully on a platform in a pretty gown, sing a couple of songs, return to bow smilingly to an applauding audience, and awake next morning to read flattering notices of one's self in the papers? People also whisper of colossal fees, ranging from two to three figures; and this for what is apparently child's play to the gifted cantatrice. But behind come close study, work, and expenditure: nay, often years of waiting, frequent disappointment and worry before the good time. Nor do huge fees spell entire profit. Preparation, travel, dress—these all cost money.

How to sing so as to delight all and always is the problem that the professional vocalist has to solve. Selections should be chosen with the greatest care—from oratorio, operatic, or song literature, as occasion may demand—and should suit individual voices and the requirements of particular audiences. Singers also owe it to their listeners to appear to the best advantage, in manner and gait as well as habiliment. And even with all these preliminaries, if "soul" is absent from singing, the results fall flat. The one-man or one-woman song recital is often a questionable success, and is frequently given simply as a trial advertisement for the tyro. Even groups of songs in various languages, bracketed songs, and the much-vaunted song cycle are devices which scarcely obtain as much appreciation from the general public—who, after all, require to be pleased—as did the old-fashioned methods of singing a grand aria or a popular ballad.

It should not be forgotten that a very pleasurable department of vocal practice—especially for those who can never hope to shine as soloists—is to be found in part-singing. The madrigal and glee belong essentially to the English school of composition, the names of Morley, Wilbye, Gibbons, etc., being associated with the first, somewhat contrapuntal, description of unaccompanied vocal part-writing, while Webbe, Calcott, Stephens, Bishop, and many others, a century later, have left a wealth of charming glees—less severe in style than the madrigal—to choose from. German music is also rich in part songs, many of which have been made familiar in the United States through the singing societies so successfully maintained by those of German origin. Given a trio or quartet of mixed voices, much delightful ensemble practice is possible. Even within more restricted limits than the choral society, what can be imagined more enjoyable than an evening spent weekly, from house to house, by a dozen or more amateurs who have agreed to meet together thus for the rehearsal of part-singing? All that is needed is for a few enthusiastic society ladies to set such a ball rolling among their musical friends. Besides the rehearsal-room, or drawing-room lent for that purpose, there must be a good piano, presided over by a musicianly accompanist who is capable of acting as coach. An hour, or hour and a half, of a winter evening may be most profitably spent in this way; and if, at the conclusion of the season, a house concert can be arranged on behalf of some charity, practical benefit may accrue from what has already served the purpose of conveying much artistic pleasure to the part-singers themselves.

It might be added that choral singing, either in a church choir or large society, is an exercise eminently useful in the training of the musician, whether the vocal powers be good or indifferent. Soloists, as a rule, eschew choral singing on the plea that it strains the voice. But, if indulged in with moderation, no harm can possibly be done even to a very beautiful voice by judicious concerted singing. The advantages of choral singing are manifold. Not only does it assist in sight-reading, but a good sense of time—as well as familiarity with notation generally—is thereby cultivated. Moreover, the acquaintance with great works, classical and modern, which choral singing gives is inestimable. It should also be remembered that many famous solo singers have served an apprenticeship in a church choir, or, it may be, in an operatic chorus. Such experience is invaluable and should be sought for when possible.

ACCOMPANIED VOCAL MUSIC

By John Pyke Hullah

Origin—Vocal Solo Repertoire—Mezzo Soprano and Barytone Voices—Solo Performances of Amateurs—Importance of the Words—Defects of Vocal Utterance—Translations Unsatisfactory—Folk-songs; English, Scottish, and Irish—Duets, Trios, Quartets, etc.—Isolated Movements *vs.* Connected Wholes.

THIS, the most popular kind of music, dates, barring individual experiments, from the end of the sixteenth century, and owes its beginnings to the efforts of the Academy of Florence to recover the music of the ancients. Its first successes are due to Giacomo Carissimi, who lived long enough (1604-74) to see it attain considerable perfection both in his own compositions and through the efforts of others, not only in Italy but also in France and England, who profited indirectly as well as directly from his example or instruction. Its development was subsequently carried still further in Germany. As we have it now, its two kinds, sacred and secular, may be roughly classed as music for solo voice, music for two or more solo voices, choral music, and music wherein any two or all of these classes may be combined. Thus we have the solo with chorus; the duet, trio, or quartet with chorus; the chorus proper interspersed with solos, and so on.

The repertoire of vocal solos is practically inexhaustible. Probably a composer has never lived who has not written a song, and many composers have written hundreds. Till comparatively recent times, solos for the lower voices of both sexes (contraltos and basses) were far less numerous than those for the higher (sopranos and tenors). Lord Mount Edgcumbe (died 1839), who lived to make acquaintance with the now consummated change in this matter, contended (in his "Musical Reminiscences") that this change was not an improvement, nor one likely to contribute to the welfare of music; that however it might be with respect to contraltos, basses could not in the proper sense of the word be made to *sing*; and that the expression *basso cantante*, new in his day, was a practical admission of the truth of this. His proposition, contradicted by isolated facts before it was made, has subsequently been refuted by a thousand. It is inconceivable, for instance, that Handel should have given to the world airs like "Tears such as tender fathers shed," or "How willing my paternal love"—the list could be easily extended—without the hope or certainty that somebody would some day be found to sing them. Principal parts in some of the most enduring of musical dramas have in later times called into existence, or resulted from the existence of, basses as well as contraltos who have proved themselves among the greatest vocalists.

The stock of airs for the soprano voice is, however, still considerably in excess of that for the contralto. Moreover, the greater part of music for contralto voice is due to Italian composers, the Germans and French having contributed comparatively little to it. This is due in large measure to a physical cause—the abundance of contraltos in Italy and their paucity in Germany and France. Furthermore, to this day the performance of a contralto or "second" part is regarded—how ignorantly and foolishly every musician knows—as requiring less skill than that of a soprano or "first" part. Most women wish to have, or to be considered to have, soprano voices, and to sing first parts. They might as well wish for eyes of another color than that which nature has given them, as for a voice of another compass and quality. The parallel, however, stops here; for whereas wishing for blue eyes will not spoil black, wishing for a soprano voice on the part of a contralto often induces an attempt to sing soprano parts, a procedure commonly ending in the possession of no voice at all.

Young women whose eventual compass and quality no experienced singing-master would hesitate to forecast as contralto are often misled by the possession of a second register of considerable extent. The application of this to soprano parts, though for a time possible, and even easy, is much to be discouraged. With well-directed practice the extent of this second register will diminish, while what remains of it will approximate itself to the first, and thus contribute to the completion of a voice at once extensive and homogeneous. Men have an advantage over women in being able earlier and with more certainty to ascertain what the compass and quality of their voices are or are likely to be. Again, whatever may be their wishes in the matter, they commonly bow to the decrees of nature with better grace than women. Though very young men generally desire to be basses, and middle-aged to be tenors, we as rarely find a bass trying to sing tenor as a tenor to sing bass.

For the mezzo soprano, as for its male counterpart the barytone, solos expressly fit are neither few nor inferior. In concerted music, as a rule, there is no defined place for either. In most cases the mezzo soprano will be found best suited by a contralto part, the barytone by a bass; when either of such parts is divided, by the higher of the two. The treatment of the mezzo soprano, as of the barytone voice, sometimes requires very delicate management. Occupying a sort of border-land, both may be, or might have been, in many instances, transferred to either of the territories which this border-land separates. Many barytones, it is certain, might have been tenors, many

mezzo sopranos, sopranos, had the production of their voices been so directed as to enable them to extend their compass upward with ease and good effect. No doubt a certain energy, not always at his command, is needed for the supposed barytone, before he can occupy permanently, as generally he can temporarily, the tenor register. Certain it is that some of the greatest of tenors have been at first treated, and have even sung in public, as barytones.

The solo performances, instrumental as well as vocal, of amateurs are now commonly less ambitious, and therefore more pleasing, than they were once wont to be. The increase in the number of instrumental pieces dependent for their effect rather on sentiment than mechanical skill, and the revived interest in old-time music of that sort, have driven out both the show-piece and the frequently dry and always prolix second and third rate sonata. Enormously as skill in pianoforte-playing has been developed, its application has tended to approximate instrumental to vocal art—to make the pianoforte *sing*. Mendelssohn is not our only composer of "Songs without Words." The designation might be extended to a great deal of the best music, old as well as new, that we now hear in the house and even in the concert-room.

In vocal performance too, public as well as private, the tendency has been for a long time in the same direction. Rarely do we look through an old vocal music-book without finding several "bravuras" to the execution of which few, even among modern artists, are now equal. From the dramatic or quasi-dramatic scena physical incapacity and want of training are likely always to deter the amateur; nor is even its competent execution in the house, inevitably without scenic accessories and associations, likely to give pleasure. Whatever the sentiment of chamber music, its expression should be accompanied by something of reticence. Vehement outbursts of rage, of despair, even of grief, are fine things in their proper places, with their own antecedents and surroundings, all removed from us in space as well as time. Medea, Semiramis, and Lucrezia Borgia are fascinating, however formidable, figures when on the other side of footlights which illumine the worlds of fiction or history to which they belong. At our elbows they are anachronisms, monsters, with whose ways we have nothing in common, for whose sorrows we have little sympathy.

The chamber solo need as little be cold as extravagant. It may be characterized by passion as well as by sentiment; but the passion must not be "torn to tatters," nor the sentiment too strongly emphasized. Even the dramatic singer cannot afford to throw off all consciousness of his personality, or to forget that he is an artist. "If an actor," said Charles M. Young, the English player, "allows himself to be overpowered by his feelings, his audience will never find out what's the matter with him."

Poets seem often to have forgotten that a song is a thing to be *sung*, and that with their verse music has of necessity to be conjoined; composers, that this conjunction should be made through music not only beautiful in itself, but accordant in sentiment and rhythm with that which suggests it. Singers often seem to think that the words of a song are no part of it whatever, or a part so insignificant that no care need be taken about their utterance or the making them intelligible. A discussion about the language of a song is really not an uncommon commentary on its execution; hearers, not having understood a word, taking it for granted that it must be foreign. Something of this is no doubt often to be laid to the share of the composer—to false emphasis arising from misappropriation of notes to words; some of it to overloaded or overplayed accompaniment. But the fault is most often in the singer, who possibly *speaks* plainly enough under ordinary circumstances, but who finds a difficulty in uttering this or that sound on this or that vowel, and avoids that difficulty by the sacrifice, not of the note, but of the syllable. The voice is so much more easily produced from the central point of the variable cavity than from any other, i.e., on the vowel *aa*, that the vowels of many otherwise good artists have a constant tendency to approximate it. Thus we get *say* for see, *saae* for say, *taaone* for tone, *traaop* for troop; and in diphthongs, an undue preponderance being given to *aa* or *o*, we get *naaight* for night, *foin* for fine, and the like. A good deal of this is, it must be feared, not easily remediable after a certain time of life—the time during which the mature voice of man or woman is assuming its permanent character, and in the course of which the power of producing any note of it on any syllable must be acquired, if ever. Still something may be done, even after this, and would be done, were the necessity for doing it more generally felt. How pressing is this necessity needs little demonstration.

Could the auditors in an average musical party be cross-questioned or polled, it would probably be found that for every one among them capable of appreciating or taking an intelligent interest in the notes of a song, at least half a dozen would be found to appreciate the words, and the words only. The exact proportion that these two sets of hearers bear to one another does not affect the argument. This much is certain, that a vocalist who can *say* as well as sing inevitably enlarges greatly the sphere of his influence. Indeed it is notorious that prodigious effect has again and again been given to verse by persons whose powers of dealing with the music seemingly inseparable from it were the smallest conceivable. Rachel's utterance, hardly to be called musical, of the "Marseillaise," affords an example. On the other hand the *playing* of songs by great violinists has been known to create similar excitement. An illustration of this might be found in "The Erlking," as played by Heinrich Ernst, the Austrian virtuoso. But the singer can, or could, do the work both of a Rachel and of an Ernst—give us the melody as well as the verse of Rouget de Lisle, and interpret the poetry of Goethe through the music of Schubert.

Now if there be any one particular in which the amateur vocalist might reasonably hope to equal the artist, it is in this matter of refined and intelligible utterance. It is the side of the singer's art on which general culture tells more than on any other. For the utterance of those who have read much, thought much, been much and early in good company, is distinguished in a thousand ways from that of persons who have not enjoyed these advantages: and this too notwith-

standing provincialisms and peculiarities which no training has enabled those who have caught or inherited them to shake off.

The artist has excuses in this matter of verbal clearness to which the amateur cannot lay claim. He is often called upon to exercise his art in rooms of a magnitude exceeding not only that of any ever found in private houses, but of any which his predecessors had to fill. The first business of him who addresses the public, whether in speech or song, is to be heard; and if the vowel *a* is more easily heard than *e*, and the vowel *aa* than *a*, we must continue to put up with *say* for see, and *saae* for say.

All this has reference to and is suggested by the English language. Of an English-speaking audience to whom a song in a foreign language is addressed a very small minority is ever able to take in the full meaning of the words on a first hearing, be they ever so clearly enunciated. On the other hand, every song suffers enormously from being sung to words other than those to which its music was first set. No question is here raised as to the superior fitness for music of one language over another. Every language probably could be shown to be fit for music, by a composer who was master of it, or a vocalist who could really speak it—or any other: for the singer with whom clear utterance is a habit will, with a little practice, utter one language as clearly as another. The singing of English by Italians, in some cases but imperfectly acquainted with it, is generally distinct—almost to a fault. One language may of itself be more generally becoming to the voice than another, because more abounding in resonant vowels; but the air originally set to German words will suffer as much from being sung to Italian, as that originally set to Italian from being sung to German.

The folk-songs of England, Scotland, and Ireland offer beautiful melodies and interesting words. The exhaustive collection in Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time" will prove a treasure-house of the first. The best of the second, it must be admitted, lose much of their charm when ungraced by the accent—as difficult to acquire as it is to lose. Single words here and there tentatively vocalized in approximate Scottish fashion—town pronounced *toon*, away as *awaw*, and the like—only suggest the absence of, without in the least replacing, the true Doric, a language, be it always remembered, not a dialect, and the language of some of the greatest of lyric poets. From this difficulty or any similar, the performance of Irish melodies is wholly free. It would be hard to point to any body of songs—words worth singing, and melodies fit to sing them to—which would better reward feeling, intelligent, and intelligible delivery. That to them, as to Scottish songs, a superior flavor may be imparted by an accent slightly Milesian, is certain. But this flavor, however charming, is not essential; they are English as well in their vocabulary as their idiom.

For songs of this kind, in which the words and the melody are all important, great care is needed in the choice of a key. This choice the singer must make for himself, nor rest till he is certain of having made it successfully. The compass or range of folk-melody is often very large; so large, indeed, as to make its vocal utterance a matter of some difficulty. But the singer who wishes to give it effect must tolerate—sometimes he will be obliged to alter—a too high or too low note here and there, in order that he may bring the majority of the notes into that part of his voice in which he is sure to be able to speak best, i.e., the middle. The Irish melodies lie for the most part under the disadvantage of indifferent arrangement. The "symphonies" associated with them are often incongruous, and the accompaniments overladen. The former can be dealt with very simply, by omission; the latter must generally be rearranged—the more simply and unpretentiously the better.

If not quite so large as that among solos, the field of choice among duets, trios, quartets, and other accompanied pieces requiring only one voice to a part, is quite large enough to furnish inexhaustible occupation for the most diligent of readers and the most enthusiastic of executants. Modern opera, from the time of Mozart, abounds in concerted pieces which, though most effective on the scene, have quite charm enough, regarded as pure music, to justify their repetition off it. The trio in "Idomeneo" ("Soave sia il vento") or the quintet in "Cosi fan tutte" ("Cosa sento") loses little by its transference from the stage to the drawing-room. To those who have acquired the taste for music of epochs still more remote, the repertoire is still larger, although the amateur will unfortunately find some of it difficult of access.

But many of the compositions to which attention has been called are isolated movements, which do not form parts of large continuous works. Such pieces are, as a rule, generally inferior in interest and effect to those that do; and even the latter, when torn from their contexts, will be found immeasurably less interesting and effective than they were as portions of connected wholes. Take, for example, the well-known air from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "O rest in the Lord." No doubt, delivered by a touching voice, and with just expression, it will even of itself give pleasure; but preceded by the recitatives "Arise, Elijah" and "O Lord, I have labored in vain," and followed by the chorus, "He that shall endure to the end," the same voice will be more touching, the same singer's expression more just, and the air itself will give such pleasure as can only be given by a thing in its place. For relief and repose are as needful for the ear as for the eye; and the familiar and commonplace can be no more banished from art than from nature. There is a passage in one of Ruskin's early books in which he tells us how, finding himself in one of the most romantic scenes of Switzerland, he was glad to take refuge from the ravine and the torrent in the company of a few common wild-flowers on the wayside. Moreover, connection is of itself a source of interest; and forms which grow out of one another are as superior to those that are unconnected as is a collar of metal-work to a bead necklace. No doubt, if the choice of hearing the best passages only of a great musical work, or of hearing the work in its entirety, be offered to an average auditor, he will probably choose to hear the former. He will be wrong, even from his own point of view. For be his knowledge and taste the lowest conceivable, his pleasure in these best passages will be less than it would have been had he heard them in their places and set off by others.

But the student should begin by believing that not only has this or that in a great work its beauty, but everything its use. To master in its entirety a great poem, building, picture, statue, or piece of music, is an aim from the successful realization of which comes not merely information, but increase in the powers by which it has been attained—powers through whose exercise we rise continually in the scale of being, become more critical yet more catholic, stronger, wiser, and better than we were.

CORRECT METHODS OF VOCAL STUDY

By Mathilde Marchesi

General Outline—The Glottis Stroke—One Hour's Work a Day Adequate—Incompetent Teachers—Innovations—Singing in Italian—Recitative.

THE art of song is in a wretched condition; it is sapped to the very foundations. One can no longer distinguish between good and bad. There is an absolute dearth of competent teachers, and the public lacks the exalted taste that might enable it to confer an education upon an artist. Nowadays everybody gives singing-lessons; every teacher of the violin or trombone undertakes to bring forth pupils in six months—or less. Only to touch upon the question of time, let me say that, in my judgment, at least two or three years of study are needed: two for the concert singer, three for the operatic artist. But nothing very definite can be set down in this respect.

If I were asked to describe a general plan of study, I should allot one year to working the organ; eighteen months to acquiring enunciation, sentiment—style, in brief; then Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck, the masters I love and revere, should be studied. In these latter days the *coup de glotte,* the glottis stroke, has been much discussed. I should do away with the term altogether; the word *coup* is brutal. I should call the operation *serrer la glotte,* drawing it together as the flutist and oboist draw their lips. The glottis and the vocal cords in the larynx are the seat of the voice. No musical sound can be emitted without closing the glottis; the air that passes through it when open takes away half the breath, lessening the beauty of the tone while making the breathing too short.

Teachers talk of working the voice three or four hours a day. A student should use the voice one hour a day, and the intellect the remainder of the time, carefully noting down in writing the instructor's counsels. The organ must be worked without words, so as to render it supple and even, that it may not include one weak tone. All the strings of the instrument should be good. After a few months' practice the pupil will be able to speak with the vocal cords in a state of tension, and not with the open glottis. The English system of education, which forbids a child to talk loudly, causes paralysis of the organ from want of use, whence the lack of good voices in England. Just now the finest voices come from Australia; the United States stands next for productiveness. In Italy, where the art of song has sunk to the very depths, the male voices are the best, and are much more easily handled than the female voices.

I referred just now to the incompetent teacher; I should have added that the bad results of his work have been helped by the physicians and surgeons that have of late interested themselves in the study of singing, and that give advice and even write out exercises for singers, which the latter would do wisely never to heed or study. Garcia's great discovery of the laryngoscope has worked much injury to the art of song, in that it has made ignorant instructors subordinate individuality, which is of capital importance, to physiological facts. Nowadays many people strive to build up mediocre voices; formerly, only good voices were chosen for cultivation. The student should be warned, too, against the new methods invented by teachers that seek to make themselves interesting. Knowing naught of the emission of the voice, some make the pupil attack the tone on "la-la-la," "ga-ga-ga," "ra-ra-ra," and so on, while others have the student close the mouth and sing "m-m-m" or "ping-ping-ping." All this is supremely ridiculous.

To unite the tone and the word, I recommend the practice of singing in Italian, for the emission of Italian carries the emission of the tone forward, and prevents its direction toward the soft palate. When the voice goes toward the soft palate, the *voix blanche,* the white voice, is the outcome. And lend no ear to those that advise you to practise with a smile. First of all, this gives the *voix blanche;* next, it causes the smile to become set, and one never gets rid of it.

The singers of the day sing the music, and not the words. To master the text, one should begin by speaking it aloud, seeking out the appropriate dramatic

inflections that must afterward be imported into the song. The recitative is the test of all great artists; it must be brought forth naturally and without false intonations. The greatest artist is the one that comes nearest to nature.

What has the future in store for song and its representatives? A composer that will illume the darkness by music uniting vocalization—not vocalization in the ancient, exaggerated, and bad style, but pure song—with dramatic feeling and expression that will predominate without, however, excluding all else. As for incompetent teaching, why not combat its demoralizing influence by having instructors submitted to examinations as to individual talents and results attained through pupils of different types as to voice and characteristics? Freedom is a great boon, but freedom in the imparting of the art of singing too often means baneful license.

HOW TO LEARN TO SING

By G. Delle Sedie

Incompetent Instruction—But One School of Song—The Study of Mezza Voce—Modern Music and the Singer—A Tempered Style—The Old Masters—A General Guide—Sung Declamation.

PEOPLE sing less well than they sang in the past, though good voices are equally abundant. They sing less well because of the lack of a right school. All second-rate musicians, all singers that through their mediocrity have failed to win renown on the stage, give singing-lessons. Having themselves been ill-taught, they cannot teach in a correct and methodical manner. They think they are doing well in seeking sonority at any cost, and claim to attain it by strength of lungs, unaware that the greater the effort the less appreciable is the sonority. By this fallacious system they rob voices of their suppleness and of the facility of emission which nature has imparted. They succeed, too, in wearying the organ, in impairing its homogeneousness, and in fashioning a being that can only shout. This fatal result makes it impossible for the singer to impart a natural expression to his song; and thus, after a few years of great exertion, the voice loses its timbre and the singer disappears from the boards, having achieved nothing useful for art, but ready to pose as a "professor of singing" and promise his unfortunate pupils to fit them for the stage in six months.

Formerly, five or six years were required to form an accomplished singer; now, people expect to become artists in three years of imperfect study. Parents, too, are to blame for fixing upon a definite term of study, when so much depends upon the bent of the pupil and upon the difficulties he may meet in the mastery of the scale and of the numberless timbres or shades of the principal timbre which the voice encompasses, and which are necessary for the expression of feeling. There is but one school of song; for the human voice, according to its different classes, is in all lands produced by unvarying and identical means. "Method" involves seeking the facile and homogeneous emission of the voice in its whole range.

This end can be reached only by the prudent and assiduous study of mezza voce. Some aver that singing piano tires the voice. This is absurd. The voice is a vowel which, united to a consonant, becomes a spoken word. Song, in this case, is the word sung. No one shouts when speaking. By singing piano one secures the suppleness and elasticity of the muscles that cause the vocal instrument to act; by singing forte these muscles are stiffened. As one of the last disciples of the ancient school, I have developed these theories more fully in my book, "Esthétique du chant et de l'art lyrique."

Modern music is, in my opinion, not exactly a reflection of the age we live in, but rather a praiseworthy search for novelty. The effort is at present more or less successful, but the end is not yet attained. The stage represents a fiction fashioned upon nature, like all representative art, and realism will never, I should say, achieve its ideal of this reproduction of nature unless it enters the domain of fancy and legend. In modern music composers seek new formulas, often with the aid of processes sometimes ill suited to the voice, and depend upon the great effects that can be got through the orchestra. This may be inconvenient for the ill-balanced singer, but not for him that has studied the effects of resonance of the voice through the displacement of the harmonics of the tone emitted by the broadening of the vibrations of this same tone in the buccal cavity, and the articulation of prompt and incisive syllables on the regular continuity of the breath. Strong vibrations of tone must not be produced by a forced expulsion of air, but by regular and continuous pressure, aided by vigorous articulation and by the swelling of the tone—that is, by a broad and round vowel. The masters of old expressed it, "Swell the sound in the mouth while raising the thorax."

The influence of Wagner's music on song has been to place in evidence, above all, the power of "sung declamation"—*la déclamation chantée*. A somewhat

worn artist, if his diction be incisive, may renew his triumphs in a Wagner opera, because the voice is kept in its natural center, and the departures, therefore, are peculiarly syllabic accents, and accents of diction. This music is a sort of reflection of the ancient recitative, but keeps much more closely within the natural limits of the human voice. Hence, from the standpoint of song it is to be preferred to other modern music.

The worthy efforts toward the creation of a new style of theatrical music, added to the influence already attained by Wagner's music and Verdi's last operas, should bring about a tempered style that would bear some relation to the ancient traditions, while substantial, new, and meeting the aspirations of the modern worshipers of art, who would unite the beauties of symphonic music to clear and sustained melody. I think this end may be attained if one examines closely some works of our modern composers and compares them with those of ancient masters. In Verdi's latest operas—in "Aida," for example—one finds a complete change of the rhythmic form, the melody remaining pure and fluent amid well-drawn and powerful orchestration in the modern style. In "Falstaff" one may note that the master, while following a poem with a continuous dialogue, has preserved his melody pure and shapely, according the orchestration, meantime, its prominence and might, and all without damage to the illusion of the continuity of the drama.

Fournier, in his "Physiology of the Voice," says that nature has expended its best upon the human voice. Hence the human voice is naturally accurate; and yet we often find ill-defined timbres, dull, weak, or guttural tones, and sometimes tones that are nasal, strident, or strangled. If the human voice is naturally homogeneous, the defects I refer to can only be the outcome of bad habits contracted through carelessness either in speaking or reading or in the ill-directed use of certain syllables in certain languages. Listen to a peasant or a workingman singing and vocalizing a melody while at work, and it will be observed that his voice is spontaneous, even, true, and supple. The old masters counsel to sing naturally, without altering the tones, without forcing them, and without abandoning the breath—that is to say, keeping its regular continuity, and not expelling it violently from the chest. It is mainly through the observance of this precept that they gave to the drama the great artists whom our modern stars are far from equaling.

Hence the right school of song is simply and laconically defined in the injunctions of the ancient masters. Yet the professor should possess a general guide to correct the defects I have mentioned. This guide may be summarized as follows:

1. Regulate the pupil's breathing so as to render it easy and natural.

2. Cause the sounds to be emitted wholly by the vowel, mezza voce; for when one speaks or sings in half-voice the vowel organs retain their natural elasticity.

3. Exercise the pupil's voice in its natural center, which forms the ring conducting to the upper and nether extremities, and only allow it to leave this center by small steps, according as the voice itself seeks to expand.

4. Make the voice sound throughout its natural range in the buccal cavity and in the pharynx.

5. Broaden, afterward, the voice by swelling the vowel without exaggeration and without forcing the breath or compressing it.

6. Promote the suppleness of the movements of the veil of the palate and of the tongue, to attain by this means a fresh emission of the voice, by broadening and narrowing the isthmus of the throat and of the buccal cavity, in order to obtain all the shades of the timbres required for expressive song.

7. Having conducted the pupil's voice to the stage reached through the course described, and always by means of the vowel, with no word articulated, proceed to the study of coloratura, to endow the voice with all its elasticity and avert the danger it might encounter in declamatory song.

8. After these studies the pupil should proceed to the study of articulation, bearing well in mind that the organs of articulation are the tip of the tongue, the teeth, and the lips. He should beware of articulating by the base of the tongue, for this would involve an alteration in the position of the larynx, and affect the timbre or the vowel.

The study of style, diction, and expression should follow. It develops in the pupil feeling and the analytical spirit, and enables him truthfully to reproduce the sentiments of the drama. The study of pose and gesture comes next.

The study of coloratura is as natural as that of dramatic song; and the artist that knows how to use his voice must sing with equal facility all styles of vocal music. The singer of declamatory music will not grow weary if he has mastered the principles of economy of the breath and those of articulation on the end of the lips.

"Sung declamation"—*la déclamation chantée*—is governed by the same rules as spoken declamation, and in studying it, so to speak, specially, the pupil must nevertheless keep to the written intonation of the music, carefully assimilating to the vowels of the syllables those of the sounds, with respect to their degree of acuteness; thus, while it is almost a special study, sung declamation must harmonize with the good and easy emission of the voice. It must remain within the limits of spoken declamation, and reap the benefit of its spontaneousness and suppleness. The singers of the past studied thus "declaimed song"—*le chant déclamé*—and in several ancient operas they demonstrated its worth.

ON THE TEACHING OF SINGING AND THE SINGER'S ART

By Blanche Marchesi

A Story—Task of the Vocal Instructor—Knowledge and Inspiration—Love of Art—Health—Practice—Patience with Teachers—The Public's Part.

WE may imagine the father and the mother having a talk—one example out of thousands: "I think our daughter is going to have a voice," says the father; "if that is so, I would like her to be a public singer; she might make a great name and earn a fortune, and all our friends would be jealous." "But what are we going to do?" asks the mother. Yes, what?

The girl is, say, fourteen years of age. Her parents are completely ignorant of anything connected with music or art; in fact, music has not hitherto been a subject of discussion between them.

A friend comes to tea in the afternoon; the parents confide to him their plans, and ask his advice. He knows of a piano-teacher whose brother gives singing-lessons. The real profession of this "teacher" is cabinet-making, but he used to sing in the chorus of an operatic traveling company, where he heard many of the great artists. He had also taken part in some local charity concerts, and, in consequence, is regarded as an authority in musical matters. The daughter of the house should be heard by this eminent expert: *he* will say at once if she has a voice worth cultivating.

Father, mother, daughter, and friend proceed the following day to the local authority aforesaid. The "authority" tries the girl's voice, and declares that *there* is an instrument of rarest quality. The girl, he says, should start having lessons at once. "Is she not perhaps too young?" ventures the mother, timidly. "Oh, no!" replies the teacher, anxious to inveigle a victim, "she is just the right age; the muscles are tender, and it is better to impart the right thing on a tender muscle than on a ready-formed one!" The parents are overwhelmed at hearing a scientific explanation of such deep importance. The less they have understood, the more clever they think it!

The daughter starts lessons at once. Needless to say, the teacher is completely ignorant. The daily practices, the wrong production of the vocal tone, are followed by a complete breakdown of the girl's voice, after quite a short time. The voice has now become husky and unsteady, and the girl complains of intense pain after the lessons. The family are alarmed; they consult a specialist, who finds the throat in a very bad condition. He suggests an absolute rest. The parents are much distressed, but the idea that their child is to become a singer has firmly fixed itself in their minds and nothing will uproot it.

After the rest prescribed by the doctor, they bring their daughter back to the same teacher, and repeat to him the doctor's diagnosis. The teacher defends himself as best he can. "The girl has a delicate throat," he says; or "This is often the case at the beginning"; or "The child must have overworked at home"; or "The winter has been especially damp and cold."

The lessons are resumed. After a few weeks the girl has lost even her speaking voice. The teacher, becoming slightly alarmed, says it would be best to wait a year or two until she grows older. Then he proceeds to "explain," with more or less success, why the girl *has* lost her voice. Even now the parents do not believe that he is responsible for any of the harm done.

They decide that, while the girl is waiting, she shall be very well educated, to enable her to meet, later on, the demands of a great career; so they send her to a very superior boarding-school. At this school there are sight-reading and chorus-singing classes. The girl joins them, like every one else. These classes are held without regard to the age, capacity, or health of the girls. Notes are put before them, and they have to be sung, no matter whether they are too high or too low for the individual voices. In the case of this girl whose life we are now picturing, there very soon follows an acute attack of laryngitis; and coming home from school at the end of the term, she has to give up all hopes of ever being able to do anything with her voice—at least for the present. However, several years of complete rest bring back a few notes of her voice; new hopes are formed, and the parents send their daughter to a large town. There she tries every available teacher, until nodules are formed on her vocal cords. A great authority in the medical world, to whom she is then taken, declares that she will never again as long as she lives be able to *speak* in a clear voice. So this story comes to an end. It is not the story of a girl who had to earn her own living.

What, however, about those who have nobody in this world to give them anything, and whose voices are their only fortune? The loss of the voice means the destruction of every hope of becoming famous or wealthy. Parents, if they have a gifted child, ought never to ask advice except from the highest authority in the profession chosen by or for that child.

To teach singing is more serious than to teach any other thing in this world. The singing-teacher can often give a voice, but he can more often take it away and break it forever. Therefore, to teach singing aright is an infinitely important matter. When you teach a musical instrument you can also impart the wrong thing; but in that case the pupil can restart on a new line, and learn the right thing. With singing it is

different. Either the voice has been spoiled and it will take years and years of tears and pain to regain the lost treasure by the aid of the greatest expert in teaching, or it will be gone forever!

The singing-teacher not only has to "place" the voice, but to cultivate it with love and patience; he has to observe the general health of his pupil; he must direct her steps, teach her to clothe and to protect herself against fatigue and cold; and all the while he must also train her soul. Even if the arrangement of her hair is in bad taste, it must be corrected. Often a trifle overlooked in the appearance of an artist has ruined her career. A singer who stands on a platform bent forward and never lifting her eyes, or one opening a mouth like a cavern, is impossible, whatever voice she may possess. "Stage fright," that terrible malady of nervousness known to all who have to appear before the public—even that must not be too noticeable. The public does not want a frightened artist; the public wants to enjoy itself; and a nervous artist makes the listeners nervous. A little nervousness at the beginning of a career is naturally allowed for, but it must not dominate the whole performance; if it does, it will spoil the whole effect. The soul of the pupil must be open to poetry, to love of beings and things; the thought must be wide-awake, else how can the singer understand the poem and the story which underlie every song or air? The horizon of her views must be widened.

The girl who follows the ordinary school course without specializing in anything is the least educated of all the daughters of the great nations. I always question my pupils about their studies; and my experience is that they have never learned the things which they ought to have learned. How can they get on without a knowledge of mythology? How can they understand paintings, sculptures, even literature? They do not learn the story of art, nor the literature of all the countries.

The consequence of this limited education is that the fields of girls' imaginations have not been enlarged. Their moral eyesight is dim and limited; their conversation touches only a few subjects, and in life only a few things interest them. The most stupid love-stories, with an *olla podrida* of railway "literature," are the only things they are familiar with. A girl who is not trained to appreciate serious and instructive literature will always lack depth and thoroughness. It is inevitable that this should be reflected in her art, if she chooses one, or if it chooses her.

To make a girl sing oratorio when she is fitted for opera; to try to make a serious ballad-singer out of one whose forte is light opera, are fatal mistakes on the part of a teacher. *Knowledge* and *inspiration* form the base of the art of teaching, and it is most necessary to understand the pupil's capacity. We are all human beings; every one of us has moments of fatigue; but the teacher who, instead of giving the necessary explanation, becomes annoyed when the pupil asks an important question, is either ignorant or quite unfit. The teacher is there to impart, the pupil to take in; and if the pupil has difficulties in learning, it is the task of the teacher to overcome them. In a case where the teacher recognizes the utter impossibility of imparting his art to a pupil, because of the latter's want of the essential qualifications for an artist, he must have the courage to state the fact.

You wish to sing? Why? Because you are longing to become celebrated, or because you love money? Or do you really love art itself? One thing is certain: whatever you undertake without love—I mean love in the best sense of the word, not love of worldly matters—cannot be accomplished. It was love—love for God, for nature and art—which made the ancient painters and sculptors so great; and it is the lack of this love which makes some modern artists so hopelessly small, the old idea being replaced by the desire of making money to procure luxury. One must live, of course, and if an artist makes money by his art, well and good: it is perfectly legitimate. But to regard an art solely from the point of being able to make money out of it is absolutely to be condemned.

You must first of all form your character; without that you can gain nothing, least of all a career. You must be able to dominate your passions and desires, if you wish to sing. All physical effort, any moral or physical strain, reflects back upon the voice, for the voice is produced by a group of muscles which form a part of the body. The first condition toward becoming a singer is to have general good health. Only moderate walking exercise should be taken; a little swimming, riding, or cycling will not hurt the voice, but I say a *little*. Colds are naturally to be avoided. The skin must be kept free, or bad circulation is the result; but to keep up a good circulation, massage and exercise are the two best things that one can recommend. For a singer, good meals and proper clothing are absolutely necessary. Exciting drinks have to be avoided; wines are not only ruinous for the body, but they produce gout and rheumatism; alcohol in every form weakens the muscles. It has destroyed more singers' voices than the public is aware of. A singer's heart must not be weak or overexcited; the heart being the most necessary factor of the body, its condition has the greatest influence on the voice. All violent exercise is to be avoided. I have met many girls who have had to give up singing because their hearts had been strained by violent games. Even too much walking may strain the heart.

The greatest sacrifice, and perhaps the hardest, to a singing-student is that she may only work her voice a little. There is a human instrument to be considered, and *that* will not stand overpractice. A girl should never begin singing before the age of sixteen; indeed, many girls are too young to start even at seventeen and eighteen. All depends upon the general development. The practices have to be timed, and they may only be increased by minutes. It is the teacher's duty to regulate this important feature in the studies of his pupil. The work that the pupil is anxious to get through may be learned by *thinking about it;* she can study it for hours with her brain, and she will find that this will advance her considerably in her progress. The real practices with the vocal instrument itself should not last for more than *minutes* to begin with; and only much later on can they be stretched out to half-hours. I must add that forcing the voice by shouting is very dangerous. Singing with what is commonly called half-voice, or humming with open or closed mouth is equally dangerous. All these

bring on the same evil result, namely, complete relaxation of the muscles of the throat.

One thing that has always struck me as incomprehensible, is the patience exercised by the average singing-pupil with the "teacher" who has either imparted nothing to her, or has ruined her voice forever. In ordinary life I generally find people revengeful, easily upset, having no memory for past benefits, but a splendid one for ill-treatment or unkindness. The singing-student is different. She certainly forgets the good things received (there are a few exceptions), but she as certainly forgets the bad things too. A proof of the right method is that from the day the lessons begin (in a more or less rapid way, according to the special or general condition of the pupil's voice), the progress must be constant, never decreasing. One of the greatest drawbacks in the education of singing-pupils is that they do not give the necessary time to their chosen art. Many want to sing songs after a few lessons; and very few will understand that, even if the right method is being imparted, everything cannot come at once.

Another very tiresome drawback for a student is the persistency of the student's friends. I know of nothing more dangerous than these so-called friends. They simply persecute a singing-student, making her sing for their own pleasure, either before or after dinner, whether she has the permission of the teacher or not.

The public creates kings in art, and destroys them later with the same smile. It makes those who have reached the highest realms of fame sink into the dark night of oblivion; while, on the other hand, it elevates creatures of obscure birth to the rank of heroes. Nevertheless, in spite of everything, artists crave for it, work for it, and suffer for it. They offer this Moloch their heart's blood, they tremble before it, and adore it. Why? Because the public is to the singer what the light is to the painter. Without eyes to see and sun to shine, where and what would the painter be? Without ears to hear, what would music be? The one cannot exist without the other. I will say more: a considerable part of the artist's talents depends upon her hearers. You may be the greatest living artist, but if you stand before an uneducated, indifferent or ironical public, you will be unable to impart or develop your art. You will lose your talent instantaneously if you begin to feel that cold waves of indifference are flying toward you across the space. On the other hand, you will be inspired and double your talent if you have sympathy, love, enthusiasm, and praise from your audience.

The public can unfortunately direct an artist's taste, force him to perform what it likes best, what seems a pleasure to it, because pleasure is the principal benefit it wishes to derive from art. The public wants to be pleased, to amuse itself; if it must work or struggle to understand what is offered to it, the singing will no longer be a pleasure. Therefore the public likes things known to it, as in listening to them it enjoys itself. The serious artist who wishes to educate the public remains very poor indeed, and advances very slowly. I only speak of the singer, as she stands in front of the public in an especially difficult position, which is unknown to instrumentalists. The classics of music for the violin and pianoforte are known by every concert-goer all over the world; and the artists play them over and over again, until the public is thoroughly familiar with them. The singer's repertoire is, so to say, unexploited as yet. The singer, wishing always to please instantaneously, and especially having to consider that she *must* please so as to be able to earn her own living, has to give up searching for unknown or forgotten novelties; she gives the public what it knows and therefore does not add to its education.

When some artists venture to give unknown works, they can only count on the appreciation of a circle, a very small circle, of people, and not on the general public. This circle is formed of highly cultured persons, who look out for intellectual feasts, and are happy to stroll with the artist through unknown fields. Therefore, it is the public who could, *if* it would, educate the artist, because it is the public which pays. So, naturally, the artist who has to make her own living cannot afford to teach the public, as she is the one who receives.

THE VALUE OF CORRECT BREATHING

By William Shakespeare

Decadence of Vocal Art—Standard of Taste Lowered—Singing "to the Breath"—How to Recognize Correct Production—Freedom of Throat.

FAULTY intonation and painful tremulousness; a lack of real expression, through which vehemence must be accepted as intensity; absence of pronunciation and an infrequent power of sustaining long phrases—all these, accompanied in our opera houses by convulsions of orchestration, denote, at the present writing, a serious decadence in the art of singing. One may indulge the hope, however, that this decadence has reached the level at which a reaction may soon be expected.

The condition of affairs I refer to is, in my judgment, the outcome of the degradation of the artist in the universal race for wealth. It is illustrated in the enormous honoraria commanded by the few gifted ones that yield to a low standard exacted by a vastly extended and ignorant public. The foremost men and women in the profession are the greatest offenders, judged by the columns of the daily newspapers, the character of the songs desired by popular taste, and the artists' subservience to its demands. A woman—a musician, not a singer—that stood at the head of her profession expressed the yearning of all true artists for a more serious state of things, in the words, "I am fifty years too late!"

Many years ago students were far more earnest in the pursuit of their labors than they are nowadays. Young vocalists no longer admit the need of prolonged study when they can earn money at once, regardless of the future of their throats. Then, too, art is not for the million. The million cannot apprehend a high standard. The art that appeals actually to ten millions is but a caricature. Students possessed of the most splendid natural gifts will no longer stand a prolonged course of tuition. A year, or a year and a half, is regarded as a sufficient outlay of time; at the expiration of that period each is equipped, thanks to the prevailing low standard of taste, to go forth and prosper. This lowering of the standard of taste by the representative singers of the age is a disorder of the century. The real artist never ceases to raise his own standard by study, nor does he bid for popularity.

As for singing, Lamperti's great axiom was, "Sing to the breath, and the instrument must be free from rigidity, and the tones will respond to the slight pressure of the controlled breath." This is in accordance with the teachings of Crescentini, who said, "Singing is looseness of the throat and the voice on the breath." And Pacchierotti proclaimed, "He that knows how to pronounce and how to breathe, knows how to sing."

If the singer sings as above explained, he will experience certain physical sensations that may be tentatively described. For example, the right production of the chest tones will convey a feeling of very great vibration in the chest; the tones above these—the lower medium or upper chest tones—will cause vibration in the mouth, at the front teeth. If the tones lying higher than these are rightly produced and the upper lip and chin are free, expression is the result; but wrong production is attended with a loss of all expression, a fixed eye, and a set chin and jaw. Reverberation of the tone in the forehead is the fatal sign of a wrong production of the high tones; with the highest tones of the female voice the sensation should be farther back than the back upper teeth. These tones constitute what is known as the "head voice."

A bad singer experiences discomfort and strain at the throat; a good singer is utterly unconscious of any fatigue, or, indeed, of singing at all. Perfect unconsciousness should exist at tongue and throat. Wrongly produced, the high tones become gloomy and, so to say, "hooting" in quality. Stiffening of the tongue is probably the great means by which a bad singer is able to bring forth his loud but meaningless tones. Hence all that teach freedom of throat in singing are in the right. Equally so are those that teach facility of pronunciation and breath-control, and those that insist on expression, as long as they insist with equal pertinacity upon control of the breath. Stiffness of tongue involves stiffness at the vocal cord. The practice of coloratura was intended by the old masters to secure looseness of the vocal apparatus, and to this the attention of the student cannot be too earnestly directed. But for the ancient study of florid exercises, the miracles of brilliant and facile execution credited to the singers of old could never have been performed.

THE CARE OF THE VOICE

By Nellie Melba

Food and Exercise—Private Economy of the Voice—Proper Posing—The Choice of Rôles.

IT is not poetic, but it is plain truth, that chiefly upon the condition of the stomach depends the condition of the voice. Now, stomachic disorders are mainly caused by unsuitable food; and about my food I am most particular. It requires a little self-denial, of course, to abstain from rich dishes and wines; but my fare is invariably of the simplest kind—plenty of chops and steaks, fresh vegetables and fruits. Then, exercise, indoors with dumb-bells, when the weather is bad; but always in the open air if fine, and there walking is best. No ordinary rule of health may be disregarded by the singer, and every sensible person must know more or less what contributes best in his individual case to health and well-being.

Another secret of the freshness of my voice is that, while I save none of my other muscles, but take much physical exercise, I use my voice for the public only. When young artists undertake a new rôle they immediately begin to sing it. They hack and hack at their voices, not for purposes of execution, but merely to memorize what they might better do with their fingers on the keyboard. I do not memorize on my voice what can be as well done on a mechanical instrument. When the music is fixed in my mind then only do I use my voice upon it. Further still, except at rehearsal I always use my voice pianissimo. If you practise forte, you cannot sing pianissimo afterward. Therefore, pianissimo in private, and the forte is sure to come all right in public. Of course, while the average voice is being developed, scales, solfeggi, and vocalization over its full compass, are essential; but once the voice has obtained its growth, my experience is that if you sing in public you should save it completely in private.

I especially advise young singers above all things to look after the proper posing of the voice. When I first went to Marchesi, in Paris, without a single vocal lesson I sang as well as I do to-day, but for one break in my voice. Marchesi corrected that at once, and placed the registers properly. If this had not been done I should have totally lost my voice. Singers will know of themselves where the break lies between their registers, and if the teacher tries to force the voice over the break there is sure to be something wrong. The probable result will be permanent ruin of the vocal organs. Many a voice is thus ruined in the first stages of tuition. It is quite possible to sing as an artist and yet be an exception to the ordinary rule as to the place where the registers change. A natural peculiarity in this respect should not be disregarded. I carry my middle register to F sharp, half a tone beyond the prescribed limit. If I were a teacher and advocated this in any special case, I should have the whole fraternity abusing me. But I know my own voice.

While I have been on the stage I have sung in many different rôles, and have studied several in which I have not appeared. I like them all. If I begin the study of one and find I do not like it, I drop it at once. I can make nothing of a rôle with which I am not in sympathy. Of course, one has naturally a weakness for those in which one has achieved the greatest success. But I seem to have been equally successful in mine—Aïda, Elsa, Lucia, Gilda, Semiramide, Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser," Elaine, Juliette—Gounod himself taught me that part—and Marguerite as well.

Certain rôles may suit the voice and not the temperament of the artist, or the reverse. I mean that one's nature may be one of passionate intensity, and one's voice of a quality unfit for the strain of expressing exalted sentiments, intense feeling, and profound emotion. A man with a light, high tenor voice could not hope to sing heroic rôles with any considerable success; neither could a heavy dramatic soprano make much effect in opéra-comique music. A singer should pay regard to the type of her voice (for that is the medium of expression), and ignore inclination to impersonate characters for which the voice is unsuited, even though nature may have bestowed every other endowment required for those parts. When possible, I always study my rôle with the composer. Gounod was my friend. I studied with him, with Mascagni, with Thomas, with Delibes. If I cannot reach the composer, I study what the music says to me of the meaning of the libretto. I do not go to the scene of the story, study the class of people to which the characters belong, or even read of it from books. I try to get the composer's meaning, rather than to make a conception of my own of what the part ought to be. I work this out in my own mind, not from observation of scene or people.

VICTOR MAUREL AS IAGO ("OTELLO")

From the Painting by Benjamin Constant

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MY PERSONAL VIEWS ON THE ART OF VOCAL INSTRUCTION

By Victor Maurel

Various Propositions—Results of Phonation—Five Qualities of Vocal Music—Pitch, Intensity, and Timbre—Art and Scientific Knowledge.

THERE exists an actual necessity for the union of art with science in order to accomplish what has hitherto been attempted by the aid of empiric rules alone. My book "A Problem of Art" lays down in brief the following propositions, definitions, and deductions:

"I. All tone-production (phonation) depends upon the relations of three qualities of vocal sound: height (pitch), intensity, and timbre.

"II. Phonation is a physiological act, the agents of which are certain organs of the human body comprehended under the name of 'vocal organs,' which produce a sonorous vibration called voice, or vocal sound. These three qualities of vocal sound are engendered in the human throat, but are not defined at the moment when the free edges of the two ribbons of muscle, usually called the vocal cords (inferior), between which opens the space called the glottis, enter into vibration.

"They do not become definite until they have suffered modifications in the passage which is made by the vocal sound across the inner cavities of the head, modifications which do not cease until the tone issues forth from the lips. These modifications of the three qualities of the vocal sound, like its initiation, are caused by the movements and changes of position of the vocal organs. Each quality arises from causes clearly distinct; but as all three are produced simultaneously in the same organs, their relation to each other is most intimate, since every variation in the position of the organs, although intended to effect but one of the vocal qualities, necessarily involves a modification of the others also.

"The essential cause of *pitch* is the degree of tension and the closeness of proximity of the vocal cords.

"*Intensity* arises primarily from the breath expelled from the lungs. But it should be remembered that this air-column is only able to effect its progress through the interior vocal passages by being reflected, for the obvious reason that it is impossible to draw a straight line from the glottis to the lips. The causes which detract from the intensity of the vocal sound arise from the manner in which the air-column traverses the vocal passage, from the changes to which the cavities concerned submit, and also from such as can provoke the movement of certain mobile organs situated upon the vocal passage.

"*Timbre* depends primarily on the molecular constitution of the body which initiates the vibration of the vocal breath (vibrating air-column), viz., the vocal cords. It also depends largely on the positions taken by the organs and cavities situated upon the vocal passage."

According to human practice the results of phonation fall into two classes: modulated, pertaining to music; and significant, pertaining to language. The union of significant phonation (speech) with modulated phonation (*solfège*) produces song, which is both modulated and significant. Language, in turn, involves three requisites: accuracy, expressiveness, and perceptibility; to which modulation adds two more: pitch and intensity.

Thus vocal music implies five qualities: its language must be accurate; it must express the mood and intention of the singer; it must be audible to the listener; it must be varied in pitch and in intensity. These five requisites, on close inspection, are too often found to involve an opposition grounded on physiological considerations. The organic conditions demanded by one forbid those demanded by another. Art, in fact, may be resolved into a series of compromises; but inartistic or unnecessary compromise destroys art.

Whereas art, starting from an idea in its expression, ends with the scientific facts upon which its effects are based, science, starting with these effects, ends with the truth to be deduced from them—that is, with the idea. "Art, seconded by science, is the formula that we propose for the solution of the problem upon which depends the future of vocal art."

In the matter of teaching, as the three qualities of vocality—pitch, intensity, and timbre—are equally precious, they should be developed simultaneously. Since to do this it is necessary to begin with one, I select that which should be called "the great regulator of the three qualities of vocal sound"—namely, timbre.

Opposed to the present practice of vocal teaching, we should seek *not* all the pitches at which the voice can be emitted upon a given timbre—i.e., the pronunciation of a given vowel—but all the timbres—i.e., all the pronunciations of the vowels which can be emitted upon a given pitch. Take, for convenience, a medium pitch—that which serves for speech. Pursue the research at all the pitches which the voice will produce. This will permit the observation of the gradual transformations of the timbres, and will thereby make evident the ensemble.

All of this, the initial step of the work of vocal culture, should be effected with the weakest possible intensity. Suppleness should be acquired before strength, as is physiologically correct, since all physical exercise should begin with motions to produce suppleness. Only when studies upon timbre and pitch have given satisfactory results should the question of

intensity (not loudness) come in play. All possible variations of intensity should then be studied upon all the timbres of all variations of pitch.

The exercises preparatory to singing may be reduced to three types: scales, arpeggios, and grupetti (figures); to which may be added a fourth type, intensity, which varies upon a given height (*filage des sons*). When one has produced all the varieties of pitch that it is possible to realize upon all varieties of intensity and of timbre; all the varieties of intensity upon all the varieties of timbre and of pitch; all the varieties of timbre on all the varieties of height and of intensity, he will have practised the ensemble of the three qualities of vocal sound from one end to the other of the field of natural means of artistic expression. He will know the compromises which these qualities necessitate in order not to injure each other; will know how to maintain them in a state of conciliation; in fine, will possess mastery of singing.

The art of vocal instruction must have a scientific basis. It is to that end, and to prove that necessity, that my essays have been written; but, alas! men of science continue to pursue their own road, while artists persist in following the path that they have chosen. Both are wrong: the first regard phonic production from a purely physical and anatomical point of view; the second rely entirely upon experiment or observation. The former lack experience in art; the latter in scientific knowledge.

And yet, after all, what is phonetic production but a result of the mechanism and movements of certain organs? In order, then, to obtain a satisfactory result we must first have perfect mechanism, whence the necessity of studying the anatomy and physiology of the organs of sound. The product of this mechanism is vocality, not only when it becomes an auditory sensation, but in its initial state, while still in the throat—that is to say, when it is not yet a sound, but merely vibration, having neither intensity nor dimension nor tone, but being only a molecular movement.

The study of vibration belongs to physics, which brings us back again to our starting-point, that in this joining of forces there must be mutual gain; and with a thorough understanding of primary causes we can easily trace the means by which best results are to be obtained—from a technical standpoint, be it understood, for we are dealing with the question of technique only.

Thus we may infuse new blood into this drooping art, which seems about to perish for want of understanding the evil from which it suffers. The remedy can be found only in a careful study of the laws of vibration of sound, and the manner in which it is formed and diffused in the vocal organs.

WHAT I THINK OF THE MODERN ART OF SONG

By Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch

Wagner's Unconscious Influence—His Intentions Unheeded—Transitory Spell of Song—The Critics—Both German and Italian Schools Necessary—Practice of Scales—General Suggestions—Qualifications of the Artist.

THE art of song will always be the same—only, nowadays, much less must be learned than heretofore, and of this fact the singers of the period make good use. And, unfortunately, I must confess that Wagner has unconsciously exercised a great influence upon incapables (Nichtskönner). In former times, particularly when Mozart was concerned, and, indeed, all the old Italian masters—Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi (the latter in his early works)—it was required that every voice, whether soprano, alto, bass, or tenor, should be of extensive range, have good execution, a trill, etc. Wagner has, happily, swept away all these needs from the opera; but the fact that now that each syllable has a note the music is easier to sing, fosters the belief that, to sing Wagner's music well, one has only to enunciate distinctly. Why should one practise fioriture and trills? Many dramatic songstresses, indeed, regard it as a shame to make a simple mordente: to do this might make people believe they were coloratura vocalists.

I, on the contrary, consider that one cannot sing Wagner well without singing Mozart well, and vice versa. True it is that Wagner makes great demands upon the voice; but possessing his sunken orchestra, he could take much license, and that his intentions are not heeded everywhere is certainly no fault of his. If all his piano and pianissimo signs were observed by conductors, orchestra, and singers, the public would marvel how singable Wagner can be. I shall cite here, in support of my assertion, only one instance, the "Death Announcement" (Die Todesverkündigung) in "Die Walküre." For the Valkyr herself, the scene is conceived as a vision, her answers to Siegmund being marked *pp*. for the orchestra. And what occurs habitually? The orchestra blares forth as though it were trumpeting on the day of judgment.

I do not share, as to Wagner, the views of extremists, and every reasonable artist must reject them. Every genius has its incomparable sparks from above, but even geniuses are only men, and perfection is not

of this world. Why should I exalt to heaven one man in particular, where so many exist, and so much that is great has been achieved? There is room for all, but the place of each must be won and held, which last is often the most difficult of accomplishment. What is really great and sublime remains; what is small, or made imposing by artificiality, is borne away by the unceasing flight of time.

Shall we go back to the past? We shall always go back to the ancient traditions as long as these are left us. Every art, call it what we will, has rested for thousands of years upon a firm basis, which none that lay claim to artistic worth may disregard. Painting and sculpture have in this respect an advantage: their creations remain, everlasting, visible exemplars and incentives to effort. The singer, unhappily, creates but for the moment; little that he does so impresses as to extend its influence over years. We learn of it only by narration; we cannot hear it more. The art of song exerts its spell at once, and can stir the heart to the depths, but in the other respect it is in truth ill-favored.

As in every branch of art, there are now, in the art of song, but few distinguished personalities. Only born coloratura songstresses can sing Mozart. How few learn to sing his music, how few teach it; and so it goes! Through the advancement of wretched beginners, brought forward by conscienceless agents and ignorant managers who have the good will of the critics, the public is educated in stupidity. The public feels that this is good, and that bad; and yet it involuntarily asks if what it reads—exactly the reverse of its own right feeling—must not be more accurate because set down by a critic; and it requires all the energy of one's character to hold to one's opinion or to defend it. In ten different newspapers one can read, concerning the same person or work, the most varying opinions; a comparison compels merriment. The critics, too, seek to earn their bread, especially in Germany. How many can write an ordinary critique? Most of them cannot sing a note; they depend upon their divine infallibility; works, performances representing years of activity, industry, and pains, are judged according to good or ill humor, and often dismissed with a sorry jest, while the tentatively interesting critic exalts a wretched production to the skies. This endures not, for what is beautiful and worthy remains victorious; but the judgment of the public is made no better. I have learned that among the critics are artists and unprejudiced men—particularly in America. There critics have publicly thanked artists —e.g., Niemann—for what the artist taught them; this has inspired me with profound respect for the writer in question. But how seldom is the public taught to judge, how seldom the artist amiably enlightened!

It would be difficult for me to express myself briefly on the subject of instruction in the art of song; the theme appeals to me so strongly that I fear I should be carried too far in my utterances. I will touch on but a few points. Most people have a wrong conception of method. Some claim that the Italian is the best, others the German. Both schools, when good, rest on the same basis; they are in fact one and the same. Perhaps some people understand, nowadays, by the "German school," Wagner singing; by the "Italian," the ornate style. The layman may hold these different conceptions; to the artist, whether German or Italian, these schools have no separate existence. A good songstress must be mistress of both. This mastery is attainable through industry, endeavor, and thought, and, in my opinion, whoever does not attain it can lay no claim to the title of artist. I make no exceptions; this applies to singers as well as to songstresses. The sole difference between the old and the new methods of instruction is that formerly eight years were devoted to the study of song and acting, while now a pupil is brought out in a twelvemonth. Scarcely anything can be accomplished in this length of time.

I remember Rossi's telling me that he studied Hamlet eight years before essaying the part on the boards. Others attempt it in four weeks, and the result is and remains a failure, unless a God-gifted genius atones for much by the divine spark. A real genius, however, begins his study only when he apprehends the defects of a conception and is not satisfied to obey the momentary impulse of feeling. To create a rôle, to breathe life into it, to master it physically, to grow with it, to sing one's self into it, requires years; and when one has filled it a hundred times, one still smoothes down roughnesses, striving all the while to maintain proportion, greatness, dignity. How many heed all this at present?

The study of difficult exercises, the sustaining of tones, long breathing exercises, are gone out of fashion, and the scales, they say, tax the strength too severely. Yet whoever sings the scales well can sing everything easily, and therein lies the secret of keeping one's voice young and fresh to an advanced age. My mother often told me: "No one will give you a penny merely to sing in tune and by heart. When you have sung through a great rôle you should be fresh enough to begin anew. The practice of scales will never weary you; on the contrary, they are as needful to good singing as is the air to breathing." I noted all this. "A singer, too," she said, "should always have one upper and one lower tone more at her command than she requires."

As the study of song is difficult and exacting, the mind and body of the singer require much repose. Much speech should be avoided, for nothing injures the voice in the same degree. Two hours' conscientious daily practice is sufficient. Social functions should be avoided; a regular life led; abundant out-of-door exercise taken, and early hours for retiring kept to. Good, solid food should be partaken of in moderation; moderation and limitation are words made for the life and work of an artist.

The term artist is much abused. I am often pained for others, as well as for myself, when I see men and women that have had a long artistic career and have risen far above their contemporaries by genius and toil, named in the same breath with those barely out of school, to say nothing of having accomplished anything in art. This should not be. The title "artist" should be held sacred by the public and the critics, a title of honor, to be obtained only by years of service; then would greater efforts be put forth to acquire it, and many a youth wear a humbler mien. At sixteen

no one, however extraordinary one's talent, can be an artist. A man must have struggled with destiny, and striven as man and artist, to become conscious of his highest aims. How shall love, grief, hatred, revenge, or compassion be depicted by him that has not known these feelings? Genius can accomplish much, but will discover this to be unattainable; then the artist must work diligently to make good his shortcomings. We must ourselves behold and experience, ere we, dignified in tone, word, bearing, and expression, give back from the stage sentiments and emotions. But our managers want artists of sixteen summers. They will never find them; body and mind are at that age alike immature, and will never meet the demands of an intelligent audience. No songstress until she is thirty, no singer until he is thirty-five years of age, can achieve anything potent.

What do I like to sing? Everything that is noble and beautiful. Among my rôles I like most Fidelio, Donna Anna, and Isolde. Isolde enfolds all that is known as womanly feeling; for me she most embodies woman, although sinning woman. I can merge myself in her feeling, and that is the highest that an artist can claim for her creative power. Isolde is not a part: she is a complete being, *ein ganzer Mensch*. What would I not do for Mozart? I love him as one loves the sunbeams that warm, that one inhales with rapture. Wagner often cleaves my heart in twain; his is the life of a great man, with its heights and its depths. Yet it seems to me that we are indebted to Wagner not only for his works, but also for a far better understanding of Beethoven, and even more of Gluck, who is as yet not nearly comprehended.

It is not a very gracious task to give advice to young artists; one may give one's best, and not be heeded. Above all things, I should counsel industry, industry, and again industry. With this, and voice, talent, endurance, capability in all directions, a sound body, and boundless aptitude, the student in time may accomplish something.

GREAT VOCALISTS

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CHAPTER I

FROM THE BEGINNINGS OF OPERA TO CATALANI

Early Exponents of Vocal Art—Francesca Cuzzoni—Farinelli—Catterina Gabrielli—Madeleine Sophie Arnould—Gasparo Pacchierotti—Gertrude Elisabeth Mara—Antoinette Cécile Saint-Huberty—Elizabeth Billington—A List of Other Noted Artists.

THAT there is ample evidence of the influence of vocal music among ancient peoples—whether in religious procession, bardic recital, or dramatic chorus—is abundantly shown in the historical section of the present series. There, also, it appears that during the Middle Ages vocal music continued to play its part in the life of European nations. It was kept alive largely in one of two ways—by the services of the Church, or by the minstrel who appeared under various names and by whom several more or less distinct phases were developed. Here and there a name emerges, such as that of Taillefer, whose martial chant rang forth to lead the invading host of Normans at the battle of Senlac; or Wolfram, whose poetic gifts have been celebrated by Wagner in "Tannhäuser." It is not, however, until the establishment of opera that a record of great singers begins sufficiently authentic and detailed to supply material for definite biography.

It was in 1600 at Florence that the first regular public performance of opera was given. The growth of opera on the Continent and in Great Britain was rapid, and this soon became the most elaborate and lavish of all forms of public entertainment. The impetus that it gave to the development of musical art was great, and through it most of the historic singers have risen to eminence. As Italy was the original home of opera and center of instruction in the art of song, the important vocalists were at first largely of Italian origin. In France, however, progress was rapid, and a French school of opera, with its own methods and traditions, shortly came into being. In Germany and Great Britain, also, native singers gradually arose. In London the opera soon became extremely popular, and the choicest talent was secured from abroad by means of most liberal inducements.

It has seemed best to give, in this opening chapter, a brief biographical survey of the leading early exponents of the vocal art. The selection of names has been carefully made from an extensive list, and includes those who played the most distinguished parts in that stage of musical evolution and to whom testimony and tradition have assigned a peculiar place. The arrangement is chronological.

In addition to the names that we have here treated at some length, we have also given a list of a few others in regard to whom the reader may find full information in musical encyclopedias and other works of reference. This preliminary chapter is followed by several others of which each is concerned with one of the great names identified with opera, from Catalani to Jenny Lind; and the section is concluded by a chapter devoted to a few artists of more recent times whose names have already become classic in the annals of song.

Certain rather definite limits having been set to the extent of this portion of the work, many well-known singers have necessarily been omitted. Furthermore, it has been deemed impossible to accord any space to operatic favorites of the present, to whom no decisive position can as yet be assigned.

FRANCESCA CUZZONI.—This great contralto was born at Parma (or, according to others, at Modena) about 1700, received her first instruction from Lanzi, a noted master, and became one of the most famous singers of the eighteenth century. She made her début at Venice with Faustina Bordoni in 1719 in Gasparini's "Lamano," being described as "virtuosa di camera" of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany; and she appeared again, with Bordoni and Bernacchi, in the "Pentimento Generoso," in the same year and at the same place. After singing on most of the principal stages of Italy she went to England. On her first arrival there she married Sandoni, a harpsichord-master and composer of some eminence. Her first appearance in London was on January 12, 1722, as Teofane in Handel's "Otho." Her singing of her first air, a slow one, "Falsa imagine," fixed her reputation. A story is told about this song which illustrates her character as well as that of Handel. At rehearsal she took a dislike to the air, and refused to sing it; whereupon Handel seized her by the waist, and swore he would throw her out of the window if she persisted. She gave way, and in that very song achieved one of her greatest triumphs. Success followed her in "Coriolano," in "Flavio," and in "Farnace"; and she became a popular favorite.

In the following year she sang in "Vespasiano" and "Giulio Cesare," and her triumphal career was continued in "Calfurnia," "Tamerlane," and "Artaserse"; and in "Rodelinda" (1725) she created one of her most successful parts, gaining great reputation by her tender singing of the song "Ho perduto il caro sposo." French applause met her in "Dario," "Elpidia," "Elisa," "Scipio," and finally "Alessandro" (Handel),

when she first encountered, on the English stage, the redoubtable Bordoni. In this opera her style and that of her rival were skillfully contrasted by the composer; but the contest was the first of a series which did the Italian opera much harm.

In 1727 she created a great effect in the song "Sen vola" ("Admeto"), which displayed her warbling style. Her next part was in "Astyanax." The violence of party feeling had now become so great that, when the admirers of Cuzzoni applauded, those of Bordoni hissed; and vice versa. This culminated during the performance of "Astyanax," when shrill and discordant noises were added to the uproar, in spite of the presence of the Princess Caroline. Lady Pembroke headed the Cuzzonists, and was lampooned in the following epigram:

UPON LADY PEMBROKE'S PROMOTING THE CAT-CALLS OF FAUSTINA.

Old poets sing that beasts did dance
Whenever Orpheus play'd,
So to Faustina's charming voice
Wise Pembroke's asses bray'd.

At the close of the season, the directors, troubled by the endless disputes of the rivals, decided to offer Faustina one guinea a year more than the salary of Cuzzoni. The latter had been persuaded to take a solemn oath that she would not accept less than her enemy, and so found herself unengaged. About this time she yielded to the invitation of Count Kinsky, and went to Vienna. She sang at court with great éclat; but her arrogant demands prevented her from getting an engagement at the theater.

At Venice she next sang at one theater, while Faustina performed at another. In London again, a few years later (1734), she appeared in Porpora's "Ariadne"; and, with Farinelli, Senesino, and Montagnana, in "Artaserse" as Mandane, and also in other operas. Hawkins says that she returned again in 1748, and sang in "Mitridate"; but this is not recorded by Burney, who puts her third visit in 1750, when she had a benefit concert (May 18). The concert was a failure, and she disappeared again. She then passed some time in Holland, where she soon fell into debt, and was thrown into prison. Gradually she paid her debts by occasional performances given by the permission of the governor of the prison, and returned to Bologna, where she was obliged to support herself by making buttons. She died there in poverty in 1770.

It was difficult to decide whether she excelled more in slow or in rapid airs. A "native warble" enabled her to execute divisions with such facility as to conceal their difficulty. So grateful and touching was her natural tone that she rendered pathetic whatever she sang, when she had the opportunity to unfold the whole volume of her voice. Her power of conducting, sustaining, increasing, and diminishing her notes by minute degrees acquired for her, among professors, the credit of being a complete mistress of her art. Her trill was perfect: she had a creative fancy, and a command of tempo rubato. Her high notes were unrivaled in clearness and sweetness, and her intonation was so absolutely true that she seemed incapable of singing out of tune. She had a compass of two octaves, C to C in alt. Her style was unaffected, simple, and sympathetic. As an actress she was cold, dressed badly, and her figure was short and ungraceful. Yet the fine ladies imitated the costume (brown silk, embroidered with silver) which she wore in "Rodelinda," and it became the rage. There are no good portraits of her; but she figures in several of the caricatures of the time, and notably in Hogarth's "Masquerades and Operas," where she is the singer to whom the Earl of Peterborough is presenting £1000.

CARLO FARINELLI.—The real name of this singer was Broschi. He was born at Naples, January 24, 1705, according to his own statement made to Burney, who saw him at Bologna in 1770. He soon left the care of his father, who taught him the rudiments, to enter the school of Porpora, of whom he was the first and most distinguished pupil. In spite of his explicit statement to Burney, it is not possible that Farinelli could have made his début at Naples in 1720 at the age of fifteen in Metastasio's "Angelica e Medoro"; for the latter did not leave Rome till 1721, and "Angelica e Medoro" was not written before 1722. In that year Farinelli, already famous in Southern Italy under the name of *il ragazzo* (the boy), accompanied Porpora to Rome, and made his first appearance there in "Eomene," composed by his master for the Teatro Aliberti. There was a German trumpet-player at that time in the capital, who excited the admiration of the Romans by his marvelous powers. For this artist Porpora wrote an obbligato part to a song, in which his pupil vied with the instrument in holding and swelling a note of extraordinary length, purity, and volume. Although the virtuoso performed this in a wonderful manner, Farinelli excelled him in the duration, brilliance, and gradual crescendo and diminuendo of the note, while he carried the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch by the novelty and spontaneity of the trills and difficult variations which he introduced into the air.

Having remained under the instruction of Porpora until 1724, Farinelli made his first journey to Vienna in that year. A year later he sang for the first time at Venice in Albinoni's "Didone abbandonata," libretto by Metastasio; and subsequently returned to Naples, where he achieved a triumph in a "dramatic serenade" by Hasse, in which he sang with the celebrated songstress Tesi. In 1726 he appeared in Ciampi's "Ciro" at Milan; and then made his second visit to Rome, where he was anxiously expected. In 1727 he went to Bologna, where he met, for the first time, the famous Bernacchi, the "King of Singers." In a grand duo with Bernacchi, Farinelli poured forth all the beauties of his voice and style without reserve, and executed a number of most difficult passages, which were rewarded with tumultuous applause. Nothing daunted, Bernacchi replied in the same air, repeating every trill, roulade, or cadenza that had been sung by Farinelli. The latter, owning his defeat, entreated his conqueror to give him some instruction, which Bernacchi, with equal generosity, willingly consented to bestow; and thus was perfected the talent of one who has through tradition been ranked as perhaps the most remarkable singer who ever lived.

After a second visit to Vienna, in 1728, Farinelli went several times to Venice, Rome, Naples, Piacenza, and Parma, meeting and vanquishing such formidable

rivals as Gizzi, Nicolini, Faustina, and Cuzzoni, and everywhere loaded with riches and honors. In 1731 he visited Vienna for the third time. It was at this point that he modified his style, from one of mere brilliance and bravura, which, like a true pupil of Porpora, he had hitherto practised, to one of pathos and simplicity. This change is said to have been suggested by the Emperor Charles VI. "You have," he said, "hitherto excited only astonishment and admiration, but you have never touched the heart; it would be easy to you to create emotion, if you would but be more simple and more expressive!" Farinelli adopted this admirable counsel, and became the most pathetic, as he was still the most brilliant, of singers.

Returning once more to Italy, he revisited with ever-increasing renown Venice, Rome, Ferrara, Lucca, and Turin. In 1734 he made his first journey to England. He arrived at the moment when the opposition to Handel, supported by the nobles, had established a rival opera, with Porpora for composer, and Senesino, who had quarreled with the great German, for principal singer. The enterprise, however, did not succeed, but made debts to the amount of £19,000. At this juncture Porpora naturally thought of his illustrious pupil, who obeyed the summons, and saved the house. He made his first appearance at the Lincoln's Inn Opera, in "Artaserse," the music of which was chiefly by Riccardo Broschi, his own brother, and Hasse. The favorite airs were "Pallido il sole," set by Hasse and sung by Senesino; "Per questo dolce amplesso," by the same, and "Son qual nave," by Broschi, both the latter being sung by Farinelli. In the last, composed specially for him, the first note was taken with such delicacy, swelled by minute degrees to such an amazing volume, and afterward diminished in the same manner to a mere point, that it was applauded for full five minutes. After this, he set off with such brilliance and rapidity of execution that it was most difficult for the violins of those days to accompany him.

He sang also in "Onorio," "Polifemo," and other operas by Porpora; and excited an enthusiastic admiration among the dilettanti which finally culminated in the famous ejaculation of a lady in one of the boxes (perpetuated by Hogarth in the "Rake's Progress")—"One God and one Farinelli!" His salary was only £1500, yet during the three years (1734-36) which he spent in London, his income was not less than £5000 per annum. On his return to Italy, he built, out of a small part of the sums acquired there, "a very superb mansion, in which he dwelt, choosing to dignify it with the significant appellation of the *English Folly*."

Toward the end of 1736 Farinelli set out for Spain, staying a few months in France by the way; where, in spite of the ignorance and prejudice against foreign singers which then distinguished the French, he achieved a great success. Louis XV gave him his portrait set in diamonds, and 500 louis d'or. Though the singer, who had made engagements in London, intended only a flying visit to Spain, his fortune kept him there nearly twenty-five years. He arrived in Madrid, as he had done in London, at a critical moment. Philip V, a prey to melancholy depression, neglected the affairs of the state, and refused even to preside at the Council. The Queen, hearing of the arrival of Farinelli, determined to try the effect of his voice upon the King. She arranged a concert in the next room to that which the King occupied, and invited the singer to perform there a few tender and pathetic airs. The success of the plan was instantaneous and complete; Philip was first struck, then moved, and finally overcome with pleasure. He sent for the artist, thanked him with effusion, and bade him name his reward. Farinelli, duly prepared, answered that his best reward would be to see the monarch return to the society of his court and to the cares of the state. Philip consented, allowing himself to be shaved for the first time for many weeks, and owed his cure to the powers of the great singer. The Queen, alive to this, succeeded in persuading the latter to remain at a salary of 50,000 francs, and Farinelli thus separated himself from the world of art forever.

He related to Burney that during ten years, until the death of Philip V, he sang four songs to the King every night without change of any kind. Two of these were the "Pallido il sole" and "Per questo dolce amplesso" of Hasse; and the third, a minuet on which he improvised variations. He thus repeated about 3600 times the same things. It is not true that Farinelli was appointed prime minister by Philip; but under Ferdinand VI, the successor of Philip, he enjoyed the position of first favorite, superior to that of any minister. This king was subject to the same infirmity as his father, and was similarly cured by Farinelli, as Saul was by David. His reward this time was the cross of Calatrava (1750), one of the highest orders in Spain. From this moment his power was unbounded, and exceeded that ever obtained by any other singer. Seeing the effect produced on the King by music, he easily persuaded him to establish an Italian opera at Buen-retiro, to which he invited some of the first artists of Italy. He himself was appointed the chief manager. He was also employed frequently in political affairs, and was consulted constantly by the minister La Enseñada.

In all his prosperity, Farinelli ever showed the greatest prudence, modesty, and moderation. Having one day heard an officer in the antechamber complain of the King's neglect of his thirty years' service, while riches were heaped on "a miserable actor," Farinelli begged a commission for the grumbler, observing mildly that he was wrong to tax the King with ingratitude. According to another anecdote, he once requested an embassy for a courtier, when the King asked him if he was not aware that this grandee was a particular enemy of his. "True," replied Farinelli; "but this is how I desire to take my revenge upon him."

Shortly after the accession of Charles III to the throne (1759), Farinelli received orders to leave the kingdom, owing probably to Charles's intention to sign the family pact with France and Naples, to which the singer had ever been opposed. He preserved his salary, but on condition that he should live at Bologna and not at Naples. Once more in Italy, after twenty-five years of exile, Farinelli found none of his friends remaining. Some were dead; others had quitted the country. He passed the twenty remaining years of his life in a splendid palace, a mile from Bologna, contemplating for hours the portraits of Philip V, Elisabeth, and Ferdinand. He received the visits of strangers

courteously, and showed pleasure in conversing with them about the Spanish court.

When Burney saw him at Bologna in 1771, though he no longer sang, he played on the viol d'amour and harpsichord, and composed for those instruments. He had also a collection of keyed instruments in which he took great delight, especially a piano made at Florence in 1730; and a fine gallery of pictures by Murillo and Ximenes, among which were portraits of his royal patrons, and several of himself, one by his friend Amiconi, representing him with Faustina Bordoni and Metastasio.

Fétis falls into an error in contradicting the story of Farinelli's suggesting to the Padre Martini to write his "History of Music," on the ground that he only returned to Italy in 1761, four years after the appearance of the first volume, and had no previous relations with the learned author. He was in correspondence with him certainly as early as April, 1756, when he writes in answer to a letter of Martini, and, after adverting to the death of Bernacchi, orders twenty-four copies of the "History," bound in red morocco, for presents to the Queen and other notabilities of the court. It is, therefore, quite possible that their correspondence originated even long before this. They remained in the closest intimacy until separated by the decease of Farinelli, July 15, 1782.

Martinelli speaks in glowing terms of this great artist, saying that he had seven or eight notes more than ordinary singers, and these perfectly sonorous, equal, and clear; that he had also much knowledge of music, and was a worthy pupil of Porpora. Mancini, a great master of singing and a fellow-pupil of Bernacchi with Farinelli, speaks of him with yet more enthusiasm. "His voice," he says, "was thought a marvel, because it was so perfect, so powerful, so sonorous, and so rich in its extent, both in the high and the low parts of the register, that its equal has never been heard in our times. He was, moreover, endowed with a creative genius which inspired him with embellishments so new and so astonishing that no one was able to imitate them. The art of taking and keeping the breath, so softly and easily that no one could perceive it, began and died with him. The qualities in which he excelled were the evenness of his voice, the art of swelling its sound, the portamento, the union of the registers, a surprising agility, a graceful and pathetic style, and a shake as admirable as it was rare. There was no branch of the art which he did not carry to the highest pitch of perfection. . . . The successes which he obtained in his youth did not prevent him from continuing to study; and this great artist applied himself with so much perseverance that he contrived to change in some measure his style and to acquire another and superior method, when his name was already famous and his fortune brilliant."

Catterina Gabrielli.—Daughter of Prince Gabrielli's cook, Catterina was born at Rome, November 12, 1730. She became one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and capricious singers that ever lived. When she was fourteen the Prince, walking in his garden, heard her singing a difficult song of Galuppi's, sent for her, and after listening to her performance promised her his protection and a musical education. She was placed first under Garcia, *lo Spagnoletto,* and afterward under Porpora. A great success attended her début (1747) as prima donna, at Lucca, in Galuppi's "Sofonisba." Guadagni gave her some valuable instruction in the style in which he himself excelled —the pure and correct cantabile. This she was therefore now enabled to add to her own, which was the perfection of brilliant bravura, with a marvelous power of rapid execution and an exquisitely delicate quality of tone. At other theaters in Italy she met with equal success, singing in 1750, at Naples, in Jommelli's "Didone," after which she went to Vienna. Here she finished her declamatory style under the teaching of Metastasio, and fascinated Francis I, who went to the opera only on her nights. Metastasio is said to have been not indifferent to the charms of this extraordinary singer, still known as *la Cochetta* or *Cochettina,* in memory of her origin; but she did not respond. Her capricious treatment of her numerous adorers gave rise to hundreds of stories.

In 1765 she quitted Vienna, laden with wealth, and went to Sicily, where she excited the same furor, and exhibited the same caprices. She was imprisoned by the King because she would not sing her part in the opera above a whisper. During the twelve days of her imprisonment she gave sumptuous entertainments, paid the debts of poor prisoners, and distributed alms in profusion. Each evening she assembled the other inmates of the jail, to whom she sang her favorite songs. The King was obliged to set her free, and her reputation with the public stood higher than ever. In 1768 she went to Russia, where she astonished Catharine II by demanding 5000 ducats as salary, a sum, as the Empress objected, larger than the pay of a field-marshal; to which Gabrielli simply replied, "Then let your field-marshals sing for you"—as Caffarelli once replied in similar circumstances.

She appeared in London in the season of 1775-76. Burney says of her that "she had no indications of low birth in her countenance or deportment, which had all the grace and dignity of a Roman matron." The public was prejudiced against her by the stories current of her caprice; and she remained during only one season. Burney extols the precision and accuracy of her execution and intonation, and the thrilling quality of her voice. She appeared to him "the most intelligent and best-bred virtuosa with whom he had ever conversed, not only on the subject of music, but on every subject concerning which a well-educated female, who had seen the world, might be expected to have information." She sang with Pacchierotti at Venice in 1777, and at Milan in 1780 with Marchesi, with whom she divided the public into two parties. After this, Gabrielli retired to Rome with her sister Francesca, who had followed her everywhere as seconda donna. She died in April, 1796, of a neglected cold.

Madeleine Sophie Arnould.—This famous actress and singer, and the original Iphigénie in Gluck's opera of "Iphigénie en Aulide," was born in Paris, February 14, 1744, in the same room in the Rue de Bethisy in which Admiral Coligny was murdered, August 24, 1572. The Princess of Modena, having heard the child sing in the church of Val de Grâce, was so charmed that she recommended her to the royal intendant of music. Against the will of her mother, Sophie became a member of the Chapelle Royale, and

was taught comedy by Mlle. Hippolyte Clairon, and singing by Mlle. Tel. Madame de Pompadour on one occasion was so much struck by the young artist that she characteristically said, "With such talents you may become a princess." She made her début on December 15, 1757, and remained on the stage till 1778, the most admired artist of the Paris Opera. In that year she left the boards and retired to private life. Arnould was not less renowned for her wit and power of conversation than for her ability as a singer and actor. A volume of table-talk, called "Arnouldiana," contains a host of her caustic and witty speeches. At her house was long maintained a salon frequented by many persons of prominence. Her fame as an artist rests very largely on her connection with the operas of Gluck. She appeared with great success in the "Orphée" and "Alceste" as well as "Iphigénie." In Gluck's subsequent works her place was taken by a Mlle. Levasseur. Her acting was quite as much admired as her singing, and Gluck's new ideas found in her an able interpreter. She died in 1803.

Gasparo Pacchierotti.—Perhaps this artist was the greatest singer of the second half of the eighteenth century. He was born in 1744 at Fabriano, near Ancona.

Having been prepared for the career of a sopranist, he studied long and carefully before he began, at the age of sixteen, to sing secondary parts at Venice, Vienna, and Milan. Endowed with a vivid imagination, uncommon intelligence, and profound sensibility, but having, on the other hand, a tall and lean figure, and a voice which, though strong in the lowest register and rising easily to the high C, was often uncertain and nasal, Pacchierotti required much determination and strength of character to overcome the defects, and take advantage of the qualities, with which he found himself provided by nature. This he accomplished only by painful and laborious study, retiring to a garret in Venice, where he practised the most difficult exercises which the masters of those days prescribed as necessary to the education of the voice. Success at last crowned his endeavors.

Milan was the last place in which he sang a secondary rôle. Having returned to Venice in 1769, he took the place of Guarducci, primo musico at the San Benedetto, then the chief theater in that city. Successful here, he was immediately invited by the impresario of the opera at Palermo for the season of 1771. On the way thither he visited Naples, where he was informed that the celebrated prima donna De Amicis had protested against the proposition that she should sing with him, "a player of second parts." The Venetian minister, to whom he was recommended, comforted him in this juncture, but only with the humiliating permission to show his powers by singing two pieces, with full orchestra, at the San Carlo, before Lacillo, Piccinni, and Caffarelli, as judges. Here he was brilliantly successful, and was immediately offered his choice between the theaters of Palermo and Naples. He proudly chose the former, where he met the great De Amicis, and had to submit to another ordeal in a duet with her at the first general rehearsal of "Didone." Even De Amicis herself, however, was surprised into sincere and kindly admiration.

This set the seal on Pacchierotti's reputation, and for twenty-five years he delighted the cognoscenti of Europe. He remained for a time in Italy, singing at Parma, Milan, Florence, Forli, and Venice. After this, he sang at Milan in the carnival of 1778, then at Genoa, Lucca, and Turin; but in the autumn of that year he went to London with Bertoni, and made his first appearance there with Bernasconi in the pasticcio "Demofoönte." Great expectations had been formed of him, not only from his continental reputation, but from the account given by Brydone in his "Tour through Sicily and Malta," and from some airs sung "in his manner" by Piozzi, "in a style that excited great ideas of his pathetic powers." These expectations were not disappointed; and Burney's warm but intelligent praise of his beautiful voice, his perfect command of it, the taste and boldness with which he invented new ornaments, the truth and originality of his expression, and his other musicianly qualities, must be read by those who would form an idea of the truly great singer that Pacchierotti was. Lord Mount Edgcumbe also speaks in the highest terms of the talent of Pacchierotti, whom he calls "decidedly the most perfect singer it ever fell to his lot to hear." Though intimately connected with his friend Bertoni, Pacchierotti sang with no less ardor and energy the music of Sacchini and other rival composers.

After a second visit to London Pacchierotti again returned to Italy. He sang at the Tuileries in Paris on his way back again to England from Venice, where Bertoni had written fresh operas for him. Galuppi had died there in 1785, and at his funeral Pacchierotti took part in a requiem. "I sang very devoütly indeed," he wrote to Burney, "to obtain a quiet to his soul." Pacchierotti arrived in London, on his third visit, in 1790, and sang at the Pantheon, and at the festival in Westminster Abbey in 1791. At the opening of the Fenice at Venice in 1792, he took his leave of the stage, after which he settled in Padua. In 1796, however, he was compelled to appear once more to sing before General Bonaparte, who was passing through the city. He sang, but most unwillingly.

At Padua he enjoyed the society and the esteem of all the literati of the city. In a letter to Catalani, which he had intrusted to Dragonetti, who was on the point of escaping from Italy, he lamented the French occupation. Both fugitive and letter were intercepted; and the unlucky Pacchierotti was thrown into prison, where he was detained for a month. Not long before his death he was visited by Rossini, to whom he deplored the depraved modern taste in singing, and the growth of a noisy and rococo style, for which, doubtless, the old singer thought Rossini in great degree to blame. "Give me another Pacchierotti," Rossini replied, "and I shall know how to write for him!"

During his remaining years, Pacchierotti did not cease his daily practice and enjoyment of singing, in private; but mainly devoted himself to Benedetto Marcello's setting of Giustiniani's paraphrase of fifty psalms, "from which," he said, "he had learned the little that he knew." From the midst of this quiet life he departed October 28, 1821. Only a few moments before his death he had repeated, as usual with him, some of Metastasio's sacred verses, in the most pathetic tones; and he died praying "to be admitted to one of the humblest choirs of heaven."

"An anecdote illustrating Pacchierotti's pathos," says Ferris, "is given by the best-informed musical authorities. When Metastasio's 'Artaserse' was given at Rome with the music of Bertoni, Pacchierotti performed the part of Arbaces. In one place a touching song is followed by a short instrumental symphony. When Pacchierotti had finished the air he turned to the orchestra, which remained silent, saying, 'What are you about?' The leader, awakened from a trance, answered with much simplicity in a sobbing voice, 'We are all crying.' Not one of the band had thought of the symphony, but sat with eyes full of tears, gazing at the great singer."

Gertrude Elisabeth Mara.—Among great singers Mara presents many interesting characteristics. She was born at Cassel, February 23, 1749. Her mother died soon after the birth of this child, and her father, a poor musician, named Schmeling, is said to have adopted the plan of securing his little daughter in an armchair while he attended to his affairs. From this cause, it appears, she fell into a rickety state, from which it was long ere she recovered, if indeed she ever recovered entirely. Schmeling contrived to increase his income by mending musical instruments, and the little Gertrude one day, when only four years old, got hold of a violin, and began to draw musical sounds from it. For this she was punished by her father; but the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and she seized every opportunity when Schmeling's back was turned of practising on such instruments as she could find. Before long, to his astonishment, he found her playing on a violin, of which she had mastered the scale. Struck with her genius, he gave her a few lessons, and found her so apt a pupil that, not long afterward, he was able to play duets with her before a few amateurs.

By favor of an amateur, Schmeling and his child were enabled to visit the fair at Frankfort, where the little girl's performance excited great wonder. A subscription was set on foot, a better education was given to her, and when she had reached the age of nine her health had improved, and she was able to proceed to Vienna with her father, and there give some concerts. The English ambassador advised Schmeling to take the child to England, advice on which the poor musician, furnished with letters of introduction by the ambassador, gladly acted. He soon obtained for his wonderful child the patronage of many noble and influential persons, including the Queen. The little girl, petted and admired by all the great ladies, was, however, persuaded by them to give up the violin, which they thought an unfeminine instrument, and was encouraged to sing. Her voice was already resonant and clear, but she had, of course, had no instruction. Schmeling, by the help of her protectresses, placed the young Gertrude under the tuition of Paradisi.

Having returned to Cassel, Schmeling found it impossible to get an engagement for his daughter at the court; for the King would not hear of any but Italian singers. Hiller now received her into his music-school at Leipzig, where she remained for five years. In 1771 she came from this academy with a voice remarkable for its extent and beauty, a great knowledge of music, and a brilliant style of singing. She was the first great singer that Germany had produced. Her education had been formed on the music of Hasse, Graun, Benda, Jommelli, Pergolese, Porpora, and Sacchini; but Hasse, with his vocal passages and facile style, was her favorite master. Her voice extended from the middle G to E in alt. She made her début in an opera of Hasse's at Dresden, and was successful. With difficulty, the King, Frederick II, was persuaded to hear her; and, though strongly prejudiced against her on account of her nationality, he was immediately converted by her singing at sight an air of Graun's, and finally engaged her for life to sing at court. Here she profited by the hints of Concialini and Porporino, and perfected her singing of slow and legato airs.

It was at this juncture that, in spite of all advice, and although the King twice refused his consent, she married the violoncellist Mara. She soon discovered her folly, and regretted it when too late. The King allowed her no liberty or indulgence. On one occasion she was actually brought from her bed, by his orders, transmitted through an officer and guard of soldiers, and, though complaining of indisposition, forced to sing at the Opera. She at length succeeded in escaping to Dresden, where she was detained by the Prussian ambassador. Frederick, however, who had lost some front teeth and could no longer play the flute, cared now but little for music, and gave her a tardy permission to cancel her engagement. Mara, free at last, arrived in 1780 at Vienna, where Storace was playing in opera buffa, for which the Emperor had a great liking. To this, however, Mara was not well suited, and she was coldly received. Provided with a letter from the Empress to Marie Antoinette, she passed through Germany, Holland, and Belgium, singing at various places on her way. At Munich Mozart heard her, but was not favorably impressed. He wrote, November 13, 1780, "Mara has not the good fortune to please me. She does too little to be compared to a Bastardella (yet this is her peculiar style), and too much to touch the heart like a Weber [Aloysia], or any judicious singer."

She was again at Vienna in March, 1781, and Mozart mentions her as giving a concert there. She reached Paris in 1782. Here she found the celebrated Todi, and a rivalry immediately sprang up between these two singers, which divided society into factions, as when Handel and Bononcini, or Gluck and Piccinni, were opposed to each other by amateurs incapable of admiring both.

Two years later, in the spring of 1784, Mara made her first appearance in London, where her greatest successes awaited her. She was engaged to sing six nights at the Pantheon. Owing to the general election, she sang to small audiences, and her merits were not recognized until she sang at Westminster Abbey, in the Handel commemoration, when she was heard with delight by nearly 3000 people. She sang in the repeated commemoration in 1785, and in 1786 made her first appearance on the London stage in a serious pasticcio, "Didone abbandonata," the success of which was due entirely to her singing. In March, 1787, Handel's opera of "Giulio Cesare" was revived for a benefit, and Mara played in it the part of Cleopatra, which Cuzzoni had sung in 1724. It was so successful that it was constantly repeated during the season. Mara again took a leading part in the festival in West-

minster Abbey in 1787, and she remained connected with the opera in London till 1791, after which, though she sang occasionally on the stage, and even in English ballad operas, she was more frequently heard in concerts and oratorios. For these she was better suited, as she was not a good actress.

In 1788 she was singing in the carnival at Turin, and the following year at Venice. She returned to London in 1790, went to Venice in 1791, and again in the next season to London, where she remained for ten years. After this time, she found her voice losing strength, and she quitted England in 1802, having received a splendid benefit of over £1000 at her farewell concert. She sang without effect at Paris; and then, after passing through Germany, took up her residence at Moscow.

By teaching she acquired a small competence, which was lost to her (1812) in the fire of Moscow, which destroyed the merchant's house in which she had placed it. Forced to begin once more to seek a means of subsistence, when almost sixty-four years old, Mara traveled in Livonia, where she was kindly received, and settled in Revel. She now supported herself again for about four years by teaching, and then formed the strange desire to revisit London, the scene of her former glory. Here she arrived in 1819, according to Fétis, though Lord Mount Edgcumbe puts her visit before the burning of Moscow. In any case, announced in a mysterious manner by Messrs. Knyvett as "a most celebrated singer whom they were not at liberty to name," she appeared at the King's Theater, when it was discovered that not a shred of her voice remained—and it never appeared again. She returned to Livonia, and died at Revel, January 20, 1833, at the age of eighty-four, soon after receiving from Goethe a poem for her birthday, "Sangreich war dein Ehrenweg," dated at Weimar, 1831.

Antoinette Cécile Saint-Huberty.—In this group of artists belongs the eminent French operatic actress whose real surname was Clavel. She was born at Toul, about 1756. Her father, who had previously served in the army, became stage manager to a French opera company at Mannheim, and afterward at Warsaw, where she studied for four years with Lemoyne, conductor of the orchestra. Her first public appearance was in an opera of his, "Le Bouquet de Colette." She then went to Berlin, and subsequently for three years sang at Strasburg, as Mlle. Clavel. Thence she went to Paris, and made her début at the Académie in the first performance of Gluck's "Armide" (September 23, 1777).

For a considerable time she played only in subordinate parts. Her appearance was not striking; she was fair, thin, and below middle height, with a face expressive but not beautiful. Her voice was produced badly and with effort, her stage action was spasmodic and exaggerated, and she had a strong German accent. But Gluck found in this ill-trained actress qualities he may vainly have sought for in more finished singers. She appeared one morning at rehearsal in an old black gown in the last stage of patched decrepitude. "Here comes Madame la Ressource," remarked some gay rival (alluding to the character of that name in "Le Joueur"). "Well said," answered Gluck; "that woman will some day be the *resource* of the opera." She labored to improve herself, and on the retirement of two leading singers succeeded to their parts.

Her first great success was as Angélique in Piccinni's "Roland," and was followed by others in Floquet's "Le seigneur bienfaisant," Gossec's "Thésée" (March 1, 1782), and Edelmann's "Ariane" (September 24, 1782), all tragic rôles. As Rosette in Grétry's "L'embarras des richesses" (November 26, 1782), she showed all the versatility and vivacity necessary for comedy. As Armide (in Sacchini's "Renaud"), in "Didon," "Chimène," "Les Danaïdes," "Alceste," and "Phèdre," she had a succession of triumphs. "Didon," Piccinni's masterpiece, made no impression till she undertook the title rôle, and the composer declared that without her his opera was "without Dido." On her first appearance in that part (January 16, 1784) she was crowned upon the stage.

She was never a perfect vocalist; "less violent and extravagant in her singing than the generality of French singers, but still with too much of the national style," says Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who admits, however, that she was an excellent musician. But her power lay in her extreme sensibility. In truth and force of expression she was unequaled; her declamation was impassioned, her byplay "terrible," her silence "eloquent." Having studied the Greek and Roman statues, she abandoned the hoops and powder previously used in the costume of ancient characters, and adopted appropriate robes.

In 1785 she made a journey to Marseilles, which resembled a royal progress. The excitement she created amounted to frenzy, and when she left Provence she carried away more than a hundred crowns, many of them of great value. But on her return to Paris she found new rivals to dispute her sway. She failed, too, as Clytemnestra, a part altogether unsuited to her. It ended four years later by her marrying the Count d'Entraigues, of strong royalist sympathies, in which she participated warmly. In 1790 he had emigrated to Lausanne, and there their marriage took place, at the end of that year. It was not acknowledged, however, till 1797, after the Count, imprisoned at Milan by Bonaparte, had been released by his wife, who found means of enabling him to escape, and of preserving his portfolio, which was filled with political papers.

The Count afterward entered the Russian diplomatic service, and was employed on secret missions. After the peace of Tilsit, he possessed himself in some manner of a copy of the secret articles of the treaty, and hastened with them to England to communicate them to the government. He established himself, with his wife, at Barnes, near Richmond, where, July 22, 1812, they were assassinated by their servant, who stabbed them as they were getting into their carriage, and blew out his own brains afterward. This man had been bribed by emissaries of Fouché's, sent to watch the proceedings of the Count d'Entraigues, had allowed them to take copies of correspondence with the Foreign Office, intrusted to his care by his master, and had reason to think that his treachery was being discovered.

Elizabeth Billington.—This celebrated English singer was the daughter of Carl Weichsel, a native of Freiberg in Saxony, and principal clarinet at the

King's Theater. Her mother was for several years a favorite singer at Vauxhall Gardens, London, and elsewhere. Elizabeth was born in London, probably in 1768. She and her brother Carl were from the earliest possible moment trained to music, and on March 10, 1774, performed on the pianoforte and violin at their mother's benefit concert at the Haymarket Theater. At fourteen years old she appeared as a singer at Oxford, and at sixteen became the wife of James Billington, a double bass player. Immediately after their marriage they went to Dublin, where Mrs. Billington commenced her career as a stage singer in the opera of "Orfeo ed Euridice."

On her return to London she obtained a trial engagement of twelve nights at Covent Garden, where she appeared February 13, 1786, as Rosetta in "Love in a Village." Her success was such that the managers immediately engaged her for the remainder of the season at a large salary. She speedily attained a position at the Concert of Ancient Music, where she disputed with Mara for supremacy. Mrs. Billington remained in England until 1794, when she went with her husband and brother to Italy. At Naples Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador, induced Mrs. Billington and her brother to perform in private before the King, who immediately prevailed on Mrs. Billington to sing in public at the San Carlo Theater. Accordingly in May, 1794, she made her appearance there in Francesco Bianchi's opera "Inez di Castro," written expressly for her. Her success was complete, but her triumph was suddenly interrupted by the death of her husband. On renewing her performances she met with the most favorable reception, and sang successively in operas composed for her by Paisiello, Paer, and Himmel.

In 1796 she went to Venice, where, being attacked by illness, she performed only once. She and her brother next visited Rome, and all the principal places in Italy. In 1798 she married a M. Felissent, from whom, however, she soon separated. In 1801 she returned to England, and as the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden competed for her services it was arranged that she should perform at each house alternately. She accordingly appeared at Covent Garden Theater, October 3, 1801, as Mandane in Arne's "Artaxerxes," still retaining the name of Billington. From this time until 1809, when she retired from public life, her services were in constant request. Once afterward she quitted her retirement to perform at a concert given in Whitehall Chapel on June 28, 1814, in aid of the sufferers by the war in Germany. In 1817 she was reconciled to her husband, and quitted England with him for her estate, situated near Venice, and there she died, August 28, 1818. Mrs. Billington's compass was extensive (three octaves from A to A in altissimo), the upper notes being exquisitely beautiful. She excelled in passages of execution, but her powers of expression were limited. This limitation, however, was compensated by her natural and artistic gifts.

The reader may also be interested in seeking information regarding the following. All will be found treated in Grove's well-known "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

Francesca Margherita de l'Epine.
Catherine Tofts.
Anastasia Robinson (?-1750).
Margherita Durastanti (c. 1695-?).
Faustina Bordoni Hasse (1700-83).
Lavinia Fenton (Beswick) (?-1760).
Regina Mingotti (1728-1807).
Nicolino Grimaldi, called Nicolini (c. 1673-?).
Giovanni Battista Rubinelli (1753-1829).
Luigi Marchesi (1755-1829).
Girolamo Crescentini (1766-1846).
Josephina Grassini (1773-1850).
Charles Benjamin Incledon (1763-1826).
John Braham (1774-1856).

CHAPTER II

ANGELICA CATALANI

ONE of the first among the queens of song, Catalani presents a figure of striking interest. In her case marvelous vocal powers were allied with personal beauty. She was borne along a tide of success that carried her to fortune and splendor, and yet left her a pure-minded and amiable woman, unspoiled by the world's flatteries, full of charities and good works.

Angelica Catalani was born in October, 1779, at Sinigaglia, near Rome, where her father was a tradesman, and from about her twelfth year was educated at the convent of Santa Lucia, at Gubbio, to which she had gained admittance through the influence of Cardinal Onorati. At the convent the extreme beauty of her voice attracted great attention, and the abbess, a woman of ability and culture, did all in her power to develop the rare gift. Catalani sang solos in the choir, and the flexibility, compass, and beauty of her voice became famous in the district, attracting large congregations. On fête-days the chapel was thronged by a wondering and delighted crowd, and numbers were unable to obtain admission or to catch a glimpse of

la maravigliosa Angelica. The pleasure of the congregations frequently expressed itself in applause, and the abbess was at last enjoined by the bishop to discontinue the solos. An ingenious compromise was thereupon effected. The pieces previously given as solos were sung in concert, and the brilliancy of Angelica's soul-moving notes was tempered by the voices of the novices, among a group of whom she was veiled from the eyes of mere secular curiosity. Angelica remained three years at the convent, receiving such musical tuition as it afforded—an imperfect tuition, under which she contracted meretricious tricks of execution, never afterward wholly overcome.

Catalani later received instruction from Marchesi, who was much struck by the phenomenal beauty of her voice, and taught her to control its luxuriance. While pursuing her studies at Florence under this master, she heard a distinguished prima donna at the theater. The skillful execution of the vocalist moved her to tears, and she exclaimed, "Alas! I shall never attain such perfection." Subsequently she was introduced to the artist, who, after hearing her sing, embraced her with great tenderness, saying, "Be assured, my child, in a few years you will surpass me, and it is I who shall weep at your success."

In 1795 Catalani obtained her first engagement. The proprietor of the theater of La Fenice at Venice was in a dilemma. A new opera had been prepared with great care, and arrangements were complete for its production on a magnificent scale, when the prima donna suddenly died. Zamboni, the prompter, suggested to the despairing manager that the young Catalani should have a trial. The suggestion was adopted, and the youthful singer, trembling with emotion, yet sustained by the ardor of genius just kindled to ambition, made her début in the title-rôle of Mayer's opera of "Lodoïska."

Her success was instantaneous; nothing was wanting to insure triumph. Her face and figure constituted a vision of loveliness, and the rare quality of her voice added to these an angelic charm. Such a combination had never before been witnessed, even in Venice. Histrionic power was deficient; but this defect was lost or ignored among so many perfections crowned by such a gift of song. The impression left upon the audience was expressed in loud cries of admiration culminating in the wildest enthusiasm. The critics vied with each other in praise. Catalani's voice, a soprano of the purest quality, embracing a compass of three octaves from G to F, and so powerful that no band could drown it, was described as "full, rich, and magnificent beyond any other voice ever heard," and could only be compared to the tones of musical glasses when magnified to equal volume. Without the experience and training of other artists, and, indeed, being only imperfectly studious of the rules of art, she could ascend at will from the least audible sound to the most magnificent crescendo. This power constituted an original charm which raised her above all minute criticisms, and astonished and delighted her audiences. "One of her favorite ornamental caprices was to imitate the swell and fall of the sound of a bell, making her tones sweep through the air with the most delicious undulations, and showering her graces in wasteful profusion."

In 1798 Catalani, having greatly extended her powers as a vocalist, sang at Leghorn with Crivelli, Marchesi, and Mrs. Billington, and subsequently appeared at La Pergola in Florence. In 1801 she was received with enthusiasm at Milan, where she appeared in Zingarelli's "Clitennestra" and Nasolini's "Baccanali"; thence she proceeded to Florence, Triest, Rome, and Naples, adding to her triumphs at each city. In 1804 she was engaged by the Prince Regent of Portugal for the Italian opera at Lisbon, with Gafforini and Crescentini, at a salary of 24,000 cruzados (about $15,000). It was while at Lisbon that Catalani was introduced to Captain Valabrègue, a handsome young officer of noble family, and attached to the French Embassy. A mutual attachment sprang up, and, in spite of the opposition of Signor Catalani, they were married at Lisbon. Catalani was devoted to her husband, who repaid her by his constancy, and by absorbing his identity in the public character and fame of his wife, whose enormous gains he drew upon without stint, and dissipated at the gambling-table. This failing, it appears, constituted no barrier to her affection and unselfish generosity. An anecdote—related, also, of Barbaja, impresario of La Scala—is told of Valabrègue to the effect that once, when at rehearsal his wife complained that the piano was "too high," he had a carpenter saw six inches off the legs of the instrument.

Having entered into an agreement to appear in London at the King's Theater, Haymarket, Catalani left Lisbon to appear at Madrid and Paris before crossing the Channel. Her concerts at Madrid, under the patronage of the Queen, created a great sensation, and the rush for seats was often the occasion of tumult. She obtained for the best seats as much as four ounces of gold, equal in value to twenty-one guineas, per seat; and for three concerts in Paris she realized 72,000 francs. She sang twice at St. Cloud; and Napoleon, who desired to retain her services for the French capital, summoned her to the Tuileries. The world-conqueror was unusually gracious to the conqueror of hearts; but his manner was still sufficiently awful. When informed that she was about to visit London, he said, "You must remain here. I will pay you well, and your talent will be better appreciated. You shall have 100,000 francs per annum, and two months for *congé*. Come! that is settled. Adieu, madame." The fair songstress, who had hitherto bowed before kings and queens with conscious indifference, trembled in the presence of the Emperor; but she left the palace without acquiescence. Determined to fulfill her London engagement, and being denied a passport, she disguised herself as a nun and took passage for England, where her contract with the proprietors of the King's Theater provided for a salary of £2000, £100 extra for traveling expenses, and a clear benefit.

The London début took place on December 15, 1806. She appeared in "Semiramide," expressly composed for her by Portogallo. She took London by storm; she was caressed, fêted, adored. Her subsequent concerts and operatic engagements throughout the United Kingdom were equally successful.

Exorbitant demands in Catalani's money contracts were all traceable to Valabrègue. On one occasion he

named a sum so preposterous that the manager declared it would disable him in the engagement of additional talent for the opera. "Talent!" exclaimed Valabrègue, "have you not Madame Catalani? My wife, with four or five puppets, is quite sufficient." These tactics were tacitly admitted by Catalani, who grew at length to regard them as both wise and desirable. Her operas were one-part operas; the music was hacked and hewed to suit her exact vocal requirements, and subsidiary parts were dispensed with; a few puppets to fill in the tableaus seemed sufficient for her.

Catalani left the King's Theater at the close of the season of 1813—the last of her regular operatic engagement. Having returned to Paris, she obtained the management of the Italian opera there, with a subvention of 160,000 francs. After an unfortunate period, she left Paris at the return of Napoleon (1815) and went on tour, visiting Hamburg, Denmark, and Sweden, and exciting wild enthusiasm in the principal cities. After the Restoration she reappeared in Paris, and resumed the direction of the opera. The system which had temporarily ruined opera in London was established. All expenses were cut down; scenery, orchestra, and chorus were diminished; operas were rearranged and variations by Rode introduced, until little more than the names of the original works remained.

In May, 1816, Catalani went to give concerts in Munich, and thence proceeded to Italy, returning to Paris in August of the following year. In April, 1818, she abandoned opera management and entered upon a concert tour that lasted nearly ten years. In 1824 we find her in London, performing a certain number of nights, but with no regular engagement. We learn from Lord Mount Edgcumbe that "her powers were undiminished, her taste unimproved." An attempt to engage her for the opera stage in London in 1826 was frustrated by the exorbitant terms proposed by Valabrègue. She visited Germany, Italy, Paris once more —singing here without the usual success—Russia, Poland, and North Germany, reappearing in England for the York Festival in 1828. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who heard her this year at Plymouth, describes her as having "lost, perhaps, a little in voice, but gained more in expression," as "electrifying an audience with her 'Rule Britannia,'" and as "still handsome, though somewhat stout." Eventually Catalani retired to her beautiful villa in the neighborhood of Florence, where she founded a school of singing for young girls. She was attacked by cholera while on a visit in Paris, and died there, June 12, 1849.

She had achieved the supremest heights of popularity, and the honors showered upon her were justly due. The King of Prussia sent her a complimentary autograph letter, and the medal of the Academy. From the Emperor of Austria she received a superb ornament as a token of admiration. By the Emperor and Empress of Austria she was laden with rich presents and high distinctions. The magistracy of Vienna struck a medal in her honor. In England she realized more than £50,000 in a few years.

And while kings, potentates, and peoples rained honors upon her, Catalani remained unspoiled by fortune, preserving to the stage an ideal of pure womanhood in art, and retaining a virginal charm of domestic truth and deep religious simplicity. Her charities were boundless. The amount earned by public concerts for various institutions is estimated at 2,000,000 francs, and her private purse supplied the most exquisite gratification of a noble heart which overbrimmed with benevolence.

Of the great prima donna's style of singing there is much conflict of opinion. Her voice, for clearness and purity, for richness, for height and depth of grandeur and vocal power, was allowed on all sides to be transcendent; but her style, it was said, was artificial, lacking both artistic method and intellectual breadth, and being especially deficient in artistic restraint. To arrive at some degree of sureness on this point, it would be necessary to examine the critical estimates of her contemporaries, the majority of whom agree, in the main, that though she lacked the essential qualifications of the highest artistic expression, the charm of her vocal power was unrivaled. Her singing instinct was true—even equal to her vocal range and power; but her taste was false; and her mind—still limited by imperfect culture—was not equal to her artistic sense and enjoyment.

In an interesting passage, quoted by H. Sutherland Edwards in his "History of the Opera," Jacques Godefroi Ferrari, a pupil of Paisiello, unconsciously suggests this distinction, possibly without being aware of its entire significance. "Her voice," says Ferrari, "was sonorous, powerful, and full of charm and suavity. This organ, of so rare a beauty, might be compared for splendor to the voice of Banti; for expression, to that of Grassini; for sweet energy, to that of Pasta; uniting the delicious flexibility of Sontag to the three registers of Malibran. Madame Catalani had formed her style on that of Pacchierotti, Marchesi, Crescentini; her groups, roulades, triplets, and mordenti were of admirable perfection; her well-articulated execution lost nothing of its purity in the most rapid and most difficult passages. She animated the singers, the chorus, the orchestra even, in the finales and concerted pieces. Her beautiful notes rose above and dominated the ensemble of the voices and instruments; nor could Beethoven, Rossini, or any other musical Lucifer, have covered this divine voice with the tumult of the orchestra. Our vocal virtuosa was not a profound musician; but, guided by what she did know, and by her practised ear, she could learn in a moment the most complicated pieces."

Here the critic hints at a limited musical knowledge on the part of Catalani. But it is clear that her chief defect was in taste and not in knowledge, and in understanding even more than in taste. Castil-Blaze, another authority quoted by Edwards, accentuates this view, with the same unconscious naïveté as Ferrari, and amidst a similar blaze of panegyric.

"Her firm, strong, brilliant, voluminous voice," he says, "was of a most agreeable timbre; it was an admirable soprano of prodigious compass, from *la* to the upper *sol*, marvelous in point of agility, and producing a sensation difficult to describe. *Madame Catalani's manner of singing left something to desire in the noble, broad, sustained style.* Mesdames Grassini and Barilli surpassed her on this point, but with regard to difficulties of execution and *brio*, Madame Catalani could sing

out one of her favorite airs and exclaim *Son Regina!* She was there without a rival. I never heard anything like it. She excelled in chromatic passages, ascending and descending, of extreme rapidity. Her execution, marvelous in audacity, made talents of the first order pale before it, and instrumentalists no longer dared figure by her side." Tulou, the flautist, once performed after the great singer and achieved signal success, but the experiment was regarded as a very dangerous one to undertake. We have ventured to italicize the sentence in which the writer, to adopt a colloquialism, unconsciously "gives away" the artist.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe, the severest critic of Catalani's faults of style, also confirms the view here suggested, and his remarks are worth quoting on account of their testimony to the phenomenal powers of the vocalist. "Her voice," he says, "is of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat seems endued (as has been remarked by medical men) with a power of expansion and muscular motion by no means usual, and when she throws out all her voice to the utmost, it has a volume and strength that are quite surprising, while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semitones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, are equally astonishing. It were to be wished she was less lavish in the display of these wonderful powers, and sought to please more than to surprise; but her taste is vicious, her excessive love of ornament spoiling every simple air, and her great delight (indeed her chief merit) being in songs of a bold and spirited character where much is left to her discretion (or indiscretion) confined by accompaniment, but in which she can indulge in ad libitum passages with a luxuriance and redundancy no other singer ever possessed, or if possessing, ever practised, and which she carries to a fantastical excess. She is fond of singing variations on some known simple air, and latterly has pushed this taste to the very height of absurdity, by singing, even without words, variations composed for the fiddle."

Catalani's knowledge and culture did not embrace the high things of the intellect, and her mental range was limited in the extreme. A lovely creature, endowed with many graces, and gifted beyond measure in one phase of her art, she was the idol of society; but her strange ignorance of general subjects was often the cause of unfriendly remark, and sometimes led her into ludicrous mistakes. Once at the court of Saxe-Weimar she noticed the majestic presence of the illustrious Goethe, and, observing the marked attention paid to him, she inquired who he was. "That, madame, is the celebrated Goethe," was the reply. "Goethe—Goethe?" she asked, with a puzzled air. "On what instrument does he play?" "He is the renowned author of 'The Sorrows of Werther,' madame." "Oh, yes, I remember," she said: then, addressing the great man with abrupt vivacity, added, "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werther'!" Goethe, always amenable to feminine charm, bowed profoundly. "I never," she continued, "saw anything so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is!" "'The Sorrows of Werther' a farce, madame?" the poet murmured icily. "Oh, yes," said Catalani, with a burst of laughter, "never was there anything so exquisitely ridiculous." The great prima donna was innocently referring to a stage burlesque travesty of the famous book. Goethe did not recover himself the whole evening.

CHAPTER III

LUIGI LABLACHE

A GREAT heart in a great body, a great soul in a great voice, such was Luigi Lablache. He was born at Naples, December 6, 1794. His mother was Irish, and his father, Nicolas Lablache, a merchant of Marseilles, had quitted that place in 1791 in consequence of the Revolution. But another revolution, in 1799, overwhelmed him with ruin in his new country, and he died of chagrin. His family was, however, protected by Joseph Bonaparte, and the young Luigi was placed in the Conservatorio della Pietà de' Turchini, afterward called San Sebastiano. Gentilli taught him the elements of music, and Valesi instructed him in singing; while, at the same time, he studied the violin and violoncello under other masters. His progress was not at first remarkable, for he was wanting in application and regularity; but his aptitude was soon discovered by a singular incident. One day a contrabassist was wanted for the orchestra of San Onofrio. Marcello-Perrino, who taught young Lablache the cello, said to him, "You play the cello very well: you can easily learn the double bass!" The boy had a dislike for that instrument; nevertheless, he got the gamut of the double bass written out for him on a Tuesday, and on the following Friday executed his part with perfect accuracy. There is no doubt, in fact, that had he not been so splendidly endowed as a singer he might have been equally brilliant as a virtuoso on any other instrument that he chose.

The beautiful soprano for which he was renowned was last heard on a memorable occasion. Haydn died

in 1809, when Lablache was fifteen years of age. At the performance of Mozart's "Requiem" in honor of the dead master, the young singer sang the soli. So much was he in earnest, when really put to a congenial task, that he overstrained his voice and became perfectly speechless after the performance. Fears were entertained that the loss of voice might be permanent, and indeed the soprano was gone never to return; but in a few months the most magnificent bass took its place.

In speaking of Mozart's "Requiem" it is interesting to note that on a much later occasion Lablache was again a principal performer in it. It was when Beethoven was carried to his last rest. Lablache not only traveled to Vienna for the interment, but defrayed out of his own pocket the expenses of the opera singers, and took a leading part as one of the torch-bearers gathered around the grave of the great master. So freely was this acknowledged that Schubert composed and dedicated to him three songs set to Italian words.

The new vocal development only increased Lablache's desire to go on the stage. No doubt he felt in him the dramatic gifts of which he gave proof in later years. No less than five times did he run away from the Conservatorio, only to be recaptured after a short spell of liberty. He signed an engagement for Salerno, accepting very small compensation, the most tempting feature being the payment of one month's salary in advance. The possession of this turned his head completely; he did not leave Naples until he had gone through all the money, a feat which did not take him more than two days. When he appeared at Salerno with a well-filled portmanteau, the impresario received him kindly, but became very cool when a few days later a director of the Conservatorio turned up to reclaim the truant. Still there were the contents of the portmanteau to recoup the manager for the salary advanced; at least so he fondly imagined, until an inspection proved them to consist of sand. When the number of these withdrawals had reached five, the government thought it necessary to intervene. A law was passed that no theater in the kingdom should engage a pupil of the Conservatorio without special permission, and a penalty sufficiently formidable was imposed. This was effective in returning Lablache to his studies and preventing him from leaving the Conservatorio until his time had expired.

When, in 1812, eighteen years old, he had at last gained that freedom which he had so longed for, he lost no time in devoting himself to the career of his choice. His first engagement was as buffo at the San Carlino Theater at Naples, and his début was in "La Molinara." He further increased his connection with the stage by marrying Teresa Pinotti, the gifted daughter of a clever actor. Though a marriage in which the early age of eighteen represents all the wisdom and experience of the husband cannot be recommended without reserve, his was a happy one. Lablache, naturally indolent and devoid of the quality of application, needed a stimulating influence to force him into study; his wife had sufficient judgment and ambition to see that his talents were wasted as a suburban buffo. In fact, a man of inferior physical resource probably would have been ruined by the strain of two performances per day. Lablache, easy-going and satisfied with his present position, was not easily prevailed upon to sever his connection with the Carlino; above all, he dreaded the necessary study of good Italian to replace the patois which was all he knew and all he had thus far required. But Teresa was determined, and womanlike, she carried her point by sheer perseverance.

Accordingly the couple left for Sicily, where the husband procured without great trouble the appointment as *primo basso cantante* of the opera at Palermo. He achieved wonders here in the part of Ser Marc-Antonio, and his reception by the public was so gratifying that he made Palermo his home for five years. Gradually his fame spread beyond the confines of the island. The directors of La Scala at Milan heard of his voice, and engaged him without hesitation. His first appearance there was in "La Cenerentola"; his acting and singing were excellent, and more than made up for the faulty pronunciation, which would have damned any inferior performance. But Lablache was not blind to his faults, and soon determined to rectify them. Not unlike Rossini, he acquired in later life that culture which want of opportunity and indolence had prevented him from acquiring during boyhood and youth. Already, in Naples, he had commenced to fill out the lacunæ in his education.

The Milan season established the fame of the singer throughout Europe. Mercadante, at that time at the height of his renown, wrote "Elisa e Claudio" expressly for him. Travel was now the only thing needed to make his reputation universal. Until 1824 his time was divided between Milan, Turin, and Venice; then he crossed the Alps and appeared in Vienna, where he soon became a prime favorite. A medal with a flattering inscription still bears testimony to the enthusiasm of the excitable Viennese. From Vienna he returned to Naples, the birthplace he had left twelve years before, and which he now reëntered as first singer to Ferdinand I, with an engagement at the San Carlo. For a number of years he devoted himself to that theater, alternating his engagement with frequent tours through Italy, but not going beyond the boundary of that country.

English and French impresarios tried in vain to secure him for their theaters. It was not until 1830 that he appeared in Paris and London, where he was received with the greatest admiration. His triumphs were not limited to his voice; wherever he appeared there were enthusiastic and sincere admirers of his talent for the stage, his striking appearance, and his social successes as a finished man of the world. There were, indeed, competent critics who doubted whether he was greater as a singer or as an actor. His head and features were imposing, his figure tall enough to set off his bulk. A critic writes: "One of his boots would have made a portmanteau, one could have clad a child in one of his gloves." His strength was truly Herculean; as Leporello he used to carry off under his arm Masetto, represented by a fairly powerful man. On one occasion he was seen lifting a heavy contrabass from the orchestra on to the stage by one hand, and replacing it without an effort. To all these accomplishments must be added a perfect balance of temper and a probity and broad-mindedness not generally met with. His repertoire was exceedingly large,

ranging from low comedy to high drama and tragedy. It was considered an undecided point whether he was better as Géronimo in "Il Matrimonio segreto" and the Podesta in "La Gazza ladra," or in the serious parts he took in "Norma" and "Semiramide." Critics united in considering his conception of the rollicking part of Leporello unique and unrivaled, while, at the same time, he had great success in the title-rôle of "Don Giovanni."

In 1833 Lablache paid one last professional visit to Naples, and received the unbounded applause of his countrymen as Dulcamara in "L'Elisire d'amore," and in "Don Pasquale." From that year he divided his time between London and Paris, appearing also in some of the oratorio performances for which the English provincial towns are celebrated. His kindly disposition was ever exerted on behalf of his brethren in the theatrical profession. "Lablache acts toward me as a father," said Jenny Lind to Queen Victoria. At the English court he was *persona gratissima.* Both the Queen and the Prince Consort distinguished him, and toward the former and some of her children he acted for a time as teacher.

In 1852 he accepted an engagement for the season at St. Petersburg, and created the greatest possible sensation, but this was his last regular connection with the stage. Feeling, perhaps, that his health was giving way, he retired to his beautiful country-seat, Maisons-Laffitte, near Paris, and henceforth limited his musical activity to a few lessons and an occasional reappearance on the boards. He never composed.

At Maisons-Laffitte he passed some of the happiest moments of his life. Though his health was giving way, he felt no suspicion that his days were numbered, until 1856, when grave disorders in his system commenced to preoccupy his mind. At Kissingen, the watering-place recommended by his physicians, he met one of his old admirers, the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, who treated him in the most friendly manner. An appointment as court singer, and a Russian decoration, may have gladdened his heart for the moment, though he felt that he could not hold them for long. "It will be an ornament for my burial," was the remark he made to the Emperor in regard to the order.

He returned to his French country-seat only to find that his apprehensions were well founded. Even the mild air of August struck chilly on his constitution. A move to Posilipo, and afterward to Naples, afforded only temporary relief. He asked and obtained the solace of religion administered by an old comrade who had exchanged the stage for a convent of Dominicans. On January 23, 1858, the celebrated singer passed away. He lies buried at Maisons-Laffitte, whither his body was removed in accordance with the terms of his will.

Tradition teems with charming anecdotes of the wit, genius, and generosity of Lablache; and here let us relate a touching instance told by one who was a witness of the great singer's quixotic act of kindness. One night while taking his accustomed walk of exercise after the opera, enjoying his solitary cigar and cogitations, he came suddenly upon a ragged street singer, trolling out his miserable song and disturbing the harmony of the peaceful moonlight night. Lablache, impatient of so rude an interruption to his thoughts, and disgusted by the efforts of the desecrator of music, strode up to the beggar in order to bid him cease his mournful attempts at song. A glance revealed to him that the singer was old, decrepit, and trembling with exhaustion. In a moment the ill humor of Lablache changed to pity, and addressing the man, who was evidently frightened by the formidable size of his interlocutor, he very gently said: "Why do you make such a noise, my friend? what can I do to help you?"

"Nothing, monsieur," answered the man with a sad attempt at dignity. "I don't beg; I sing for the few sous thrown by those who care to listen."

"Oh! ho!" exclaimed Lablache with assumed irony, "then, since you succeed so badly, let me assist you!"

Whereupon the great singer lifted up his voice in a strain so grand and sweet that the poor old man would have fallen at his feet in the ecstasy of his surprise and joy had not Lablache supported him. But others heard him and came trooping from café and restaurant, lured by the rich and glorious tones. "Lablache, 'tis Lablache," whispered the crowd as they gathered round. One, two, and three chansons followed, and then the great singer, seizing the tattered hat of the old man, passed it round. Gold and silver glittered in the moonlight as they fell into that shabby hat, a fortune for the miserable votary of music, whom Lablache placed in a comfortable home with the proceeds of those few moments of perfect song. The next day all Paris knew of this latest act of benevolence of their idol, and very proud indeed were the witnesses to retail their participation in that midnight romance of the boulevards.

Rossini, who loved him with an affection as deep as it was sincere, was very fond of telling the following story of Lablache's humor. A provincial rang his bell one day by mistake. Lablache by some chance opened the door himself. "I wish to see Tom Thumb," said the visitor in some trepidation. "I am he!" exclaimed Lablache in deep overpowering tones. "You!" gasped the other; "but they told me he was a very little fellow." "Oh! that is when I perform in public," replied Lablache with an air of surprise and sincerity, "but when I get home to my own rooms I let myself out and enjoy myself." It seems that General Tom Thumb, who was then appearing in vaudeville, was really quartered under the same roof with Lablache, which gave point to the humor of the situation.

CHAPTER IV

GIOVANNI BATTISTA RUBINI

RUBINI divides the palm with Mario. In many respects it is difficult to decide how much of the palm should be given to either, or whether it should be equally divided. The weight of sympathy is doubtless on the side of Rubini, whose splendid powers were unrivaled in delicacy of expression, and whose florid execution—a phrase wofully abused by charlatans and pretenders—was a perfect wilderness of sweets. His name, too, is inalienably associated with the fame of Bellini and Donizetti, composers whose genius his voice touched into expression, and whose fame he extended among their contemporaries.

Giovanni Battista Rubini was born at Romano, near Bergamo, April 7, 1795. His father, from whom he learned the rudiments of his art, was a poor musical professor. The infancy of Rubini was chequered by poverty and family straits, but not uncheered by music; for the child had within him a gift of song that expressed itself with spontaneous enthusiasm after the manner of birds. When only eight years of age he sang in the church choir, and played a violin in the orchestra. Don Santo, priest and organist at Adro, to whom at this period the child was committed for instruction, declared that he had no talent for singing, and sent him home again. Poor Don Santo—sole depositary of the musical wisdom of that small world—much he knew about it!

At the age of twelve Rubini appeared in a woman's part at the theater of Romano with considerable success. At the conclusion of his part of the performance he sat at the front door of the theater with a plate before him to receive his reward from the public. So it appears that he was not in the regular salary list. Shortly afterward we find him at the Bergamo theater, playing the violin in the orchestra between the acts of comedies, and singing in the opera chorus. At a pinch he served the manager well by singing in a drama a cavatina by Lamberti; the vocalist was enthusiastically applauded by the audience, and received an extra five-franc piece from the management. Rubini always remembered this event with pleasure, and in his prosperous days often sang the old cavatina for his friends.

In his nineteenth year, after various vicissitudes in a troupe of wandering singers—he danced in a ballet at Piedmont, and so badly that he was hissed—he obtained an engagement as tenor at Pavia at a very small salary. But the young artist was cheerful and courageous, happy to have found employment, ready to profit by every opportunity, and eager to commend himself to the management, which, somehow, did not set a high value upon his services. Rubini himself could not have foreseen the triumphs that waited upon his future song, the crowds wild with adulation, the deference of potentates, the jeweled loveliness of the civilized world, careful of the smiles of the awkward, commonplace, pockmarked tenor, with a voice of gold, a mouth cradle-kissed by all the bees of melody. When singing and acting on a pittance, tossed by wayward Fortune from pillar to post, how should he dare to dream of that future of fabulous sums, of a palatial residence in beloved Bergamo, of a princely revenue in England and France, of $100,000 a year in St. Petersburg!

Rubini sang at the carnival at Brescia; shortly afterward at the San Mosè Theater at Venice, then at Naples with Pellegrini and Nozzari, in two operas written by Fioravanti for Barbaja, the famous impresario. His success was undoubted. The public recognized his great merits as a singer, and the resonance and beauty of his voice were acclaimed on all sides. It was the beginning of fame. Still Barbaja consented to retain his services only on a reduced salary. Rubini accepted the situation with all its hardships, including the galling reduction of salary, for the sake of being near Nozzari, from whom he was taking lessons.

Even Barbaja, not slow to recognize artistic merit that paid well, was soon to acknowledge the value of the new tenor. Of Barbaja many humorous anecdotes are told. Once, after Rubini had attained to great fame, the impresario was complacently regarding the tenor from a box in the theater of La Scala, when some wags in the auditorium, bent upon astonishing the manager, set up a discordant hiss. It was one of Rubini's most successful parts, and the singer looked up in confused amazement. Barbaja leaned out of his box in a towering rage, and, shaking his fist at the hissers, caused general consternation by shouting: "Bravo, Rubini! never mind those pigs. It is I who pay you, and I am delighted with your singing."

In 1819 Rubini was married to Mlle. Chomel, known at Naples as La Comelli, a singer of reputation, and pupil of the Paris Conservatoire. The marriage appears to have been a very happy one. Rubini had a simple, kindly nature, pleased with success but not dazzled into moral blindness by it, and his head was never turned by flattery or good fortune.

Rubini, having made vast strides as a singer in all the Italian cities, now looked toward Paris. He made his début in the French capital, October 6, 1825, in "La Cenerentola," which was followed by "Otello" and "La Donna del Lago." His triumph was complete. Paris was taken by storm; Rubini was hailed as the "king of tenors." His glorious voice, his brilliant execution, his power in dramatic vocalization, his thrilling pathos, were declared to exceed all the best traditions of the lyric stage. He united the power of expressing deep tragic feeling to the most melting tenderness. *"Qu'il avait des larmes dans la voix!"* (What tears are in his voice!) said one of his critics. From this time forward his artistic career was one continuous

triumph. Barbaja, having now no doubt of his value, insisted upon his return at the end of six months to fulfill his engagement at Naples, Milan, and Vienna.

Rossini's music, in which Rubini made his first appeal to fame, was soon to be displaced by the new school of opera which the singer himself helped to create. Bellini and Donizetti both wrote operas under the direct influence of Rubini, and the former composer got Rubini to sing over the airs of "Il Pirata" and "I Puritani" during the composition of these operas. Donizetti also wrote the tenor parts of his later operas with an eye to Rubini. "Every one," says H. Sutherland Edwards, "who is acquainted with 'Anna Bolena' will understand how much Rubini's mode of singing the airs, 'Ogni terra,' etc., and 'Vive tu,' must have contributed to the immense favor with which it was received." The succession of operas after "Anna Bolena"—"Lucia," "Lucrezia," "Marino Faliero," etc.—all evince the dependence upon each other of artist and composer.

The influence of Bellini upon the style of Rubini was salutary. It helped to moderate his love of ornamentation, and induced a juster conception of the value of simple and chaste expression in singing. It showed him that force and animation were weakened rather than enhanced by too much decoration; and that true art gained strength and massive grandeur from simplicity. Rubini's voice was a revelation to the composer, who lost no opportunity of convincing the artist that its singular purity, freedom, and majesty were best displayed in passages expressing simple dignity and pathos. Although he had carried the art of florid execution to the highest degree of perfection, his real forte lay in the expression of the gems of melody, abounding in the touches which reach the heart and overbrim the eyes. To this end Bellini wrote the tender, moving strains of the tenor parts originally intrusted to Rubini, and prevailed upon him to abandon the falsetto voice, which, although he employed it with the greatest tact and delicacy, would not be tolerated in our day even from a Rubini. Rubini's voice extended from E of the bass to B of the treble clef, and commanded a falsetto register as high as F and G above. Simple emotion, expressed with the vocal power of a great singer, afforded a golden key to the sympathies of the audience—this was the principle applied by Bellini and adopted by Rubini. As illustrating their spirit of coöperation, more than one pleasant record might be cited. Edwards tells us that when Bellini was putting the finishing touches to the part of Arturo in "I Puritani," Rubini (singing the music as it had just been written down by the composer) inadvertently displaced a D flat by an F natural, which both surprised and pleased Bellini, who accepted it as an emendation, saying, "If he can sing it, he may as well have it." In Rossini's music Rubini had climbed to a high position in the artistic world; but it was really as an exponent of the school of Bellini and Donizetti, and especially in the enunciation of the principles laid down by Bellini, that he won his great fame as a singer.

After the conclusion of his engagement with Barbaja, Rubini appeared in London in 1831. His contracts had allowed him only a moiety of his earnings, which he now received in full to his own account. He was in a position of positive affluence, with prospects that placed the scantily remunerated engagement at Pavia, seventeen years before, in the dimmest shade of the backward vista of a dream. Not long previously Rubini and his wife had been offered engagements at a joint salary of $30,000 a year; now these figures were more than doubled. Rubini, blest with simple tastes, and having no delight in mere extravagance, did not squander his money. He lived much in society, with hearty enjoyment of the good things of life; but he laid by a great fortune. A clinging to old ties and associations ever remained with him. He never forgot that he was once a poor chorister, and when a dismissed member of the chorus besought his intervention with an obdurate manager, he signed his plea for the defaulter, "Rubini, *ancien choriste*." In a like spirit he purchased a property and residence at his birthplace, where he spent his last days. The years from 1831 to 1843 were divided between Paris and London. Rubini was the lion of the greatest two capitals in the world. He sang in operas, concerts, festivals, and created a furor wherever he appeared. A history of his triumphs would fill a volume.

It is remarkable that during the most eventful years of his life the great tenor sang with undiminished force and attained the zenith of his fame with a broken clavicle. The story of the accident was told by Castil-Blaze in the "Revue de Paris," and is thus condensed by Edwards: "Pacini's 'Talismano' had just been produced with great success at La Scala. Rubini made his entry in this opera with an accompanied recitative, which the public always applauded enthusiastically. One phrase in particular, which the singer commenced by attacking the high B flat without preparation, and holding it for a considerable period, excited their admiration to the highest point. Since Farinelli's celebrated trumpet song no one note had ever attained such a success as this wonderful B flat of Rubini's. The public of Milan went in crowds to hear it, and having heard it, never failed to encore it. *'Un' altra volta!'* resounded through the house almost before the magic note itself had ceased to ring." The theater was thronged for the eighth performance of "Il Talismano." "The orchestra," says Edwards, "executed the brief prelude which announced the entrance of the tenor. Rubini appeared, raised his eyes to heaven, extended his arms, planted himself firmly on his calves, inflated his breast, opened his mouth, and sought, by the usual means, to pronounce the wished-for B flat. But no B flat would come. *Os habet, et non clamabit.* Rubini was dumb; the public did their best to encourage the disconsolate singer, applauded him, cheered him, and gave him courage to attack the unhappy B flat a second time. On this occasion Rubini was victorious. Determined to catch the fugitive note, which for a moment had escaped him, the singer brought all the force of his immense lungs into play, struck the B flat, and threw it out among the audience with a vigor which surprised and delighted them. In the meanwhile, the tenor was by no means equally pleased with the triumph he had just gained. He felt that in exerting himself to the utmost he had injured himself in a manner which might prove very serious. Something in the mechanism of his voice had given way. He had felt the fracture at the time. He had,

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indeed, conquered the B flat, but at what an expense! —that of a broken clavicle."

However, Rubini continued his scene. He was wounded but triumphant, and in his artistic elation he forgot the positive physical injury he had sustained. On leaving the stage, he sent for the surgeon of the theater, who, by inspecting and feeling Rubini's clavicle, convinced himself that it was indeed fractured. The bone had been unable to resist the tension of the singer's lungs. Rubini may have been said to have swelled his voice until it burst one of its natural barriers.

"It seems to me," said the wounded tenor, "that a man can go on singing with a broken clavicle." "Certainly," replied the doctor, "you have just proved it." "How long will it take to mend it?" he inquired. "Two months, if you remain perfectly quiet during the whole time." "Two months! And I have only sung seven times. I should have to give up my engagement. Can a person live comfortably with a broken clavicle?" "Very comfortably indeed. If you take care not to lift any weight you will experience no disagreeable effects." "Oh! there is my cue," exclaimed Rubini; "I shall go on singing."

"Rubini went on singing," says Castil-Blaze, "and I do not think any one who heard him in 1831 could tell that he was listening to a wounded singer—wounded gloriously on the field of battle. As a musical doctor, I was allowed to touch the wound, and I remarked on the left side of the clavicle a solution of continuity, three or four lines (that is to say, a quarter or a third part of an inch) in extent between the two parts of the fractured bone. I related the adventure in the 'Revue de Paris,' and three hundred persons went to Rubini's house to touch the wound and verify my statement."

Rubini was idolized in Paris and London, and, indeed, in all the first capitals of Europe. He was the darling of society, and his popularity never diminished during his lifetime. The public adored the great singer, and great nobles and mighty potentates paid him marked attention. In 1842, at the conclusion of a concert at Wiesbaden, Prince Metternich invited him to the château, where on the following day he met a distinguished company. After dinner Rubini sang two of his favorite songs unsolicited. The delighted prince, famous for his rare and costly wines, gave him a basket of his Johannisberg—the choicest selection of that vintage in the world—at the same time offering him the freedom of the château, and instructing the servant to receive Rubini at all times as if he were its master. With princely courtesy and generosity the stately mansion with all its magnificent appointments was placed absolutely at the disposal of the great tenor. It was the Prince of Courtesy's fitting *devoir* to the King of Song. "And the cellar also?" asked Rubini, with slyly amiable vivacity. "The cellar also," replied the Prince gaily: "the cellar at discretion."

In 1843, accompanied by Liszt, Rubini undertook a tour through Holland and Germany. They separated at Berlin, and Rubini proceeded alone to St. Petersburg, where he was received with great *éclat,* and his singing created the wildest enthusiasm. His first concert realized 50,000 francs. The Czar Nicholas conferred upon him the rank of colonel, and appointed him director of singing in the Russian dominions. His artistic career may be said to have terminated in Russia. After a return visit to Italy in the summer, with a call, *en passant,* at Vienna, he reappeared at St. Petersburg in 1844. The climate at length seriously affected his health, and permanently injured his voice. He retired to his estate at Romano, where he died, March 3, 1854.

There can be no doubt of the high merit of Rubini. He was a great singer of the highest order, and thoroughly deserved the fame he enjoyed during his lifetime. It was expected by the partisans of Mario that the latter would eclipse Rubini at the very outset of his career. But Mario, ever confident, and relying wholly on the quality of his voice, had the mortification of exciting an unflattering comparison in the minds of his first audience. "Rubini!" they shouted with a deafening clamor of disapproval—*"Pas d'amateurs—Rubini—pas d'amateurs!"* Rubini was a master of style, knew every vibration of his tones, and had learned the utmost command of his fine organ by intense study. Though he never became a finished actor, the care he bestowed upon perfecting the quality and adaptability of his voice was unrivaled; and in this respect, if in no other, Mario was greatly his inferior. "Mario," says Louis Engel, "cannot be said to be the greatest tenor of the century, because his wonderful gifts were not developed by persevering study like the equally wonderful voice of Rubini, who surpassed in this respect every singer before or after him." And again: "The intense persevering studies of Rubini and Lablache, the greatest singers of their age, were never made by Mario, who at first was only an amateur." Rubini paid no attention to declamation, and in concerted pieces nearly always remained silent, reserving himself for supreme efforts, when the effects produced on his audiences were almost magical. Chorley, whose testimony is always valuable, notes his defects as an artist. "He would walk through the third of an opera languidly," he says, "giving the notes correctly and little more—in a duet blending his voice intimately with that of his partner (in this he was unsurpassed); but when his own moment arrived there was no longer coldness or hesitation, but a passion, a fervor, a putting forth to the utmost of every resource of consummate vocal art and emotion, which converted the most incredulous, and satisfied those till then inclined to treat him as one whose reputation had been overrated."

He is charged with too much indulgence in head notes; "but," says Escudier, "so perfect is his art that the transition from one register to the other is imperceptible to the hearer. . . . Gifted with immense lungs, he can so control his breath as never to expend more of it than is absolutely necessary for producing the exact degree of sound he wishes. So adroitly does he conceal the artifice of respiration that it is impossible to discover *when* his breath renews itself, inspiration and expiration being apparently simultaneous, as if one were to fill a cup with one hand while emptying it with the other. In this manner he can deliver the longest and most drawn out phrases without any solution of continuity."

Rubini's figure was short and awkward, and his features were seamed and scarred by smallpox; but these disadvantages were counterbalanced by his

agreeable smile, the intelligence and brightness of his expression, and the amiability of his manner. He never excelled as an actor; indeed rarely tried to act at all—a disposition hardly conceivable of one who had been associated in art with the incomparable Pasta and the brilliant Grisi, who belonged to the age of Malibran and Lind and Mario. Grisi is said to have made an actor of Mario; and it is difficult to imagine Rubini playing Ægeus to the Medea of Pasta without catching inspiration from that truly great actress, who woke admiration and envy in the breast of the aged Siddons. A French critic remarked: "He did not trouble himself much about anything but the particular scene which placed him in the foreground. When this was past, he retired, without caring much for the story of the drama, or the conduct of the other performers. In the air, the duet, or the finale, in which he had a preponderating part, Rubini would suddenly rouse himself and display all the energy and charm of his incomparable talent. It was in the tone and sonorousness of his organ, in the artistic management of his voice, that all Rubini's dramatic power consisted."

Such a talent is excellent in oratorio, or on the concert platform, where its limitation is in due order and propriety. On the lyric stage, however, it is a reproach to find it unaccompanied by the histrionic arts which add to the grace, strength, and triumph of the situation. Without these the singer—as in the case of the great Catalani—is liable to the charge of commanding attention merely in the capacity of a musical instrument with finer lights and shadows—of being *vox et præterea nihil*. And if Rubini escaped the imputation, it was because he sang like one inspired, adding to the splendor of his voice, with its Orphic sweetness and entrancing majesty, the feeling of a true artistic nature, a just conception of ideal and dramatic qualities, a charm of energy, of reposeful peace, and a massive intellectual power, such as he was denied the ability of imparting to stage action and gesture. Whatever his defects may have been, he is among the greatest true singers of the world.

CHAPTER V

GIUDITTA PASTA

GIUDITTA NEGRI, a Jewess, was born in 1798; according to some at Saronno, near Milan, to others at Como. Her first publicity as a vocalist of eminence was attained after her marriage to Signor Pasta, a tenor, which took place about the year 1816. She was first instructed at the cathedral of Como, and later at the Milan Conservatorio. In 1815, having left the Conservatorio, she appeared in the minor theaters of Leghorn, Parma, and Brescia; and in the following year at Paris in the train of Catalani. Without bursting into sudden splendor, she played subordinate parts, and matured her voice by incessant practice and care. It was said of her that she left nothing to chance, and proved the truth of the axiom that genius is the art of taking pains.

She made her first appearance at the King's Theater, London, January 11, 1817, in the part of Arsinoë in Cimarosa's "Penelope," the title-rôle being played by Madame Camporesi. This was followed by Cherubino in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and subordinate parts in several other operas. She failed to excite general notice. Her voice was lacking in clearness and purity, and she had not yet attained complete command of it. But her style was expressive, and her acting was characterized by ability such as indicated a reserve of histrionic power of the highest order.

Pasta returned to Italy, withdrew temporarily from the stage, and for over a year applied herself to a rigorous course of study. The reward of patience and assiduity was won on her reappearance in Venice, where she created a profound sensation in 1819, and at once asserted the claims of genius developed by conscientious study. A season in Rome during the same year was attended by the most gratifying success, which was followed by triumphs at Triest and Milan in the following year. In 1821, at Paris, she succeeded in making a complete conquest of the public, which, after a flattering reception at Verona, was ratified in March of the next year, when in the opera of "Romeo e Giulietta" she was received with enthusiastic homage.

By perseverance she had conquered defects of tone, and the surprising beauty of her voice was now the theme of universal admiration. Its range and power were remarkable. The critics found that she had extended it to two octaves and a half, from A above the bass clef to C flat, and even to D in alt. Its quality was marked by a rare sweetness which permeated its volume, and her exquisite taste was reinforced by deep feeling and accurate judgment. Her trill was exceptionally beautiful and artistic.

A writer who met her in retirement many years afterward gives an interesting account in her own words of her achievement of the trill. "I had no natural shake or trill," she says, "and as the music of forty years ago was very elaborate, this was a great

drawback to me. For five years I struggled to obtain the power of trilling; one day it came to me as by inspiration, and I could shake perfectly. I kept the secret at rehearsal. I was then at Bergamo, acting in 'Niobe,' an opera containing an aria, 'Il soave e bel contento,' which suited my voice in every respect, but which I had hitherto been obliged to partly omit, as a long trill obbligato opens the quick movement. I simply told the conductor of the orchestra to suspend the instruments at this passage, as I wished to introduce a long cadenza. When I came to the passage in question I stood in the middle of the stage, and commenced a shake in a low key, gradually increasing in power, finally diminishing, and ending in a cadenza which perfectly linked it to the aria. For a minute or two there was a dead silence, then the musicians laid down their instruments, while both orchestra and public applauded me to the echo."

Pasta's fame speedily attained the zenith. Her rare powers, ripened by time and developed and refined by study, burst upon an astonished world with the splendor and brilliancy of a constellation. Whatever defects still lingered in her voice were concealed by her intellectual refinement, her marvelous pathos, her transforming energy in heroic situations, her profound but restrained tragic power. She was among the greatest actresses of her time—of all time. Her lower notes had tears in them, and thus her command of pathetic emotions was heightened and intensified; her movements and gestures were indescribably graceful, deepening into grandeur or tragic abruptness as the situation required. Passion and fire, held in artistic restraint, like hounds in the leash, gave to supreme moments inimitable and decisive touches. A perfect grace in pause or movement, added to facial charm, made every pose, accentuated by true art, but never artificial, a study for a painter or sculptor. Niobe, Tancredi, Romeo, Desdemona, Medea, Semiramide—each character was infused with life and individuality, and borrowed distinction and grandeur from real emotion. "Here is a woman," exclaimed Talma, "of whom I can still learn!"

Pasta reappeared in London, April 24, 1824, as the reigning queen of that stage which, only seven years before, she had left almost unnoted. She took the town by storm. In 1825-26 she appeared alternately in London and Paris. Owing to a disagreement with Rossini, at that time director of the Italian Opera, she quitted Paris and went to Naples. In 1827, however, she returned to London for a season of twenty-three nights, for which she received three thousand guineas, and a free benefit which realized fifteen hundred guineas. During this season she played Desdemona, and elicited a comparison with Malibran, who also essayed the part. Malibran's superiority in vocalization was admitted, but she failed to wrest the palm from Pasta, whose conception of the part and finished acting were beyond her rival's scope. Pasta's impersonation of Queen Mary in Coccia's "Maria Stuarda," first produced that season, still further increased her fame and popularity. The farewell in the last scene is said to have been a crowning triumph of queenly grandeur and pathos. She felt the situation deeply, and when she appeared before the curtain in response to a tumultuous call she was still suffering from extreme agitation. After a triumphal season at Dublin she went to Triest.

The story is told that either at Dublin or Triest she one day met a child of three, who in artless tones solicited alms for her blind mother. Pasta, bursting into tears, gave the child all the money in her purse. To the friends who began praising her bounty she said: "I will not accept your compliments. This child demanded charity in a sublime manner. I have seen at one glance all the miseries of the mother, the wretchedness of their home, and all that they suffer. I should indeed be a great actress if at any time I could find a gesture expressing profound misery with such truth."

In 1828 Pasta was again in England, and during a most brilliant series of successes, including "Tancredi," Mayer's "La Rosa bianca e Rosa rossa," and "Zelmira," she achieved a great triumph in the part of Armando in "Il Crociato in Egitto," an opera originally composed for the celebrated male soprano Velluti. She had already taken the rôle in Paris. There a spirit of partisanship was maintained, rising at times to serious outbreaks during the performance. The palm, however, was awarded to Pasta. Her tempo was faultless, her conception of the part was strikingly original, and Velluti could not hope to compete with Pasta in histrionic power. On the night of the first performance in London a humorous incident occurred. At the conclusion of a scene, Pasta hastened to her dressing-room to change, but the audience clamored for an encore, and amid laughter, she hurried on to the stage again half Crusader and half Mameluke.

For her benefit she selected "Otello," appearing herself as the jealous Moor, Sontag being the Desdemona. The experiment was a daring one. The transposition of the music marred the effect of some of the concerted pieces. But the tragic intensity of the great actress conquered prejudice, and carried away the audience. In this year (1828) Pasta excelled herself as an actress; doubtless stimulated to the expression of her highest powers by the presence of her "two young and glorious rivals," Malibran and Sontag.

In 1829 the Emperor of Austria created her first court singer. During this year she purchased a charming villa on the Lake of Como, and at Bologna performed in twelve operas by Rossini, the master himself conducting. A medal was struck in her honor by the Societa del Casino. In the following year she was at Milan, singing with Rubini and Lablache. Donizetti in that year wrote and produced "Anna Bolena," with Pasta, Galli, and Rubini specially in mind. In 1831 Pasta and Rubini surpassed themselves as Amina and Elvino in Bellini's "La Sonnambula," written for Pasta.

Pasta, Lablache, and Rubini appeared together (1831) in London in "Medea." If possible, Pasta's tragic acting was grander than ever; she was said to have revived the memory of the great Siddons, and the tragedienne, who witnessed one of her performances, is stated to have exclaimed: "I am thankful that she lived not in my time." Her versatility was remarkable, and her genius for comedy was shown in "Prova d'un Opera Seria," a burlesque of the rehearsals of grand opera. She evoked roars of laughter by her droll singing, which was free from the slightest trace of vulgarity. The quarrel scene between the prima

donna and the composer (Lablache) was rendered irresistibly amusing by the superb comic power displayed by Pasta. In that year she bade farewell to the Parisian stage.

In 1832 Bellini's "Norma" was produced at La Scala. Pasta, as the druid priestess, achieved the crowning triumph of her career; she was supported by Donzelli (Pollione) and Giulia Grisi (Adalgisa). When "Norma" was produced during the next season in London for Pasta's benefit, it did not create enthusiasm, although it was conducted by the composer; indeed, the superb acting of Pasta and the singing of Grisi, then rising into fame, alone saved it from failure —its great beauties not being readily discriminated by the English public, with whom it shortly afterward became a prime favorite. After 1841 Pasta lived in retirement at her Lake Como villa and in Milan, devoting herself to advanced vocal instruction, which she was eminently fitted to impart. She died at the villa, April 1, 1865.

CHAPTER VI

HENRIETTE SONTAG

FEW lives of celebrated singers have been more sensational than that of Henriette Sontag. Not one do we call to mind in which the fabric of reality has been interwoven with so much romance, the course of incident more thrilling, the sequence of circumstances bordering more closely on the province of the fairy tale.

Sontag was born in the beautiful Rhenish town of Coblentz, May 13, 1805. It was a modest household, that of the Sontags; father and mother were both actors. The child was barely six when she made her first appearance at Darmstadt in Kauer's "Donauweibchen," and created some sensation by the sterling quality of her voice. Three years later the father died, and mother and children went to Prague, where Henriette continued to appear in children's parts, anxiously awaiting the time when she would be allowed to enter the Conservatory.

At last, in 1815, though under the age prescribed, she was admitted. When she was fifteen, a fortunate accident occurred that was to lift her at once into a prominent position. The regular prima donna suddenly fell ill, and the director of the theater had to confide her part as Queen in "Jean de Paris" to Henriette. Always petite, at that time she looked a mere child. She used to dwell in after years on the many innocent stratagems adopted to add to her apparent age, one of the principal items being a pair of red shoes with soles four inches in thickness. Though she was naturally somewhat timid, the sweetness of her voice was such as more than to compensate for all deficiencies. The Prague audience was so generous in its applause that the reputation of the singer traveled fast beyond the limits of both town and kingdom. Vienna was still the Mecca of all aspirants to musical honors. Henriette was soon installed in the "Kaiserstadt," over which the shadows of Haydn and Mozart seemed yet to linger, where the mighty genius of Beethoven was still battling against poverty and physical adversity; where Weber, Moscheles, Hummel appealed for judgment, and Fodor-Mainvielle enchanted mighty audiences.

Four years Sontag remained in the gay capital, alternating her time between close study and occasional appearances on the stage. Ever afterward she acknowledged freely that she owed much, and perhaps everything, to Madame Mainvielle, who took a friendly interest in the young singer. But the Vienna public, slow to recognize new talent, was not very appreciative until Weber set the seal on her name by confiding to her the title-rôle in his opera "Euryanthe," which she carried through triumphantly, October 25, 1823. Composer and singer were in every one's mouth; even Beethoven, whose interest was not easily aroused, and whose deafness had kept him at home on the night of the performance, asked how "little Sontag" had acquitted herself. From this date the German, and we may say the European, reputation of Sontag was established. She was soon to leave Vienna—not, however, before she had sung at the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth symphony and his mass in D, works which tax the powers of a singer.

After a short engagement in Leipzig, she signed a contract on excellent terms for Berlin. Here she was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and acquired a popularity never known before. The court, affable and art-loving, was additionally impressed by her German birth. The nation was delighted. Many are the tales related of the exaggerated form this worship took. On one occasion a set of boisterous students at Göttingen overturned her post-chaise into the river, that nobody might use the vehicle after her. Luckily the coach was empty at the time.

In 1826 Sontag first appeared in Paris as Rosina in "Il Barbiere," and was warmly applauded. The critics were unanimous in her praise. Catalani is reported to have said of her: *"Elle est la première dans son genre mais son genre n'est pas le premier"* (She is first in her class, but her class is not the first). And yet there may have been just a grain of truth concealed in this

malice. In comic and light opera, such as "Il Barbiere" and the graceful, if somewhat shallow, productions of the French school, she was as near perfection as can be imagined; but when she turned to more serious parts, as in "Semiramide," it was stated—and perhaps not quite without reason—that she was somewhat lacking in highly dramatic quality. Where she was wanting Pasta excelled, and the earnestness with which Sontag watched that great actress and tried to frame herself on her model forms one of the many proofs of the modesty which was a prominent feature in her character.

In England she appeared first on April 19, 1828, at the King's Theater, London, as Rosina, and met with a most flattering reception, sharing with Malibran the honors of that and the succeeding season. The story of the coolness existing between the two, and of how, after singing together the duet from "Semiramide" at a concert, mutual admiration transformed their estrangement into warm friendship, is well known. Sontag appeared here in other rôles, and her artistic fame was enhanced by her popularity in society.

At Berlin Sontag had made the acquaintance of Count Rossi, of the Sardinian diplomatic service. In 1829 their private marriage took place.

After a time Count Rossi's efforts to procure court sanction to his union were successful—the King of Prussia bestowed a patent of nobility on the lady, who bade farewell to artistic life. As Countess Rossi she accompanied her husband to The Hague, where he was representative of the Sardinian court. Occasionally she would sing for public charities, in concerts or oratorio—a style in which she is said to have been unrivaled; still, for nearly half her lifetime she remained lost to the musical public and followed the career of her husband at the courts of Holland, Germany, and Russia. But the disorders of 1847-48 had impaired their fortunes, and she was tempted to return to the opera.

Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theater, London, was in the throes of one of those crises which more than once threatened that theater with imminent ruin. Jenny Lind, on whose reappearance he had counted, was not to be weaned from the repose she enjoyed in her Brompton villa. There was nobody to replace her, and the public protested emphatically against any singer not of the very first merit. Before any knowledge of the financial embarrassments of the Rossis could have reached him, the wary impresario had scented from afar the possibility of securing the great singer to repair his falling fortunes. A first attempt to approach the subject through the Earl of Westmorland, British ambassador at Berlin, was doomed to failure; but where the diplomatist had failed the virtuoso was successful. Thalberg, passing through Berlin, called on the Countess, and laying siege to the half-willing victim, succeeded in breaking down the last barriers of her resistance. The overjoyed impresario was enabled to announce in a flourish of language her immediate return to the stage.

It was, in truth, a great risk. She had been for operatic purposes dead for over twenty years, and this half-forgotten singer of a previous generation was now to be unearthed and placed in juxtaposition to the mature power of Jenny Lind. Lumley himself confessed that he thought it impossible that a voice could be preserved intact for such a length of time. Had there been another singer at his command it is more than likely that the idea to reëngage Sontag would not have occurred to him. But all his doubts were dispelled. Her voice and charms were unimpaired, and the unanimous opinion seems to have been that, in the words of Adolph Adam, she now united to youth and freshness the qualities of a finished artist. Her former deficiencies were in some measure compensated by study and less girlish appearance. As Amina, though Jenny Lind was fresh in the public memory, she was rapturously received; as also in Desdemona, and Susanna in the "Nozze di Figaro," one of her favorite parts, and pronounced by a German critic the most perfect thing he had seen on any stage. Her extraordinary preservation of her powers was partly due, no doubt, to long exemption from the wear and tear of incessant public singing, but Sontag was always extremely careful of her voice, discarding any rôle that did not lie well within her register. Thus, in an early contract at Berlin, she expressly stipulates that she shall not be bound to sing in the operas of Spontini.

After a tour in the English provinces in the winter of 1849, she went to Paris, where a successful series of concerts, also under Lumley's management, preceded in the spring of 1850 her reappearance at Her Majesty's to win fresh laurels as Norina in "Don Pasquale," Elvira in "I Puritani," and Miranda in Halévy's new opera "La Tempesta." As Zerline and in "La Figlia del Reggimento," she appeared for the first time, and with preëminent success. In the autumn of 1850 she sang in Italian opera at Paris, Lumley again being director of the company. During this season Alary's "Tre Nozze" was produced, and the polka-duet between Sontag and Lablache never failed to send the public into ecstasies. It was brought out in London in 1851, with similar results. During this season, Sontag's last in London, she sang in a round of her favorite parts, and in the production of "L'Enfant prodigue." In Germany, wherever she went she carried all before her. At a concert at Munich she was expressly requested to stay to hear the last piece. It proved to be a "Huldigungs Chor"—verses composed expressly in her honor by the Crown Prince and set to music by Lachner.

In 1852 Sontag received offers from the United States, which tempted her thither with her husband in the autumn. The results were brilliant. Her voice was strengthened by the climate, and at this time she could sing in "Lucrezia Borgia" and "La Figlia del Reggimento" on a single evening without overfatigue. Her last appearance was made in "Lucrezia" at the City of Mexico in 1854. She was attacked by cholera, and on June 17 a brief illness cut short a life of uncheckered prosperity.

Berlioz, remarking on the fact that Sontag had less to suffer than other equally famous singers from hostile criticism and party spirit, ascribes it to her having united so many favorite qualities. Her figure was slender and *mignonne*, her hair between auburn and blonde, her eyes large, and her features delicate. Her voice, a soprano of clear and pleasing quality, was specially good in the upper register, reaching the E in alt with facility, and in perfection of execution she seems to have been unsurpassed by any singer of her

time. But she was deficient in dramatic power, and only appeared to the highest advantage in works of a light and placid style. On her return to Paris, in January, 1828, she essayed parts of a different order, such as Donna Anna and Semiramide, with success, but in passion and emotion never rose to the distinction she attained as a songstress. She was a thorough and conscientious artist, and her style won her the special favor of eminent musicians. Mendelssohn entertained the highest admiration for her, and she obtained a like tribute of praise from connoisseurs in every country. It fell to her lot to achieve an international popularity and fame never before accorded to a German singer.

CHAPTER VII

MARIO

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, on hearing for the first time the exquisite voice of Mario, listened in rapt attention. When the aria ceased, he seemed lost in wonder, and said, the soft tone of the last note still lingering in his ear, "It is a nightingale singing in a thicket"; then, after a pause, "Yes, he excels in the rendering of tender thoughts—love, melancholy, regret for an absent home, and all the soft sentiments of the soul."

Never was youth more richly gifted for the operatic stage than was Mario. Beauty of voice, face, and figure, with the most winning grace of Italian manner, were all his. For the stage he was born, and to the stage he remained faithful during his artistic life. To the brilliance of his success in opera he brought one great helping quality, the eye for color and all the important details of costume. His figure on the stage looked as if it had stepped out of the canvas of Titian, Veronese, or Tintoretto. Never was an actor more harmoniously and beautifully dressed for the characters he impersonated—no mean advantage, and no slight indication of the complete artistic temperament.

Mario, Marchese di Candia, was born in 1812 at Genoa, of an old and noble family. His father had been a general in the Piedmontese army; and he himself was an officer in the Piedmontese Guard, when he first came to Paris in 1836, and immediately became a great favorite in society. But he was then only an amateur, and as yet all unfitted for public singing. Tempted as he was by the offers made to him by Duponchel, the director of the Opera—which are said to have reached the sum of 1500 francs a month, a large sum for a beginning—and pressed by the embarrassments created by expensive tastes, he still hesitated to sign such a contract. Finally persuaded to do so, he compromised the matter by signing only the Christian name, under which he became afterward so famous—Mario.

After a course of training under Michelet, Ponchard, and Bordogni, he made his début, November 30, 1838, in the title-rôle in "Robert le Diable." His success was pronounced from a vocalistic point of view, but he had yet to learn to be dramatic as well as musical. In 1840 he passed from the Académie to the Italian opera, as best suited to his nationality. His first appearance in London was in "Lucrezia Borgia," June 6, 1839; but it was not until 1846 that he took the place of Rubini, and was acknowledged as the most perfect stage lover ever seen. The only failure, if it can be so called, was in his attempt to sing the title-rôle in "Don Giovanni," a part in which Nourrit and Garcia had failed to succeed. In Mario's case this failure is to be accounted for by the fact that the character of reckless profligate was not in keeping with his temperament; in fact, he was too amiable to secure the approval of his audience. Mario seldom sang in oratorio, although passionately fond of sacred music, which strongly appealed to his sensitive nature. At the Birmingham Festival in 1849 he sang "Then shall the righteous," in "Elijah"; and at Hereford in 1855, "If with all your hearts," in the same work.

Mario sang, after this, in each season at Paris and in London, improving steadily both in acting and singing, though it fell to his lot to create but few new characters—scarcely another besides that of the "walking lover" in "Don Pasquale," a part which consisted of little more than the singing of the serenade "Com è gentil." In other parts he only followed his predecessors, though with a grace and charm which were peculiar to him, and which may possibly remain forever unequaled. "It was not," says Chorley, "till the season of 1846 that he took the place of which no wear and tear of time had been able to deprive him." He had then played Almaviva, Gennaro, and Raoul, and had shown himself undoubtedly the most perfect stage lover ever seen, whatever may have been his other qualities or defects. His singing in the duet of the fourth act of "Les Huguenots" raised him again above this; and in "La Favorita" he achieved, perhaps, his highest point of attainment as a dramatic singer.

For five and twenty years Mario remained before the public of Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, constantly associated with Grisi. In the earlier years (1843-46) of that brilliant quarter of a century, he

took the place of Rubini in the famous quartet, with Tamburini and Lablache; this, however, did not last long; and he soon remained alone with Grisi, the sole remaining star of the original constellation. To this gifted prima donna Mario was united, after the dissolution of her former marriage; and by her he had three daughters. He left the stage in 1867, retired to Paris, and then to Rome. There he was subsequently appointed curator of the Museum, and there he died, December 11, 1883. He made two tours of the United States, in 1854 (with Grisi) and in 1874.

Mario never got over his nervousness. *"Gli assi, gli assi mi fanno tremare"* (Your footlights make me tremble), he used to say. Once he was asked by a lady to sing at her evening reception; and would he think 1500 francs sufficient remuneration? Mario refused, telling the messenger he was sorry, but he was engaged. When remonstrated with he said, "Is it worth while putting on a dress coat for the sake of 1500 francs ($300)?"

Again, when the Czar Nicholas ordered Mario to shave off his beard, he refused. The Czarina, knowing that the Czar brooked no contradiction, asked him to comply for her sake; but Mario said he would rather leave St. Petersburg than run the risk of losing his voice, and he kept his beard. It is needless to say that whenever Mario walked in London he was recognized. One day, as he was walking in Piccadilly, a young lady saw him, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Mario!" *"A votre service, mademoiselle,"* said the handsome tenor, removing his hat, while the young lady blushed crimson.

Many other stories are told in connection with Mario. Well known is that of the lady who, though she had never been introduced to Mario, yet was present during her lifetime at every performance (all but three, say some) in which he sang, no matter in what part of the world it was, and who died without ever having spoken or written a word to the artist she so highly esteemed.

An interesting incident is related of his first visit to Queen Victoria, when commanded to sing before her Majesty at Balmoral. Upon this occasion a carriage had been ordered for the great tenor to enable him to enjoy the lovely scenery of Deeside without tiring himself; but Mario wearied of the carriage, stopped the coachman, and desired him to return home, continuing the excursion on foot. When, on his return, he entered the grounds of the castle, he lost his way and suddenly found himself close to a very plainly dressed woman, who, in a sunbonnet of capacious proportions, was engaged, watering-pot in hand, in refreshing a thirsty flower-bed. Mario advanced, hat in hand: "Your pardon, mademoiselle," he said, "but I am a stranger, a guest of her Majesty; she has asked me to sing. I have lost my way, and it is near the hour. Could you tell me the path to reach the Queen's apartment?" "You wish to see the Queen?" "Yes, mademoiselle." "Well, signor, you see her now—I am the Queen; follow me."

CHAPTER VIII

MARIA FELICITA MALIBRAN

THIS great singer was born at Paris, March 24, 1808, where her father, Manuel Garcia, had arrived only two months before. When three years old she was taken to Italy, and at the age of five played a child's part in Paër's "Agnese," at the Fiorentini, Naples. So precocious was she that, after a few nights of this opera, she actually began to sing the part of Agnese in the duet of the second act, a piece of audacity which was applauded by the public. Two years later, she studied solfeggi with Panseron, at Naples; and Hérold, happening to arrive about the same time, gave her her first instruction on the piano. In 1816 Garcia took her to Paris with the rest of his family, and in the autumn of 1817 to London. Already speaking fluently Spanish, Italian, and French, Maria picked up a tolerable knowledge of English in the two and a half years she spent in London. Not long after, she learned German with the same facility. Here, too, she had good teaching on the piano, and made such rapid progress that on her return to Paris in 1819 she was able to play Johann Sebastian Bach's clavier works, which were great favorites with her father. In this way she acquired sound taste in music.

At the age of fifteen she was made by her father to learn singing under his own direction; and, in spite of the fear which his violent temper inspired, she soon showed the individuality and originality of her genius. Two years had barely elapsed when (1824) Garcia allowed her to appear for the first time before a musical club he had just established. There she produced a great sensation, and her future success was confidently predicted. Two months later Garcia returned to London, where he was engaged as principal tenor; and here he set on foot a singing-class, in which the education of Maria was continued, if not completed. It is not quite certain whether an illness of Pasta, prima donna at the King's Theater, was the occasion of Maria's first public appearance, or whether it was due to Ronzi's not fulfilling an engagement; but there

SOME GREAT VOCALISTS OF THE PAST

From Contemporary Prints

is no doubt she was the means of helping the management out of a very awkward situation, while making for herself a name. Her début was in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," and her performance of Rosina made her at once a favorite with the London public. Lord Mount Edgcumbe says that "she was too highly extolled and injudiciously put forward as a prima donna, when she was only a promising débutante"; but this was not the opinion of the public, nor of the ruling powers, who forthwith engaged her for the remaining six weeks of the season for $2500, the playbills including a *première* of Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato in Egitto."

The stay in London was, however, predestined to be short. Garcia had engaged himself and family to perform in New York, and they consequently left England for that destination. Although the company, with the exception of the Garcias, was made up of the poorest material, the performances were fairly sustained, Maria, of course, taking the principal parts. This tour was of the greatest possible benefit to her in her later career, for she acquired that experience and confidence without which the best of artists fail to impress an audience. Her voice, also, which needed constant practice, improved as time went on. She appeared in a great number of operas, of which we may mention "Otello," "Don Giovanni," "Tancredi," "La Cenerentola," besides two operas specially composed for her by her father, "L'Amante astuto" and "La figlia dell' aria." The American public treated the company with cordiality; yet the venture was, from a pecuniary point of view, a failure.

We come now to a period in Madame Malibran's life which various biographers have treated in different ways—that of her marriage to François Malibran, a merchant. The fact is to be recorded that the marriage settlement contained a clause by which Garcia was to receive $25,000 as a *solatium* for the loss of his daughter's services; also the further fact that Malibran's financial position, already seriously compromised, drove him into the bankruptcy court before the first year of married life was over. There could be no question as to the future career of Madame Malibran; she had nothing but her voice, and to exercise it in New York was out of the question, as all the money she made would have been seized by her husband's creditors. The parting was as much *à l'amiable* as it could be under the circumstances. The terms have remained secret, but there is reason to believe that a portion of the wife's earnings in Europe were to be sent to her husband.

Madame Malibran arrived in Paris in December, 1827. Her first operatic appearance occurred in January, 1828, and the occasion was the performance of "Semiramide" at the Grand Opéra for the benefit of Galli. She was laboring under many disadvantages: for the first time in her life she felt nervous, nor was the part one she would have chosen; nevertheless she scored an immediate and striking success. Henceforth there was never any want of engagements; the difficulty was rather to choose among a surfeit. Her début at the Théâtre des Italiens was in "Otello," an opera to which she remained partial all her life. The novelty and originality that distinguished her style from that of all other prime donne earned her great applause.

So far her receipts had been moderate, averaging little more than sixty pounds per night, both in London and Paris, while twenty-five pounds was her fee for singing at concerts. When Sontag retired, it was felt that the remuneration was not adequate. The next offer, from Alfred Bunn of Drury Lane, was made at the respectable figure of £125 per night for nineteen nights. At this time Malibran made two notable additions to her repertoire, "La Gazza ladra" and "La Cenerentola," in both of which operas her success was prodigious; the combination of singing and acting was on all hands admitted to be unequaled. It was remarked that though not the first to act in "La Gazza ladra," she was yet the first to bring out hidden beauties of the prison scene which nobody had suggested before. Her representation of the neglected heroine in "La Cenerentola" was also true to life, and may have awakened reminiscences of her own by no means too happy childhood. In 1830 an attachment sprang up between her and Charles de Bériot, the celebrated violinist; and this ended only with her life. They built in 1831 a handsome villa in a suburb of Brussels, to which they returned after every operatic campaign. (In 1836 they were married at Paris.)

During the next few years her time was fully taken up between London and Paris. In 1832 Lablache, passing through Brussels on his way to Italy, suggested more in joke than in earnest that she should accompany him. The clock had barely struck five on the next morning when a traveling-carriage containing Malibran drew up at his door, ready to start for Italy. Lablache could scarcely credit his eyes; but those who knew this creature of impulse hardly wondered at her adopting a course which commended itself to her mind by its originality and caprice. During this tour, Milan, Rome, Naples, and Bologna were visited with equal success.

In the spring of 1833 she went to London, and sang at Drury Lane, in English opera, receiving 80,000 francs for forty representations, with two benefits which produced not less than 50,000 francs. The prices offered to her increased each year to an unprecedented extent. She received at the Opera in London, during May and June, 1835, £2775 for 24 appearances. Sums, the like of which had not been heard of before in such cases, were paid to her at the provincial festivals in England.

Having played in English versions of "Sonnambula" and "Fidelio," Malibran returned to Naples, where she remained until May, 1834, proceeding then to Bologna, and thence to Milan. She soon returned to London for a flying visit; and was singing at Sinigaglia in July. On August 11 she went to Lucca, where her horses were taken from her carriage, which was drawn to her hotel by enthusiastic admirers after her last appearance. She next went to Milan, and thence to Naples, where she sang during the carnival. Here she met with an accident, her carriage being upset at the corner of a street; and she suffered injuries which prevented her from appearing in public for a fortnight. Even then, she made her first appearance with her arm in a sling, which added to the interest of the occasion. From Naples she went, in the same triumphant manner, to Venice, her arrival being announced by fanfares of trumpets. There she was besieged with fresh

enthusiasm, which followed her in her return to Paris and London.

Early in April, 1836, she arrived in London. Prospects looked bright for the young prima donna. Her reputation showed no signs of decrease; every performance added vigor and subtlety to her voice; there was hardly a rival to challenge her. It was during this visit that while riding an unmanageable horse she was thrown and dragged some distance before the stirrup gave way and left her on the road, unconscious and bedraggled with mud and blood. Even then matters might have mended had she listened to rational advice; but her only object was to keep the affair secret from her husband. She would see no physician, neither would she take that repose of which she stood in the greatest need. On the same evening she performed as usual, her hair being so arranged as to conceal the heavy injuries to her head; and it cannot be doubted that this accident, aggravated by her obstinacy, led to her premature death. About the end of July she left England for Brussels, where, unheeding severe pain, she gave a concert on August 12, following it by a performance of "La Sonnambula" at Aix-la-Chapelle.

In September she again came to England for the Manchester Festival, during which her short, brilliant life ended. She had arrived, with her husband, after a rapid journey from Paris, on Sunday, September 11, 1836. On the following evening she sang in no less than fourteen pieces. On the Tuesday, though weak and ill, she insisted on singing both morning and evening. On Wednesday, the 14th, her state was still more critical, but she contrived to sing with thrilling effect the last sacred music in which she ever took part, "Sing ye to the Lord." That same evening her last notes in public were heard with Mme. Caradori Allan, in the duet "Vanne se alberghi in petto," from "Tito Andronico." This was received with immense enthusiasm, the last movement was encored, and Malibran actually accomplished the task of repeating it. It was her last effort. While the concert-room still rang with applause, she was fainting in the arms of her friends; and, a few moments later, she was conveyed to her hotel. Here she died, after nine days of nervous fever, September 23, 1836. She was buried on October 1, in the south aisle of the collegiate church, Manchester. Her remains were soon afterward removed to Brussels and there reinterred in the cemetery of Lacken, where a mausoleum was erected by Bériot, containing a bust of the great singer by the celebrated sculptor Geefs.

It is difficult to appreciate the charm of a singer whom one has never heard. In the case of Maria Malibran it is exceptionally difficult, for the charm seems to have consisted chiefly in the peculiar timbre and unusual extent of her voice, in the excitable temperament which prompted her to improvise passages of strange audacity upon the stage, and on the strong musical feeling which kept those improvisations nearly, but not quite, always within the bounds of good taste. It was, after all, her mind that helped to enslave her audience; without that mental originality, her defective vocal organ would have failed to please where, in fact, it provoked raptures.

The life of Malibran is an attractive study from many points of view. While unstinted admiration is due to the actress and singer, we linger with pleasure over highly amiable traits of character, such as courage, sincerity, tact, generosity, and immutable attachment to friends. And if we regret her obstinacy, for which she had to suffer severely, we must not forget that it was the outcome of a daring and an energy rarely met with among the favorites of fortune. In artistic circles her death left a great void. It is true, great singers were among her survivors; but until Jenny Lind fascinated her audiences, none had arisen to approach Malibran in the combined arts of singing and acting. Malibran composed and published many nocturnes, songs, and chansonnettes. Some of the unpublished pieces were collected and published under the title of "Dernières Pensées musicales de Marie-Félicité Garcia de Bériot."

CHAPTER IX

GIULIA GRISI

OF Giulia Grisi a critic thus wrote in the London "Times": "There are certain striking features in every one of her impersonations, to forget which is utterly impossible for those who are able to feel and appreciate such traits in the exhibition of vocal and dramatic art. She was equally admirable in lyric tragedy, lyric comedy, and lyric melodrama; such traits were as plentiful as with less gifted artists they are rare." Grisi combined with this remarkable versatility a capacity for study and love of improvement in her art truly wonderful, an example by which many of the young singers of to-day might profit were they to lay it to heart; in fact, her whole artistic life was one of constant effort to attain perfection. No vocalization was too trivial for her careful study, no part beneath her creative instinct. She loved her public with a devotion amounting to reverence; with the veneration of a priestess she made her offering of

song at the altar of art; her profession was to her a holy duty. Her noble appreciation of the public was strikingly shown in her unvarying promptitude to keep her part in the fulfilment of their pleasures. She rarely disappointed them; ill or well, she was ready to appear when announced. The public knew they were sure of her, and sought the opera in a comfortable state of confidence that no sudden announcement of change of bill would confront them, as in the case of more than one capricious prima donna of those days.

Giulia Grisi, the daughter of Gaetano Grisi, an officer of engineers under Napoleon, was born at Milan in 1812. The tastes of the family were decidedly musical and artistic, the father having dramatic ability, and the mother taking delight in vocal work. An elder sister, Giuditta, who was born in 1805 and died in 1840, was a singer of considerable ability and fame; but the name of Grisi, as known to the world, was made famous by the celebrated Giulia. Grisi was the niece of the famous Grassini, and a cousin, Carlotta Grisi, was distinguished as a dancer.

Giulia's vocal talent manifested itself at a very early period, and it was carefully fostered and cultivated by Giuditta. Her subsequent teachers were Filippo Celli, Madame Boccabadati, and Guglielmi. At the age of seventeen she made her début at Bologna, creating a very favorable impression, and raising glowing hopes about her future. Her voice and personal charms were both pronounced to be eminently distinctive, and the grace of her style, and the promising dramatic force of her acting, at once secured the sympathy of the audience. Like Pasta, she carried off a moderate stature by a noble bearing and handsome features, which expressed an intellectual variety and a charming individuality. To Pasta she was also akin in dramatic genius and fire.

Her progress was unusually rapid. Within a year after her début Rossini predicted a great future for her. At the conclusion of a short engagement at Florence, Grisi appeared at La Scala in Milan, where she met Pasta, then at the zenith of a splendid career, who aided her with counsel and instruction. She also attended a course of study under Mariani, and was further aided by Rossini and Bellini. Rossini was exceedingly gracious to the fair young aspirant, and Bellini recognized in the young artist all the qualifications for a perfect Adalgisa. Strangely enough, when the opera was first brought out, the first act proved almost a fiasco; and it was not until the duet for Norma and Adalgisa in the second act that the audience began to applaud. Dissatisfied with her engagement at Milan, and unable to get herself released from it by ordinary means, the impulsive Giulia took to flight, and escaping across the frontier reached Paris, where she found her aunt, Madame Grassini, her sister Giuditta, and Rossini, who was then director of the Théâtre des Italiens.

The patronage of Rossini soon procured her an engagement, and she made her first appearance in the title-rôle of his new opera, "Semiramide." She was supported by Eckerlin and Tamburini, and her success was immediate and triumphant. For sixteen consecutive years she was engaged at the Italiens.

On April 8, 1834, she made her first appearance in London in "La Gazza ladra"; but her principal triumph was achieved in "Anna Bolena," in which opera she had the coöperation of Lablache and Rubini. This was the period of phenomenal casts. The celebrated quartet of Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini was world-renowned. It lasted for some time. A substitute for Rubini was found in Mario; but when Lablache and Tamburini fell out there were no reserves to draw upon. The quartet dwindled to a duet; but the duet of Mario and Grisi became equally famous. These delightful artists are now invariably associated together. Heine ("Parisian Letters") coupled them in a poetic simile as "the rose, the nightingale among flowers, and the nightingale, the rose among birds."

Between 1834 and 1861 Grisi missed only one season in London—that of 1842. Her health was robust, and enabled her to undergo severe and repeated exertions. In 1854, with Mario, she made a tour of the United States. She was received very coldly at Madrid in 1859, and at once relinquished her engagement. Rest was prescribed. In 1861 Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera of London, proposed a contract stipulating that Grisi should not appear in public for five years. As soon as the term had expired she surprised the public by appearing at Her Majesty's Theater in "Lucrezia Borgia." The performance was a comparative failure. Grisi withdrew from the opera, but continued to sing at occasional concerts with undiminished popularity.

She had for years made London her headquarters, and on leaving it in 1869 to pay a visit to Berlin had no intention of not returning to the capital where she had obtained her greatest and most prolonged successes. Inflammation of the lungs, however, seized her, and after a short attack she died at the Hôtel du Nord, Berlin, November 25, 1869.

Grisi was married in 1836 to the Count de Melcy, but the union proved a most unhappy one. A warm attachment sprang up between her and Mario, and received the sanction of the Church after she had succeeded in procuring a divorce from her first husband. By Mario she had three daughters. The Emperor Nicholas jestingly referred to them as "grisettes." "Pardon me, sire," was the reply, "they are marionettes."

Her splendid voice, in its prime, had no flaw, and her superb histrionic talent added luster to the brightest laurels of the lyric stage. Chorley tells us that her voice had a compass of from C below to C above the staff, and had not "a break or a note which had to be managed." He further speaks of the "clear, penetrating beauty of her reduced tones, differing in quality from the whispering ventriloquism which was one of a rival's most favorite effects." "I have never," he declares, "tired of Madame Grisi during twenty-five years, but I have never been, in her case, under one of those spells of intense enjoyment which make an epoch in life."

CHAPTER X

JENNY LIND

JENNY LIND was a native of Sweden. She was born at Stockholm, October 6, 1820. Her parents were respectable, laborious, and poor—her father a teacher of languages, her mother a schoolmistress. Jenny was the first child of their marriage, and there was afterward born to them a son named John. Jenny could sing the airs of her native land with correctness, and even with some expression, when she was but twenty months old. By the time she was three years of age singing was her delight; she was always singing; and she had the faculty of catching every song she heard, and repeating it with remarkable exactness. She was a lonely and timorous child. The absence of her father, who was abroad all day pursuing his vocation, and the constant occupation of her mother in her school, left her very much alone; and during her solitary hours her voice and her music were the unfailing solace of her existence. The first nine years of her life were marked by no particular event. The Swedes are a musical people, and many children in Stockholm, besides Jenny Lind, were fond of singing.

When she was about nine years of age the silvery tones of her voice chanced to catch the ear of an actress named Lundberg, who at once discerned its capabilities. Madame Lundberg went to the parents and told them how delighted she had been with the singing of their child, and advised them to have her educated for the opera. The child was more than willing, and very soon Madame Lundberg had the pleasure of conducting her to Crœlius, one of the most noted music-masters of Stockholm. Crœlius soon became an enthusiast respecting his new acquisition, and at length he resolved to present her to the manager of the royal theater.

When the enthusiastic Crœlius presented her to the manager, that potentate saw before him a pale, shrinking, slender, undersized child, between nine and ten years of age, attired with Sunday stiffness in a dress of black bombazine. "You ask a foolish thing," said he. "What shall we do with that ugly creature? See what feet she has! and then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her. Certainly not!" The old music-teacher was too confident of the value of the talent which the child possessed to be abashed by this ungracious reception. "Well," said he, with some warmth, "if you will not take her, I, poor as I am, will take her myself, and have her educated for the stage." The old man's enthusiasm piqued the curiosity of the manager, and he consented at length to hear her sing. Undeveloped as her voice then was, it already had some of that rapture-giving power which it afterward possessed in such an eminent degree. The manager changed his mind, and Jenny was at once admitted to the training-school attached to the royal theater. There she had the benefit of highly competent instructors, as well as the inspiring companionship of children engaged in the same pursuits.

The pupils of the training-school were required, now and then during the season, to perform in little plays written and arranged expressly for them. It was in one of these, in the eleventh year of her age, that Jenny Lind made her first appearance in public. The part assigned her was that of a beggar-girl—a character which her pallid countenance and slight person fitted her to represent. She acted with so much simplicity and truth, and sang her songs with such intelligent expression, as to secure the favor of the audience in a high degree. She made what we now call a "hit." Other children's plays were written for her, in which for two winters she delighted the people of Stockholm, who regarded her as a prodigy.

At the height of her transient celebrity, her brilliant prospects clouded over. She observed with alarm that her upper notes grew weaker, and that her other tones were losing their pleasure-giving quality. By the time she was thirteen years of age her upper notes had almost ceased to exist, and no efforts of her teachers could restore them. The scheme of educating her for the opera was given up, though she continued for four years longer to be an assiduous member of the school, studying instrumental music, and the theory of composition. One of the severest of her trials was that of being forbidden to use her voice, except for a short time every day in very simple music.

Her seventeenth birthday came round. The master of the training-school was about to give at the theater a grand concert, in order to display the talents and improvement of his pupils. The chief part of this concert was to consist of the celebrated fourth act of "Robert le Diable," in which Alice has but one solo assigned to her, and that not a favorite with singers. When all the parts had been distributed except that of the undesirable Alice, the director thought of Jenny Lind, and offered it to her. She accepted it and began to study the music. A strange thing happened to her on the night of the concert. Her upper notes suddenly returned to her in all their former brilliancy, and every note in her voice seemed at the same moment to recover its long-lost sweetness and power.

No one had anticipated anything from the Alice of that evening, and thunders of applause greeted the unexpected triumph. Except herself, no one was so much surprised as the director of the school, whose pupil she had been for six years. Besides warmly congratulating her that evening, he told her on the following morning that she was cast for the important part of Agathe in "Der Freischütz." The evening came. We have an account of her début from the pen of her friend and kindred genius, Fredrika Bremer: "I saw her at the evening representation. . . . She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art.

All was nature and harmony. Her singing was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her 'mezzo voice' was delightful."

But her probation was not yet finished. After this dazzling success, she remained for a while the favorite of the Stockholm public, adding new characters to her list and striving in every way known to her to remedy certain serious defects in her voice and vocalization. In her efforts to improve her voice while performing at the opera she overstrained it, and the public of Stockholm, limited in number and fastidious in taste, left her to sing to empty boxes. She felt the necessity of better instruction than her native city afforded. Garcia was then living at Paris, at the height of his reputation as a trainer of vocalists. She desired to place herself under his instruction; but although she had been a leading performer at the Stockholm opera for a year and a half, she was still unable to afford the expense of a residence in Paris. To raise the money she gave concerts, accompanied by her father, in the principal towns of Sweden and Norway.

Her first interview with Garcia was disheartening in the extreme. "My good girl," said he, after hearing her sing, "you have no voice; or, I should rather say, that you *had* a voice, but are now on the point of losing it. Your organ is strained and worn out; and the only advice I can offer you is to recommend you not to sing a note for three months. At the end of that time, come to me again, and I will do my best for you." At the appointed time she stood again in the master's presence. He told her that her voice was improved by rest and capable of culture. She placed herself under his instruction, and profited by it; but, strange to say, Garcia never predicted for her a striking success, either because her voice had not yet regained its freshness, or the old master's ear had lost its acuteness. He used to say that if she had as much voice as she had intelligence, she would become the greatest singer in Europe, and that she would have to sing second to many who had not half her ability.

During her residence at Paris, she had the honor of singing before Meyerbeer, who instantly perceived the peerless quality of her voice. He arranged a grand rehearsal for her, with a full orchestra, when she sang the three most difficult scenes from three favorite operas. She delighted the company of musicians and the great master who heard her, and she narrowly escaped being engaged at once for the Grand Opera of Paris.

Her musical education was now complete. Returning home she gave a series of performances at Stockholm, which enraptured the public, carried her local reputation to the highest point, and secured for her a pressing invitation to sing at Copenhagen. It seems that she was still distrustful of her powers, and shrank from the ordeal of appearing in a country not her own. Her scruples at length gave way, and she appeared before the Danes in the part of Alice, in "Robert le Diable." We have an interesting account of her success at Copenhagen, in the autobiography of Hans Christian Andersen, who not only heard her sing, but became acquainted with her.

"It was," he says, "like a new revelation in the realms of art. The youthful, fresh voice forced itself into every heart; here reigned truth and nature, and everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert she sang her Swedish songs. There was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching, people thought nothing about the concert-room." The students of the university gave her a serenade by torchlight, and she was the first to whom such a compliment was paid. Her success incited her to fresh exertions.

From this time forward, she knew little but triumph. When she left Stockholm again to enter upon an engagement at Berlin, the streets were crowded with people to bid her farewell. At Berlin, the Countess Rossi (Madame Sontag) pronounced her "the best singer in Europe." At Hamburg, a silver wreath was presented to her at the end of a most brilliant engagement. At Vienna, her success was beyond all precedent, and when she reappeared at Berlin the enthusiasm was such that it became a matter of great difficulty to procure admission to the theater.

After four years of such success as this, her popularity ever increasing, she accepted an engagement to sing in London. She arrived there in April, 1847, and soon began her rehearsals at the Queen's Theater. When her voice was first heard in that spacious edifice at a rehearsal, no one was so enchanted as Lablache, the celebrated basso. "Every note," he exclaimed, "is like a pearl!"

One morning at rehearsal she said to him: "Will you do me the favor, Signor Lablache, to lend me your hat?" Much surprised, he nevertheless handed her his hat, which she took with a deep courtesy, and, tripping away with it to the back part of the stage, began to sing an air into it. She then brought back the hat to Lablache, and, ordering that portly personage to kneel, returned it to him with the remark: "I have now made you a rich man, signor, for I have given you a hat full of pearls!"

When the eventful evening came the theater was crammed to its utmost capacity. She sang the part of Alice, in "Robert le Diable." By the time she had completed her first aria every one present felt that the greatest singer of the time, if not of any time, was this stranger from Stockholm. At Edinburgh a concert was given, for performing in which she received a thousand pounds sterling. Her charities constantly increased in number and amount. In almost every place she gave a part of her gains to charitable institutions. After two years of continual triumph, she resolved to take her leave of the stage, and to sing thenceforth only in the concert-room. Her last operatic performance was in May, 1849, in the part of Alice.

Her fame had long ago crossed the Atlantic. In October, 1849, P. T. Barnum, who had recently returned home after a three years' tour with the famous General Tom Thumb, conceived the happy idea of bestowing upon his countrymen the delight of hearing the voice of "the Swedish Nightingale." "I had never heard her sing," he said. "Her reputation was sufficient for me." He cast about him at once for a fit person to send to Europe to engage the songstress, and John Hall Wilton was instructed to engage Jenny Lind on shares, if he could; but he was authorized, if he could do no better, to offer her a thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty nights. Besides this, all her expenses were to be paid, including servants,

carriages, and secretary, and she was to have the privilege of selecting three professional persons to accompany her. Barnum further agreed to place the whole amount of money for the one hundred and fifty nights in the hands of a London banker before she sailed. Negotiations were speedily concluded on a basis satisfactory to both parties.

Long before the great songstress landed all America was on the *qui vive*. On Sunday, September 1, 1850, at twelve o'clock, the steamer "Atlantic," with Jenny Lind on board, came to opposite the quarantine ground, New York. The wharves and ships were covered with thousands of people on that pleasant Sunday afternoon to see her step on shore. Nineteen days elapsed before her first appearance in public, during which she was the center of attraction, and the theme of every tongue. The acute and experienced Barnum, perceiving that his enterprise was an assured success, endeavored to guard against the only danger which could threaten it. Two days after the arrival of the "Nightingale" he told her that he wished to make a little alteration in their agreement.

"What is it?" she asked, much surprised.

"I am convinced," replied he, "that our enterprise will be much more successful than either of us anticipated. I wish, therefore, to stipulate that you shall always receive a thousand dollars for each concert, besides all the expenses, and that after taking fifty-five hundred dollars per night, for expenses and my services, the balance shall be equally divided between us." Jenny Lind was astonished; and supposing that the proposition was dictated by a sense of justice, she grasped the manager by the hand, and exclaimed: "Mr. Barnum, you are a gentleman of honor! You are generous. I will sing for you as long as you please. I will sing for you in America—in Europe—anywhere!" Barnum hastened to let people know that the change in the agreement was not the dictate of pure generosity. He feared that envious persons would create discontent in her mind, and he thought "it would be a stroke of policy to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence." The tickets for the first concert were sold at auction, and produced the astonishing sum of $17,864. Jenny Lind instantly resolved to give her portion of the proceeds to the charitable institutions of the city.

Five thousand persons assembled at Castle Garden, who had paid for the privilege sums which varied from two dollars to two hundred and twenty-five. It was the largest audience before which she had ever appeared, and she was considerably agitated. When the conductor of the concert led her forward, attired in white, with a rose in her hair, the audience stood up and gave her three thundering cheers, and continued for several seconds to clap their hands and wave their hats and handkerchiefs. She had a singularly pleasing way of acknowledging the applause of an audience. She had a timid, shrinking look, which appealed powerfully to popular sympathy, and inflamed the enthusiasm of the spectators to the highest degree. The orchestra began to play the prelude to "Casta Diva"—a piece which displayed all the power, all the thrilling sweetness, and some of the defects of her wonderful organ. Never had an assembly come together with such high-wrought expectations. Nevertheless, those expectations seemed to be more than realized, and the last notes of the song were lost in the irrepressible acclamations of the people.

This success was the beginning of a splendid career in America. Under Barnum's management, she gave ninety-five concerts. The total receipts were $712,-161. The average receipts of each concert were $7,496. The sum received by Jenny Lind was $176,-675. Mr. Barnum's receipts, after paying her, were $535,486. After enchanting the United States it remained for Jenny Lind to conquer the fastidious and difficult public of Havana. A striking scene occurred on the occasion of her first appearance there. The people were much offended by the unusual prices charged for admission, and came to the concert determined not to be pleased—a circumstance of which Jenny Lind was ignorant. But a report of that time tells us that "not a vestige of opposition remained. Again, again, and again did they call her forth, and at every appearance the thunders of applause rang louder and louder." In Havana, as in every other large city in America, she bestowed immense sums in charity, and gave charity concerts which produced still larger benefactions. During her residence in America, she gave away, in all, about $58,000.

The precaution which Barnum had taken against the intermeddling of envious persons proved to be insufficient, and after the ninety-fifth concert, Jenny Lind desired the contract to be annulled, and to give concerts on her own account. The manager gladly assented, and they separated excellent friends. Among the performers at her concerts was Otto Goldschmidt, a pianist and composer, whom she had formerly known in Germany, and with whom she had pursued her musical studies. Her friendship for this gentleman ripened into a warmer attachment, and ended in their marriage at Boston, in 1852. After residing some time at Northampton, Mass., they returned to Europe, where they afterward resided, finally settling in England. Occasionally, Madame Goldschmidt appeared in public concerts and oratorios. She died at her cottage, Wynd's Point, Malvern, England, November 2, 1887.

Her voice was a soprano of bright, thrilling, and remarkably sympathetic quality, from D to D, with another note or two occasionally available above the high D. The upper part of her register was rich and brilliant, and superior both in strength and purity to the lower. These two portions she managed, however, to unite in the most skillful way, moderating the power of her upper notes so as not to outshine the lower. She had also a wonderfully developed "length of breath," which enabled her to perform long and difficult passages with ease, and to fine down her tones to the softest pianissimo, while still maintaining the quality unvaried. Her trill was true and brilliant, her taste in ornament altogether original, and she usually invented her own cadenze. In a song from "Beatrice di Tenda," she had a chromatic cadence ascending to E in alt, and descending to the note whence it had risen, which could scarcely be equaled for difficulty and perfection of execution. The great secret of her success as a singer was well expressed by her friend Jules Benedict: "Jenny Lind makes a conscience of her art."

CHAPTER XI

SEVEN ARTISTS OF RECENT TIMES

Adelina Patti—Christine Nilsson—Amalie Materna—Jean and Edouard de Reszke—Nellie Melba—Marcella Sembrich.

ADELINA PATTI.—No one has ever been more extravagantly eulogized than Madame Patti under the well-worn phrase of "the queen of song." If to be "queen of song" means to have reigned over countless admirers and to have fed all her life on the rose-leaves of acclamation, to have enforced the largest premium from managers ever given for such artistic service, to have preserved better than any of her contemporaries the traditions of the Italian bel canto in her vocal form, the diadem fits her charming head worthily. Nature endowed her with a voice of only moderate power, but of bell-like, voluptuous sweetness, which, if one may compare the things of sound and sight, suggests the round perfection of the pearl. Her notes were remarkably even and emitted with the bird-like facility which does not impress the listener more with its gush of melody than with the sense of artlessness, the extreme achievement of the art which conceals art. The compass when Madame Patti's organ was in its mellowest prime reached F in alt, and the power to take the perfect high notes at long intervals was always a noticeable feature of her skill, though singers shun this fatiguing leap of the voice as warily as misers guard their treasure-boxes. In purity of style and artistic finish of vocalization it is within bounds to say that no cantatrice of her immediate generation quite reached her level.

Adela Juana Maria Patti was born in Madrid, February 19, 1843. The father, Salvatore Patti, was a Sicilian tenor; the mother, known as Signora Barili, a beautiful Roman of the Trastavere. This musical couple came to the United States shortly afterward and made the country their home. Little Adelina's talent, shown almost in infancy, was carefully cultivated by her parents, and at the age of seven she made her début in New York, at Tripler Hall, in the difficult air of "Casta Diva" from Bellini's "Norma." Two years after this the little girl appeared as Rosina in "Il Barbiere," and sang all the fioriture with exquisite ease. Alboni, then singing in America, remembered having seen her "put on a table, or at least a high platform, where she walked up and down as if it were a stage and sang and acted like a grown-up person, with the sort of inspiration that moved an Italian improvisatore." After four years of this "infant prodigy" touring, it was deemed wise to give the voice a rest for two years, and then Adelina began to study seriously with Moritz Strakosch, who had in the meanwhile married Amalia Patti, her elder sister. She was not yet fifteen when she sang in a concert tour with Gottschalk throughout the United States, and a year later she made her serious bow to a New York audience in the rôle of Lucia, November 24, 1859. She appeared in opera and concert for nearly two years under the management of her brother-in-law Strakosch, and then went to London, where she made her début in Gye's Royal Italian Opera Company as Amina in "La Sonnambula," May 14, 1861. Unheralded by fame, she made an instant and magnificent conquest, ranking among the great first appearances in the musical history of that capital. The next year she sang at the Théâtre des Italiens in Paris and met a no less enthusiastic recognition. Thenceforward it was a primrose path, and Europe metaphorically was at her feet. The detailed record of her triumphs would be a monotonous rehearsal—the streams of gold and jewels showered on her, and the no less golden stream of homage and flattery, the world of fashion wooing a modern Danaë. For more than thirty years she was the cynosure of the musical public in so far as it bows before perfection of vocal art. Her sister Carlotta was also a brilliant vocalist of the florid school, though lameness debarred her from the opera stage.

Madame Patti had a repertoire of thirty-six operas, among which may be specially mentioned "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Otello" (Rossini), "Il Barbiere," "La Gazza ladra," "I Puritani," "La Sonnambula," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Linda di Chamounix," "Don Pasquale," "La Figlia del Reggimento," "Ernani," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Giovanna d'Arco," "Esmeralda," "Don Desiderio," "Villeda," "Aïda," "Crispino e la Comare," "Dinorah," "Les Huguenots," "L'Africaine," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Marta," "Faust," "Romeo e Giulietta," "Fra Diavolo," and "Semiramide." Her great fame was made in the lighter operas, which involve the singing of florid music and the acting of sparkling comedy, her dainty symmetry of person fitly symbolizing her art. She was, *par excellence*, the best-paid singer of the age, her terms for America having been, for many years, five thousand dollars a night, and for Europe twenty-five hundred dollars. It need scarcely be said that she accumulated a great fortune. Her country-seat, Craig-y-Nos, near Swansea, Wales, became one of the show-places of Great Britain. She was thrice married—in 1868 to the Marquis de Caux; in 1886 to Ernesto Nicolini, a well-known tenor; in 1899 to Baron Cederström.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.—Jenny Lind, whose star shone so fixedly beside the luster of such rivals as Garcia-Viardot, Persiani, Grisi, and Sontag, had a worthy successor in the singer who embodied, musically and dramatically, the most acceptable idea of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" known to the stage, and whose creation of Ophelia in Thomas's "Hamlet" still sets the tide-mark for succeeding aspirants.

Peasant in blood like Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson was born August 20, 1843, in a forester's hut near the market town of Wexiö, Sweden, and when scarcely more than a baby sang and fiddled at the country fairs. The provincial judge, Tornerhjelm, a musical enthusiast, one day was attracted by a large crowd, and found the center of it a tiny, barefooted, golden-haired thing of three. He was enchanted with the quality of the voice, and did not rest till he had seen the parents and secured their unwilling assent to give this tot with a nightingale in her throat an adequate education. She was placed in the care of Baronne de Leuhusen (a gifted Swedish writer under the pen-name of Mademoiselle Valerius), who insured the child every advantage of musical and literary training. She had the best teachers which Sweden could furnish in French, German, and Italian, in singing and violin-playing and the higher branches of harmony, till she was sixteen, and then Judge Tornerhjelm told the enraptured girl that she must go to Paris for further instruction—Sweden was exhausted. Christine was even then undecided whether she would be singer or violinist, following the example of Fräulein Schmöling, the wonderful child-player, who ultimately became the great singer, Madame Mara. She gave a concert in Paris, where she fiddled and sang to the great delight of her audience, and then voice won the day.

The eccentric but great teacher Wartel took her in hand for three years, and kept her sol-faing till the last six months, when he gave her words to sing. Under this terrible gymnastic drill her organ acquired that firmness and solidity of tone which it retained unimpaired till her retirement from the stage. Meyerbeer was enraptured with the brilliant young voice, and offered her Ines in "L'Africaine" for her début, but Christine was obstinately set on Italian opera, and accepted a Brussels engagement, from which she was miraculously saved by the bankruptcy of the impresario. The great French singer Miolan Carvalho heard her and induced her husband, the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, to give Christine an opening in "Traviata," including a three years' engagement. Her success was as instantaneous as it was brilliant, and she became the idol of the Paris public. There was at once recognized something setting her apart from all actors—that poignant, thrilling quality in the vocal timbre, not to be confounded with mere sweetness, or richness, or even nobility of tone. She sang in quick succession in "Marta," "Don Giovanni," "Sardanapale," "Les Bluets," and "Die Zauberflöte." In the latter opera, as Astrafiammante, she showed her great compass of register, reaching up to F in alt, and the astonishing speed and crispness of her staccati. Rossini, it is said, during this season warned her against employing her highest three notes as dangerous, and she gradually discontinued their use.

She appeared in London in 1866 with equal éclat, and sang a wide range of parts, among them Marguerite, in "Faust," then first heard in England. The original representative, Miolan Carvalho, crossed the Channel for the performance, and added her own praise to the public plaudits. The spirituality, tenderness, and pathos of the interpretation made it one of the great original conceptions of the stage. In 1868 Thomas selected the dreamy, poetic-looking Swede to create his Ophelia in "Hamlet" at the Grand Opera, and her singing and acting confirmed the opinion that she was one of the greatest singers of the generation. After another London season, Mlle. Nilsson accepted an American engagement under Max Strakosch for concert and opera. This tour, it is said, brought her $200,000, and the American public was no less warm in recognition than transatlantic audiences. Here she sang for the first time one of her greatest parts, Elsa in "Lohengrin." Here, too, she made her first profound impression as an oratorio singer—a musical genre, in which her reputation became as great as in dramatic singing, owing to the peculiarly crystalline ethereal quality of her voice. A noted English critic once said of her, with pardonable exaggeration, "When Patti sings, one fancies the notes of the lark rising to the gates of heaven, but Nilsson's voice is a strain from the other side of the gates."

Nilsson was married in 1872 to Auguste Rouzaud, a young French merchant, who had won her affections amid a throng of titled admirers. She returned to Drury Lane, London, in 1872, where she created the rôle of Edith in Balfe's "Il Talismano." The next year saw the diva back in America to repeat her triumphs, and she visited this country again in 1884. It is said that in 1880 Nilsson lost a large portion of her fortune by Rouzaud's business speculations. He died a paralytic in 1882. For two years the devoted wife had retired from her profession to minister to the sick husband. While the professional life of this artist was mostly spent in France and England, she made splendidly successful tours in Germany, Russia, Spain, and Italy, as well as in the United States. In 1887, having retired from the stage, she espoused a Spanish nobleman, Count de Miranda.

Nilsson's voice, though of moderate power, was noted for its crystalline brilliancy, resonance, and purity of tone. Perfectly even in its register, it extended from G natural to D in alt. The singer, after her first three years of stage singing, only used two and a half out of her three and a half original octaves. When one had exhausted ordinary musical terms to describe this voice, there was still something strange left which no one could quite define, and it was the secret of her unique power. Lacking the velvet voluptuous sweetness of Patti's organ; lacking, perhaps, the perfect mechanism of Patti's vocal art, this poignancy in her tones had its transcendent effect. Her fame shines most brilliantly about such pathetic characters as Marguerite, Mignon, Ophelia, Elsa, and Valentine ("Huguenots").

Amalie Materna.—As a notable example of a singer equipped by nature and training to interpret the Wagner stage music, and in similar degree the heavy rôles of the great dramatic operas, none can be cited in comparison with Amalie Materna. Her name has become specially famous through the world in connection with Brünnhilde in the Nibelungen trilogy, and Kundry, the heroine of "Parsifal."

She was born at Saint Georgen, Styria, in 1847, her father being the village schoolmaster. She had that early domestic training in the art in which she was to became famous, almost inevitable in a land of musical people, and at the age of thirteen her voice in the church service gave her a local name. She does

not appear to have made any extraordinary juvenile success in operatic singing. Her first stage appearance was at the Thalia Theater in Gratz, where she sang very acceptably in operetta and gave speedy indications of her latent dramatic resources. Here she married Karl Friedrich, and was soon engaged with him to sing at the suburban Karls Theater of Vienna. Her remarkable gifts could not long be hidden under a bushel, for her singing and acting became the common gossip of the greenroom and clubs of one of the most musical of cities. In 1869 she was engaged as dramatic prima donna at the Imperial Opera House, and made her début as Selica in "L'Africaine." The impression she produced was powerful and lasting. She immediately took her place among the first German singers, and became a famous exponent of the heavy rôles of one of the leading opera houses of Europe. She perpetuated the grand traditions of Schröder-Devrient in the massive style of her singing and acting, in such operas as "Fidelio," "Les Huguenots," "La Juive," "Le Prophète," "Il Trovatore," "La Favorita," "Iphigénie," "Faust," etc., which tax the extreme capacities of musical passion; though she seems never to have attained that marvelous flexibility which, with noble quality of voice and histrionic power, made another celebrated German singer, Titiens, equally with Pasta, an exponent of all schools wherein dramatic fitness is not entirely lost in bravura singing.

Eminent as Materna had become in Germany, it was not till 1876 that her fame was trumpeted to the ends of the musical world. She was selected by Wagner to interpret the rôle of Brünnhilde at the Bayreuth Festival of 1876. For such a creation as that of the Valkyr heroine she was fitted by nature, appearance, and endowment, and Wagner could have hunted the world in vain for her match. A stately figure, instinct with superb health and vitality, a face molded to convey the loftier emotions, a genius for dramatic impersonation, which would have made her famous without her voice, an organ of great compass and volume in which sweetness is married to strength, and of almost tireless power—these gifts made her the picked of "ten thousand." Bayreuth rendered Materna almost as famous as Wagner himself, so intimately was her performance associated with the success of his unique enterprise. The composer, too, has put on record his enthusiastic recognition of this singing tragedienne as the perfect incarnation of his art-ideal.

Materna's brilliant London success in 1877 in the Wagner concerts was followed by further triumphs in her own country, and in 1882 she visited America for the musical festivals of New York, Boston, and Cincinnati, held under the direction of Theodore Thomas. She also appeared in concert in Boston and Philadelphia. She did not then have the advantage of the illusions of the stage, but her great audiences could readily grasp, in the nobility of her voice and the fervor of her dramatic method, the secrets of the glamour by which she had taken the whole art and musical world captive at Bayreuth. She was recalled from America to create the part of Kundry in "Parsifal," at the Wagner Festival of 1882, and on the night of July 28 she again displayed that imaginative power and equipment of executive gifts which distinguished her Brünnhilde in the "Nibelungen Ring."

When Leopold Damrosch directed the season of German opera in New York in 1884-85, the Nibelungen trilogy constituted the chief feature of his season, and Materna was here to repeat her magnificent impersonations of the heroine, though, of course, the realistic background of the Bayreuth performances was absent. She also sang in other operas of her repertoire, such as "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Les Huguenots," and "Le Prophète," with scarcely less pleasure to the public. She repeated her tour in America in 1885-86, and in 1893-94 she again sang in concert and opera in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities, her more notable appearances being in Brünnhilde, Elisabeth ("Tannhäuser"), and Valentine ("Les Huguenots").

Materna's voice was remarkable for volume and compass, spanning three octaves, and great evenness of register. Its full sonorous quality and tireless vigor chiseled each note out of the loudest tumult of the orchestra. Her dramatic fervor separated her from all other great singers of her period. She could not, indeed, sing the sparkling fioritura which makes one think of diamond-dust, wherewith Patti delighted the public, any more than Patti could sing the musical heartbeats of Brünnhilde, throbbing with heroic energy. The genre is antipodal. Materna, though she made her highest fame as a "Wagner" singer, it must be remembered also plucked splendid laurels in other fields, and therefore escapes any narrow criticism which denies to the music of Wagner value as the vehicle of the finer qualities of the vocal art. She who could sing the music of Fides, Marguerite, Valentine, Fidelio, and Alice, as Materna has so often done, with enthralling effect and beauty of style, is entitled to be ranked with the greatest, aside from her distinction in a special school.

Jean and Edouard de Reszke.—Of stage tenors since Mario, the most popular with Americans, and the most versatile if not the greatest in all respects, was Jean de Reszke. The De Reszke brothers, Jean and Edouard, belonged to the most celebrated family of singers of modern times. Their mother was a distinguished amateur; a sister, Josephine, achieved great success as a soprano in nearly all the capitals of Europe. The eldest of the family, Jean, was born in Warsaw, January 14, 1852. When only twelve years old he sang in the cathedral, and the rare quality of his voice aroused the interest of all Warsaw. He passed his examination and obtained his degree as advocate; but his underlying artistic sentiment was too strong to be subdued. He took lessons from Ciaffei, then in Italy studied under the famous barytone Cotogni, and with him visited London and St. Petersburg, where he heard such singers as Mario, Tamberlik, Faure, Graziani, and Patti. In 1874 he made his first appearance in Venice in "La Favorita," under the name of De Reschi, and a few months later was introduced to the London stage in the same rôle. Although the critics called attention to the fact that his voice lacked the deeper quality and resonance of a barytone, being more like a low tenor, he persevered in his career, and attained considerable celebrity. But his physical strength began to suffer from the strain of singing parts that were written much too low for him; so, acting upon the advice of Sbriglia, he de-

cided to retire temporarily from the stage and prepare himself for the tenor repertoire.

After two years of study, aided by the wise counsels of Sbriglia, he made his début as a tenor at Madrid in "Robert le Diable." His success was great and immediate, and his career one long, uninterrupted, and ever-increasing triumph. Yet in no country did he create such a furor or arouse such enthusiasm as in America, where he was the idol of the public and accounted "the very Prince Charming of opera." His repertoire embraced "Faust," "L'Africaine," "Aïda," "Le Cid" (written for him by Massenet, and in which he made his Parisian début, November, 1885), Raoul in "Les Huguenots," Launcelot in "Elaine," and Roméo in "Roméo et Juliette," which was revived for him and placed in the ranks of grand opera, as originally intended by Gounod. In Wagner's operas he was admirable as Siegfried, Lohengrin, Walther, and especially as Tristan. But whether he represented one of Wagner's legendary knights or the impassioned lover and hero of Meyerbeer or Gounod, he was equally charming. His matchless voice and the exquisite art with which he sang were rivaled only by the picturesque grace and manly beauty that characterized each and all of his impersonations.

"I am a singer, not a writer," he once said, when asked to give his opinion regarding certain musical compositions and their authors. "I prefer to speak only of what lies directly in my province—i.e., the interpretation, not the creation, of those works. To the composer belongs the analysis, to the interpreter the inspiration. I rarely, if ever, sing or act the same rôle twice alike. Of course, on general grounds, the basis of my work is the same; my conception of a rôle, once thought out and executed, does not change; but variations and new ideas are constantly suggesting themselves, and, though always on the same canvas, one embroiders a different pattern; a touch here and there, a dash of color against a deeper background, a paler tint or a tenderer tone—who can foresee or measure and calculate what the actual moment may inspire?"

Jean de Reszke retired from opera in 1904, and opened a singing-school in Paris. His brother Edouard (born in Warsaw, December 23, 1855), who was associated with the great tenor in so many of his engagements in America and abroad, continued to appear in basso rôles a few years longer, but finally bade farewell to the lyric stage, devoting the greater part of his time to pupils in London.

Nellie Melba.—Though she is known to the world as Madame Melba (from her birthplace), this singer's family name is Mitchell. She was born in Melbourne, Australia, May 19, 1865, and at the town hall there she made her first public appearance at the age of six. Her father, David Mitchell, was strongly opposed to her choice of a musical career, and had he been permitted to decide the matter she would never have become a professional singer. As a young girl, however, she was allowed to receive instruction in piano, harmony, and composition, and when she was offered a place as organist in a church, the stern old Scotchman made no objection. The inevitable happened. The young girl found that she possessed a voice, and it became the one ambition of her life to employ it to the best advantage. In 1882 she married Captain Charles Armstrong, and, removed from parental authority, was encouraged to follow her natural bent. In due course of time the young singer sailed away from the colonial capital from which she took her stage name, and eventually placed herself under the tutelage of Madame Marchesi. Her voice, a pure and flexible soprano, admirably suited to the coloratura music of the Italian composers, developed an even compass of from B flat to F‴. On October 27, 1887, she made her début in opera, appearing at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto." Her success was immediate. Engagements followed for Covent Garden, London, and a few years later she was one of the leading sopranos at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. With the predominance of German opera in New York, however, Melba found it desirable to devote herself to Covent Garden and the Paris Opera, and with the exception of occasional concert tours she was heard no more in America until 1906, when she was engaged as leading soprano at the Manhattan Opera House. Among the best of her many rôles may be noted Juliette in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," Violetta in "La Traviata," Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," the Queen in "Les Huguenots," Nedda in "I Pagliacci," Marguerite in "Faust," the name part in Saint-Saëns's "Hélène," Ophelia in "Hamlet," Micaëla in "Carmen," and Elsa in "Lohengrin." She made several triumphal tours of Australia, and in England was in great demand for concert and oratorio.

Marcella Sembrich.—Like many another great singer, Sembrich was wise in the "choice of her parents"—both were musicians. She was born February 15, 1858, at Wisniowczyk, Galicia. Her father was Kasimir Kochanska; her mother, born Sembrich, was a singer. She was christened Praxede Marcelline, but it is doubtful if these names and the cognomen were ever used on a musical programme after her first public appearance at the age of twelve. At her operatic début she assumed her mother's name for stage purposes, and as Marcella Sembrich she was known and admired by all lovers of music.

While other little girls devoted most of their time to dolls, Marcelline was playing piano and violin, and when she was first brought into notice it was as a violinist and pianist. Those who heard the great prima donna in "The Barber of Seville" are aware that she had not forgotten her skill at the piano; for Rosina is compelled to interpolate a number of songs at the "music-lesson," for which Rossini's music is missing, and it was Sembrich's custom as Rosina to play her own accompaniment at the piano. Nor did she abandon the violin. It is of record, indeed, that she played it at a great concert in New York in the early eighties; but as she was endowed by nature with a finer instrument than any made in Cremona, her skill in this respect has been forgotten. One may suspect that the little Marcelline acquired a knowledge of other instruments than these, but one thing is certain—she played with vigor and precision on the side drum. As the heroine of "La fille du régiment" it was her custom to march in to a roulade of her own drumming which aroused the admiration, not only of the gods, but of the percussion section of the orchestra.

To return to the child débutante: she had evinced enough talent to justify her parents in placing her with Wilhelm Stengel, of the Lemberg Conservatory, where she studied piano. Her progress was rapid, and she passed from the supervision of Stengel to that of Brustermann, and then for a time had lessons from Liszt, in Vienna. Her first vocal master was Rokitansky. Next she studied for a while with Richard Lewy, completing her education under the direction of the two Lampertis.

On June 3, 1877, Marcella Sembrich made her operatic début in Athens as Elvira in "I Puritani." Her exquisite voice, perfect musicianship, and charming stage presence won instant recognition. The following year she appeared with equal success at the Royal Dresden Opera. Thereafter she was in demand at the chief European opera houses, and from 1878 until 1908, when she retired from the operatic stage, one of the most popular members of the Metropolitan Opera House company, New York.

To mention the rôles in which she distinguished herself during this notable career is to catalogue the fine coloratura parts now in repertoire. Let these suffice: Amina, Lucia, Marguerite de Valois, Dinorah, Violetta, Constance, Susanna and Astrafiammante.

By many competent authorities, both in America and abroad, Sembrich was regarded as the chief exponent in her generation of the Italian style of singing when Italy was at its best. She was always a conscientious artist in her relation to the public, and a favorite in the concert-room as well as on the stage.

FAMOUS SONGS

FAMOUS SONGS

INTRODUCTION

THIS compilation represents the fruits of much agreeable labor in the fields of lyric literature and song lore. These histories, as far as possible accurate, of many of the world's most famous and popular songs have been gathered from all available sources—books, magazines, newspapers, collections of songs, and living representatives and friends of deceased writers. Many of the particulars as to origin, authorship, etc., of several of the pieces here given were brought to light through this research, and nothing has been set down without due inquiry and confirmation.

Tracing the history of a favorite song, though an interesting task, is not always easy. One may have to turn over a score of books without gaining any reliable knowledge. You cannot run a song to earth, as it were; in many cases the facts must be slowly accumulated. For the present compilation, reference has been had to hundreds of sources, and no clue has been neglected that might help to make the origin and history of our best known and loved songs complete.

Of course there are many songs, familiar friends to thousands of people, that will not be found here. If there is no history of any moment connected with the composition of any particular song, it is not worth while to try to tell one. Now and then we have made passing reference to some famous production whose origin lies buried in obscurity, but for the most part we have confined ourselves to relating the stories of such lays and lyrics as were written under some romantic, pathetic, or entertaining circumstances. Though many a favorite song may be missing from these pages, it will be found that those which are most celebrated, and those with the most interesting history, have been included. Our object has been to produce, not a reference guide or dictionary for the library, but entertaining and instructive reading that shall appeal to the sympathies of all true lovers of songs with music.

In treating of the history and origin of these famous songs of many lands, it has seemed imperative that we should refer to that frequently quoted Fletcher of Saltoun and his well-worn aphorism about making the ballads of a country. "Poets," as Emerson has finely said, "should be lawgivers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide or insult, but should commence and lead the civil code and the day's work." It was in reference to this class of song that Fletcher of Saltoun uttered his famous dictum, or rather repeated it, to the Marquis of Montrose, in 1703. "The poorer sort of both sexes," he exclaimed, "are daily tempted to all manner of wickedness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets. I knew," he continues, "a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that most of the ancient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic poet."

It is certain that our songs have not only made history of themselves but for those who have sung and listened to them. Moreover, song and ballad making has ever been held in the highest repute by all classes, and still remains one of the best testimonials to man's sterling quality and literary capacity. Though, as the Russian proverb has it, "It is not every song that is sung to its last verse."

Chaucer gives a character to the Knight in "The Canterbury Tales" by saying: "He could songes make, and wel indite"; and Slender, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," exclaims: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here." The pleasures of a sweet song have no end; and though many poets "learn in sorrow what they teach in song," they at any rate teach what we are glad to know and appreciate.

If words were given us to conceal our thoughts, music must have been given us to express them, to turn our tears to laughter and our laughter to tears; to make our brief joys long and our worst sorrows brief. For what more thrilling voice is there than the voice of music—the voice of all our passions blended into witching melody or soul-inspiring harmony?

The most popular and the most appreciated music with all classes is the music of song; and though few seek to know the origin of the songs that please them, the telling of the tale always adds to their attraction. Of course there are many ballads that have lived through all the ages, many more that have yet to be handed to posterity, that have no tangible history at all, that are simply the glorious outcome of the poet's fancy and the composer's art; but there are also many that were born of recorded pain or misery, of patriotism, and of love, and of many of these we have endeavored to tell.

For the story of American songs and their writers, the reader is referred to the section containing the history of music in America, in this series.

CHAPTER I

"ROBIN ADAIR," OR "EILEEN AROON"

A Fifteenth-Century Irish Tune of Romantic History—Played by Denis à Hampsy—Borrowed by the Scotch—Later Given in English Dress—The Real Eileen and the Real Robin Adair.

PERHAPS in the whole range of songs new and old, none is more popular than the plaintive "Robin Adair," the air of which is based upon the very ancient melody of "Eileen Aroon." At a venture we might suggest that this melody dates back to about 1450, when *living* money was still in use, as in the first stanza the hero says he would spend a *cow* to entertain his lady-love.

The words of both versions, "Eileen Aroon" (Ellen, the treasure of my heart) and "Robin Adair," were the outcome of very romantic circumstances. The melody was taken down in 1792 by Edward Bunting (though already a variation of the same had been secured by Lyons in 1702), who did so much to preserve the music of old Ireland, from the playing of a famous harper, Denis à Hampsy, or Hempson, who was born in 1695, and lived to the great age of one hundred and twelve years. He was a well-known character, sober and respectable (unlike some of the itinerant harpers), and was highly regarded. Lord Bristol, when "the minstrel was infirm and old," gave a ground rent free, and paid for a house to be erected for him; and in his declining days Hampsy was looked after and literally fed by the Rev. Sir H. Harvey Bruce, who was with him at his death. Hampsy died with the harp in his hand after having struck a few notes on one of his best pieces—in all probability the ravishing, soul-breathing "Eileen."

At the age of about eighteen, having been a harper from the age of twelve (he lost his sight at three through smallpox), Hampsy commenced a tour of Ireland and Scotland which lasted until 1716. Now the Scotch claimed the melody, and gave it to the British public under the name of "Robin Adair" about 1800. The grounds for this assumption, Hardiman informs us in his "Irish Minstrelsy," published in 1831, appear in the correspondence between Robert Burns and his publisher, Thomson, in 1793. Thomson, in a letter to the bard, wishes him to give "Robin Adair" (meaning of course "Eileen Aroon") a Scottish dress. "Peter [Pindar] is furnishing him with an English suit. Robin's air is excellent, though he certainly has an out-of-the-way manner as ever poor Parnassian wight was plagued with." In reply Burns says that he believes the air to be Scotch, he having heard it played by a man from Inverness, so that "it could not be Irish" (the question had arisen between them), though he admits that through the wandering habits of the minstrels the air might be common to both.

As a matter of fact, it was Hampsy who carried the air to Scotland between 1710 and 1716, and the Highland minstrels annexed it. During his second visit to Scotland, in 1745, Hampsy was taken into the Young Pretender's presence by Colonel Kelly of Roscommon, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, and he played and sang "When the King shall enjoy his own again" as a compliment to Charles Edward. He also played "Coolin," "The Dawning of the Day," "Eileen Aroon," "Cean dubh dilis," etc.; so there is no doubt as to how so many of the Irish melodies, including "Maggie Lauder," came to be numbered among the Scottish national airs. Thus it was only natural that when Burns was asked to dress "Robin Adair" in the kilt, he should have already heard the song. But, for some reason unknown, Burns did not write or rewrite the words, though the erudite Dr. Charles Mackay assumes that he did, as those interested will gather from the "Royal Edition of Songs of Scotland" still published.

Again, Robin Adair was a real personage, an Irishman. At Bray, in Wicklow, there is still a "Robin Adair's" well. Robin's house stood at the foot of the great Sugar-loaf mountain (properly Slieve Cullinn). The real Robin Adair was most likely a grandson of Patrick Adair of Ballymena, County Antrim, whose son, Sir Robert, married four times and had many children, and Robin might have been one of these. Adair is essentially Irish, and as "old as the hills," or perhaps we should say trees, as the name is derived from Diarmaid and Diarmah—the good Dair, the oak. There are other variants, but the meaning and etymology are the same. Adair, therefore, means "of the oak."

The true story of "Eileen Aroon" appears almost word for word in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1827, and in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy" of 1831. It is as follows: Carol O'Daly, commonly called "Mac Caomh Insi Cneamha," brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Eileen, or Ellen as we should say now, the daughter of a chieftain named Kavanagh. The lovely and amiable young lady returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of their union, perhaps for political reasons.

Carol O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for a time, and Eileen's family availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded of imposing upon the girl the belief that he was faithless and had gone to marry another. After some time they prevailed upon her to marry a rival of O'Daly's. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first influence of his disappointment he sought a wild sequestered spot on the seashore, and inspired by love, he composed the song of "Eileen Aroon." Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the

wedding. It happened that he was called by Eileen herself to play and sing. Then, touching the harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the dramatic occasion aroused, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his "softened strain" the very soul of plaintive melody.

In the first stanza he intimates, according to Irish idiom, that he would walk with her, that is, be her partner for life, or constant lover for life; in the second, that he would entertain her and afford her every delight; and he continues:

Then wilt thou come away?
Eileen à Roon!
O wilt thou come or stay?
Eileen à Roon!

She soon felt the power of his eloquent pleading and answered, by signs, in the affirmative, having long recognized him. Then he bursts out rapturously:

Cead mille failte!
Eileen à Roon!
Cead mille failte!
Eileen à Roon!

Still with more welcomes and ecstasies he greets her, and to reward his fidelity, she contrives to elope with him that same night—the night before the intended marriage with his rival—and of course they lived happily ever after. It may be noted that the well-known motto of Irish hospitality, *Cead mille failte*—a hundred thousand welcomes—was taken from this song. It is related that Handel extravagantly declared that he would rather have been the composer of this exquisite air than of all the music he had written. And so enchanted with it was Tenducci, a distinguished male soprano, who sang in the Italian operas in London and Dublin, that he resolved upon mastering it in the Irish language, which proves that he heard the original composition.

Giusto Ferdinando Tenducci was born at Siena, Italy, about 1736, and first sang in London in 1758, when he at once became the idol of the fashionable world and was invited out everywhere to private parties and at-homes. Doubtless he met Lady Caroline Keppel at one of the great houses, and we hear of him singing first "Eileen Aroon," and then "Robin Adair," at Ranelagh Gardens in 1762, presumably with Lady Caroline's words. This new version of the song was written about 1750 to Robert or Robin Adair, with whom Lady Caroline was deeply in love. We will repeat the story as it is handed down.

About a century and a half ago, an impulsive young Irishman named Robert Adair, who was studying in Dublin for the medical profession, got into some scrape, and as he possessed little money and few friends, the only way he saw out of the difficulty was flight. So he speedily quitted Dublin and made his way to Holyhead, with the intention of going to that golden city of ambitious youth, London. Post traveling in those days was very expensive, and when Adair reached Holyhead he discovered that his purse was as light as his heart; consequently he had nothing to do but accept the inevitable, and so he manfully set out to walk to the metropolis. He had not gone far when he came upon a carriage that had been overturned, for the roads at that time were in a bad condition. The owner and occupant of the vehicle, a well-known leader of fashionable society, was greatly alarmed at the accident, and had besides received some slight personal injury. Adair offered his services, and in a very short time had the carriage righted and the lady carefully attended to.

Adair was a very handsome and aristocratic young fellow, and notwithstanding that his dress might have been of finer texture and in better condition, he had a striking appearance. With ready frankness he soon explained that he was a surgeon, and begged permission to examine into the extent of the lady's injuries. An examination soon showed that they were of merely a trifling nature—that the nerves were more upset than the body hurt. Adair then took the opportunity to explain that he was on his way to London to endeavor to make a name in the profession he had chosen, and as the lady was still apprehensive of unknown dangers, and still felt the effect of the shock, she offered the vivacious young Irishman a seat in her carriage as a protector, for she herself was traveling to the metropolis when the accident occurred. He was only too delighted to accept the proffered kindness, and very soon restored his traveling companion to health and good spirits. Arrived in London she presented him with a hundred guineas, and invited him to come to her house as often as he pleased.

Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously, and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection in the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, he being a graceful dancer, a good conversationalist, and a man of considerable natural ability. One night, at a party, he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight—mutual love; and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden; they were the observed of all the guests; and after a few meetings the relations were in despair. The young couple, however, continued to meet again and again, and their affection ripened into an intense passion. Her kinsfolk did their best to persuade her to give him up. But all in vain. Handsome heirs of the oldest and stiffest families were prevailed upon to woo her, but she would not listen to them. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her "folly," but without avail, and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health, she wrote the verses now so popular, and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her relatives caused her to become so dangerously ill that, upon the doctors despairing of her life, and seeing the disease was more of the heart and mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to.

The event was duly recorded in the "Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence" thus: "February 22nd, 1758, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honourable the Lady Caroline Keppel." This was the culminating point in the pretty love-story. A short time after his

marriage Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals through the influence of his wife's relations; nor did his good luck end here, for the King, being taken with Adair's agreeable manner and undoubted skill, made him Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Good fortune did not spoil him, and he continued to work hard at his profession, and the King was so greatly gratified at the successful way in which he treated the Duke of Gloucester, that he offered to make him a baronet; Adair, however, declined. Adored and admired by all who knew him, he lived to the age of eighty, and his death was deeply lamented.

Lady Caroline, however, who did not enjoy good health, died after giving birth to their third child. Knowing how devotedly attached her husband was to her, she felt that he would not marry again, and she was right. Except on state occasions, when he was obliged to don court costume, he wore mourning in remembrance of his love and his wife, until he died in 1790, when he was buried with her in the family vault. Their only son, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855 at the advanced age of ninety-two, after a brilliant career, having proved himself a very capable diplomatist.

The only part of this story which appears in any way doubtful, as far as reliable data go, concerns the episode on the road to London.

With regard to the air of the famous song of which we have been speaking, it should be recalled that Boieldieu introduced it into his "Dame blanche," and that Beethoven arranged it for voices with pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 108).

CHAPTER II

"AULD LANG SYNE"

An Ancient Folk-Song Remodeled by Burns—An Early Version—Allan Ramsay's Words—Burns's Numerous Adaptations of Songs—His "Auld Lang Syne"—The Original Air and the Present Melody.

"AULD LANG SYNE," though it owes its birth to Scotchmen and to Scotland, has been so popular for quite a hundred years with English-speaking people all the world over, that it may fairly rank as a lyric of universal sentiment and universal nationality. But contrary to the general belief, which, it must be acknowledged, editors of Burns's works have done their best to foster, "Auld Lang Syne" was not written by the author of "Tam O'Shanter." Burns never claimed the song as his. Like many another ballad that lives in the hearts of the people, this essentially human song was written by a writer unknown, who may perhaps never have written anything else worth remembering.

But, though Burns did not write this song, which is included in nearly every collection of his poems published, he was the first to give it to the world in the form in which we now know and sing it.

"Auld Lang Syne" was a phrase in use in very early times, and it can be traced to the days of Elizabeth, in connection with the social feelings and the social gatherings of the Scot; as a convivial and friendly song, it existed in broadsides prior to the close of the seventeenth century. An early version of the song is to be found in James Watson's collection of Scottish songs, published in 1711, and it will be seen from the verses quoted below, that Burns very spiritedly changed the weak periphrasis of the old poet into the tender and beautiful phrase so peculiarly pathetic and Scotch:

> Should old acquaintance be forgot,
> And never thought upon,
> The flame of love extinguished
> And fairly past and gone?
> Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
> In that loving breast of thine,
> That thou canst never once reflect
> On old lang syne?

This stanza is from a poem doubtfully attributed to Sir Robert Ayton (1570-1638) of Kincaldie. He was the friend of Ben Jonson and other Elizabethan writers, very likely of Shakespeare himself.

Allan Ramsay casts good-fellowship overboard, and makes love the keynote:

> Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
> Tho' they return with scars,
> These are the noble hero's lot,
> Obtained in glorious wars;
> Welcome, my Vara, to my breast,
> Thy arms about me twine,
> And make me once again as blest
> As I was lang syne.

This song of honest Allan's was first printed in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" in 1724, from which it was transferred to Johnson's "Musical Museum," published during Burns's sojourn in the Scottish capital.

Burns, who was partly responsible for the editing of the "Musical Museum," in which so many ancient pieces first saw the light as printed matter, made many annotations and alterations, and of "Auld Lang Syne"

he wrote: "Ramsay here, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song and the first line from the old fragment which will appear in the 'Museum,' vol. v." Of this "old fragment" we shall have something to say later. But it may be as well to state that it is very evident that there were several verbal versions of this song long known to the peasantry and others in Scotland. It was decidedly a folk-song, and though it is not easy to conjecture when or how "Auld Lang Syne" arose as a form of speech or song, its introduction into literature is not so problematical.

In December, 1788, Mrs. Dunlop, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, received from Burns a letter, in which the following passages occurred: "Your meeting, which you so well describe, with your old schoolfellow and friend, was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world! they spoil these social offsprings of the heart. Two veterans of the world would have met with little more heart-workings than two old hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scot's phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast on old Scot songs. I shall give you the verses." And he inclosed the words of "Auld Lang Syne" as we know them, and unless Burns was willfully concealing fact, he only trimmed the lines and did not originate or write the lyric. He continues somewhat extravagantly: "Light lie the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen modern English bacchanalians." Burns would hardly write like this about himself and his work, so we may take it that he only preserved it from forgetfulness.

Three years afterward, when sending the song to George Thomson, his publisher, and the editor of another collection of miscellaneous songs, he writes: "One song more, and I am done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre, but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

On the face of it, though many writers have denied that Burns was telling the truth in writing the above, the poet gives us the real origin and rescue of the song from oblivion.

There is not the slightest doubt that Burns polished and improved the words and made the song more singable and consistent, and there is not the slightest doubt that he took it down, in a rough state perhaps, from the lips of some old minstrel or wandering bagpiper, as he avowedly took down so many other songs. The fact is that Burns communicated in words and music more than sixty songs, "begged, borrowed or stolen," as he jocularly declares, to make up the "Museum." Besides which, a great number of his own finest songs carried no signature, and it is therefore not wonderful that some confusion should have occasionally occurred in allocating a few of the borrowed ones.

The words of "Auld Lang Syne" made their appearance in their final form, as fixed by Burns, in 1794:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

The spirit of the first stanza, so familiar everywhere, is maintained throughout this version of the song, sacred to the ties of home and friendship, and to the memory of joys that are past.

The original air, which Burns pronounced to be mediocre, was soon abandoned, and one said to be from "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," which, in its turn, was taken from a Strathspey dance tune called "The Miller's Wedding," was used in its stead, and is given in Bremner's "Collection of Scots Reels," 1759. The tune bears a strong resemblance to "Comin' through the Rye," "Oh hey, Johnnie lad," and "For the sake of Somebody."

The melody to which the lyric is now sung was beyond dispute composed by William Shield, who was born at Durham, 1748, and buried in Westminster Abbey in 1829. He wrote the music of thirty-five operas, operettas, dramas and pantomimes, and to such favorite old songs as "Old Towler," "The Thorn," "The Wolf," "The Heaving of the Lead," "Arethusa," and "The Post Captain." A writer in the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," in December, 1891, said: "I have been privileged to read the correspondence between Dr. Bruce and Mr. Chappell, the learned author of 'Popular Music in the Olden Times,' on this subject, and I am firmly convinced that the opinion of both Dr. Bruce and Mr. Chappell is fully borne out by historical facts, that the air of 'Auld Lang Syne' was first published in the opera composed by Shield. The opera (in question) of 'Rosina' was first brought out on December 31, 1782. It met with great success; the overture—in which occurs the melody of 'Auld Lang Syne'—was published separately in 1783, and the air became popular as a pianoforte piece, and, being thoroughly vocal, afforded others the opportunity of setting words to it, which Shield did not do himself."

CHAPTER III

"THE MARSEILLAISE"

A Great National Hymn Written and Composed Overnight—Its Popularity Immediate and Undying—Its Author, Proscribed as a Royalist, Forced into Hack-work, and Honored too Late.

THE wild, pulse-stirring, revolutionary song "La Marseillaise," which has had so much effect on political and social life in other countries as well as in France, was originally written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle (born 1760) in the winter of 1792. We say "originally," because many versions appeared almost immediately after its production, so popular did it become with soldiers and peasants alike, when several hundred sturdy revolutionists from Marseilles marched into Paris to its strains. The Parisians took it up immediately, and the Austrian and Prussian regulars were beaten again and again by the ragged sansculottes to this tune, as every reader of Carlyle's "French Revolution" knows. The "Marseillaise" is still the official patriotic hymn in France.

There are various accounts of the circumstances under which it was produced. Rouget de Lisle wrote both words and music. He, says one version, was a young artillery officer at Strasburg, who was imbued with considerable poetic and musical talent, and under the combined influence of love and patriotism he wrote the hymn one night in the house of his sweetheart's father during the severe winter of 1792. The young maiden who had inspired him with the idea shed tears upon hearing the stirring strains. At once conveying the exact prevailing spirit of the whole of France, the song quickly spread from Strasburg to Alsace, where the melody was learned by the Marseilles troops then on their way to Paris. The piece created a tremendous furor in the French capital, and soon the refrain was being sung and played all over the country. This is only partly true, because there is some doubt about the sweetheart incident. The real facts are as follows:

Rouget de Lisle was greatly esteemed among his friends for his poetical and musical gifts, and was a particular friend of the family of the Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsatian then mayor of Strasburg. "One night during the winter of 1792 the young officer was seated at the table of this family. The hospitable fare of the Baron had been so reduced by the calamities and necessities of war that nothing," says Mme. Fanny Raymond Ritter, "could be provided for dinner that day except garrison bread and a few slices of ham. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and lamenting the poverty of the fare he had to offer, declared he would sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar, if he thought it would aid Rouget's poetic invention, and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place in Strasburg. The ladies approved, and sent for the last bottle of wine of which the house could boast." After dinner Rouget sought his room, and though it was bitterly cold he at once sat down at the piano, and between reciting and playing and singing eventually composed "La Marseillaise," and, thoroughly exhausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk.

In the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, immediately wrote it down, and carried it to his friend Dietrich. Every one was enchanted with the song, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A few days later it was publicly given in Strasburg, and thence it was conveyed by the multitude to the insurgents of Marseilles. Of its later popularity we all know.

Rouget's mother was a most devoted Royalist, and asked, "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" Rouget himself, proscribed as a Royalist, when flying for his life in the Jura mountains, heard it as a menace of death, and recognizing the well-known air, asked his guide what it was called. It had then been christened the "Marseillaise Hymn," and was so called until hymns went out of fashion, when it was known by the one word.

In his late years Rouget is said to have been twice in prison, and to have been reduced to the utmost poverty. A short time before his death, when all hopes and ambitions had been extinguished in him by age, he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Soon after this tardy recognition several pensions were conferred upon him, which he did not live long to enjoy. He was the author of many essays, songs, dramas, and musical compositions, his sole means of support during a large part of his life being his literary labors. He died in 1836.

Of the words, only six stanzas were originally written, but at least a dozen more were added by other hands about the same time. We append the first stanza of Rouget's version:

Allons, enfants de la Patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!

Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos battaillons:
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons.

The Republican version of the lyric differs somewhat from the original.

One of the first and best English versions, which is

given below, was published as early as 1795, only three years after Rouget's song was written. Unfortunately the translator's name is unknown.

I

Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Refrain

To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

II

Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

III

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

IV

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeon, bolts, and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield:
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

Of "La Marseillaise" Lamartine says: "It received from the circumstances amid which it arose an especial character that renders it at once solemn and sinister; glory and crime, victory and death, are mingled in its strains." And Heine wrote of it in 1830: "A strong joy seizes me, as I sit writing! music resounds under my window, and in the elegiac rage of its large melody I recognize that hymn with which the handsome Barbaroux and his companions once greeted the city of Paris. What a song! It thrills me with fiery delight, it kindles within me the glowing star of enthusiasm and the swift rocket of desire. Swelling, burning torrents of song rush from the heights of freedom, in streams as bold as those with which the Ganges leaps from the heights of the Himalaya! I can write no more, this song intoxicates my brain; louder and nearer advances the powerful chorus—'Aux armes, citoyens!'"

To hear a large concourse of enthusiastic Frenchmen sing this song is an experience of the most thrilling description. Rachel chanted it with such fire and passion that the audience grew crazy with excitement and, as it were, reached for their swords. The music of "La Marseillaise" is at once striking and enthralling, the theme forcible, and the refrain so pathetic and expressive that few can hear it without being affected to tears.

CHAPTER IV

GERMAN NATIONAL SONGS

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"—"Das Schwertlied"—"Die Wacht am Rhein"—Other Rhenish Songs—Karl Wilhelm and Max Schneckenburger—The "Kutschke" Lieder.

MOST of the national (historical) German songs date from the time during which the German states were under the heel of the great Napoleon, or had just emancipated themselves—that is, from 1805 to 1814. As is well known, from the earliest ages Germany was cut up into many provinces ruled by different princes and barons, and subject to varying and far from satisfactory laws. These separate states were constantly at war with each other, and in the dissensions that were ever rife were to be considered the conflicting claims of Austria and Prussia and those of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony. Then followed Westphalia, Hesse-Darmstadt, Mecklenburg, and other principalities more or less turbulent, and dissatisfied with the ruling of the petty princes and the controlling of the Great Powers. And it was not until the eclipse of Napoleon that any hope of deliverance appeared. In 1813 Frederick William III of Prussia struck the keynote of freedom when he called upon all the states to fight together for the Fatherland.

It is to this epoch-making time that Germany owes the birth of such songs as "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" "Das Schwertlied," and other national songs. Indeed, all the songs of this period are really war hymns. The French Revolution had sounded the knell of despotism, not only in France, but in Germany

also. The principle underruning all these battle chants was: First drive out the French, and then restore the native powers that be, but with essential modifications. The princely prerogatives were to be curtailed, and more constitutional modes of government introduced. This explains to a certain extent the extraordinary patience with which the German princes bore the French yoke; they feared the new aspirations of their subjects, who, if victorious, would diminish their personal influence and strength quite as much as Napoleon could do.

Chief among the new politicians were the educated youth of the country, notably the students' associations (Burschenschaften). In those days it was treason, punishable by imprisonment, to talk of reconstituting the German Empire, and consequently up rose the secret societies intent upon internal reformation. The Burschenschaften contributed enormously to the popular song-lore.

Ernst Moritz Arndt was the author of "What is the German's Fatherland?" (Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?). He was a cultivated writer and a professor at Greifswald and Bonn. He was born in 1769, and died in 1860. Eleven years after his death, when William I was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles, the prophecy of Arndt's song was fulfilled:

Where'er men speak in German tongue,
Where German songs to God are sung,
That only be thy boundary line—
That, valiant German, call it thine.
The whole of Germany shall it be!
O God of heaven, look down and see,
And German courage to us send,
To love and guard it to the end.

The unfortunate Körner, author of "Das Schwertlied," who wrote several plays of considerable merit, also published a great many songs under the title "Leier und Schwert" (Lyre and Sword). Karl Theodor Körner was the son of very respectable parents, of Saxony. He was born in 1791, and had as a lad the happiness to be acquainted with the great Schiller. Although somewhat delicate, he was a handsome and accomplished youth, and gave promise of great intellectual strength. He studied with success at the universities of Leipzig, Berlin, and Vienna, and at the age of twenty appeared as poet with a tragedy that had a large measure of popularity. He had known Schiller and Goethe, and now became intimate with Humboldt and Schlegel. Just at the time that Prussia's call to arms resounded through the length and breadth of the land, he fell in love with a beautiful maiden, and they were duly betrothed. But his country called upon him to fight, and so he joined the corps of volunteers known as "The Black Huntsmen."

His prowess and daring soon caused him to be made a lieutenant, and during the intervals of rest he wrote many a lyric round the bivouac fires, and in particular the fine war song "The Summons to Arms" and the magnificent "Prayer before Battle."

He composed his famous "Sword Song," "Du Schwert an meiner Linken," when lying in ambush waiting for the enemy, in the month of August, 1813. Two hours later he was shot dead, some authorities say by a renegade countryman, in a fight near Schwerin, in Mecklenburg. Others say that he was killed by the French, who surprised and surrounded him and his comrades. The lyric was found in his pocket-book. He was buried by the roadside near an oak-tree, and a monument marks the resting-place of this brave patriot, who was only twenty-two when he was killed. We give the first verse of the "Sword Song" in the original, and also a translation:

Du Schwert an meiner Linken,
Was soll dein heitres Blinken?
Bin freien Mannes Wehr,
Das freut dem Schwerte sehr.

Blade on my left side gleaming,
Why thus so brightly beaming?
I serve a freeman's need,
And that is joy indeed.

There are sixteen verses, all of surprising power and stirring rhythm. The music, which was composed by Weber, has added greatly to the celebrity of the passionate stanzas.

Many other national songs were written later, such as "Deutschland über Alles," by Hoffmann von Fallersleben. The chief modern patriotic song is, of course, "Die Wacht am Rhein"; the hymn "Heil dir im Siegeskranz" is sung to the same tune as "God Save the King," as is also our American national hymn "My Country, 'tis of Thee." The Rhine comes in for a good share of notice in patriotic poems. The well-known song of Nicolaus Becker, written about the year 1840, and entitled "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien deutschen Rhein" (They—the French—shall not have it, the free German Rhine), was answered by the satirical poem of Alfred de Musset, "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand" (We have had it already, your German Rhine!).

In Prussia the favorite patriotic song during the middle of the last century was "Ich bin ein Preusse, kennt ihr meine Farben?" (I am a Prussian, do you know my colors?). It is now somewhat out of date, but the melody, by A. Neithardt, which is stirring, is frequently adapted to other songs.

The German patriotic songs of the present day are mostly tame and commonplace; there is a sameness of expression that makes them feeble and unexciting. In Germany, as in all countries, stirring songs are seldom written except at stirring times. The song "Schleswig-Holstein, Meerumschlungen" is still remembered in North Germany; it dates from the period when the provinces Schleswig and Holstein were struggling with Denmark for their independence. This capital piece was written in 1844 by Chemnitz. "Patriotic" songs were common under Frederick the Great, but they were mainly mere glorifications of the famous commander, and with the exception of "Fredericus Rex" none, perhaps, is of particular merit.

National ideas in Germany were chiefly carried on after the fall of the French First Empire by the gymnastic associations (Turnvereine), which were very numerous just after 1816.

In the turbulent times of 1848-49 "Die Fahne Schwarz-roth-gold" was very much the vogue. Among the principal popular song-writers of the nineteenth century were Schenkendorf, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Rückert (read his "How Christ came to a Lonely Child"), Heine, Geibel, Scheffel, and Freiligrath

("Hurra, Germania" and "Were I before the Gates of Mecca"), besides of course the great masters, known to all the world.

It is not our intention to treat of the songs founded on the Rhine legends; they are too numerous, and many of these beautiful pieces are familiar, as, for instance, Heine's lovely lyric "Die Lorelei." Freiligrath and Scheffel are favorites with all lovers of the ballad; the latter and Chamisso produced some exquisite humorous and pathetic poems. "The Widow's Son" and "The Toy of the Giant's Child" are splendid specimens of Chamisso's talent. Rückert's "Barbarossa" (the old legend of the Emperor Frederick Red-beard, whom the popular imagination of the Middle Ages pictured as confined underground with his beard growing through the stone table at which he was sitting!) is still a leading favorite in student circles. The touching ballad "Andreas Hofer" is much sung in South Germany and the Tyrol. Andreas Hofer is the name of the heroic innkeeper who was shot as a rebel in 1810.

Humorous, agreeable songs—mostly of a bacchanalian character—are as plentiful as blackberries in September, and need no further mention.

And now let us inquire into the story of "The Watch on the Rhine." This was written by Max Schneckenburger in 1840, and, as is not uncommon in the history of literature, it has superseded much better poems on the subject. It was selected from a great number to be the war song of 1870, when it immediately took the place of Körner's "Schwertlied." Schneckenburger was born at Thalheim, Würtemberg, in 1819. He was a quiet and obscure merchant, who, as far as we have been able to discover, was never moved to write, or at any rate publish, any more than this one song.

"The Watch on the Rhine" had a rival in a piece that commenced:

> It never shall be France's,
> The free, the German Rhine,
> Until its broad expanse is
> Its last defender's shrine.

But the martial "Watch" became the universal favorite when the aged King of Prussia rode forth to meet and vanquish the foe, and with the defeat of France the dream of Bismarck's life was realized, for, having quarreled with and conquered and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia assumed the head of a United Germany—the best thing, as events have proved, that could have happened to the Fatherland.

> Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
> Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
> Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein,
> Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?
> Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
> Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

When Schneckenburger saw the French threatening the left bank of the Rhine, his patriotism was inflamed, and in a moment of exaltation, as one rendering has it, he sang:

> The Rhine is safe while German hands
> Can draw and wield the battle-brands,
> While strength to point a gun remains,
> Or life-blood runs in German veins.

Of the many English translations of "The Watch on the Rhine," that given in Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature" is perhaps the best. It is as follows:

> A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
> 'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel:
> "The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
> Who guards to-day my stream divine?"
>
> CHORUS
>
> Dear Fatherland! no danger thine:
> Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!
>
> They stand a hundred thousand strong,
> Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
> With filial love their bosoms swell,
> They'll guard the sacred landmark well!
>
> The dead of a heroic race
> From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
> They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
> Be German as this breast of mine!"
>
> While flows one drop of German blood,
> Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
> While rifle rests in patriot hand,
> No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!
>
> Our oath resounds, the river flows,
> In golden light our banner glows;
> Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
> The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

The music was composed by Karl Wilhelm, who was born at Schmalkalden, Prussia, in 1815.

"The power of this song," says Colonel Nicholas Smith, "was so great that it was afterward seized by four eminent composers—F. Mendel of Berne, in 1840; Leopold Schroter of Warlitz, in 1852; F. W. Sering of Strasburg, in 1852; and last, and greatest of all, Karl Wilhelm of Schmalkalden. The words of 'Watch on the Rhine' were first sung to Wilhelm's melody on June 11, 1854. Schneckenburger died in 1849, long before his song became famous, as it did not attain widespread popularity until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war. It then became the song of the mightiest army of modern Europe, and, in fact, the pæan of all Germany; and nothing could resist the song of the Rhine in the defense of that country against the attacks of France.

"Emperor William, recognizing the influence of the melody of 'Watch on the Rhine' on the German army, gave Wilhelm a pension of $750 a year, and when he died, in 1873, his native city erected a handsome monument to his memory."

The most popular song of the German soldiers during the war of 1870-71 was the so-called "Kutschke Lied." In the "Neue Preussische Zeitung" of August 14, 1870, there was a paragraph, probably by Hesekiel, stating: "Among the many songs of this war, decidedly the best of the hero songs is that composed by Fusilier 'Kutschke' at the advanced posts at Saarbrück. As he saw the French running away at the edge of the wood he sang:

> Was kraucht da in dem Busch herum?
> Ich glaube es ist Napolium.

Both text and words are simple and thoroughly soldierly."

Charlot's "Chanson des Allemands contre la France pendant la guerre d'invasion 1870-71" attributes the composition to a Prussian general, probably the Crown Prince. It was evident, indeed, that the song was the work of a man of education, who was attempting to write in a popular style. The real author was Alexander Pistorius, one of the most unpopular men of his day, a declared Lichtfeind, afterward a Lutheran minister at Basedow, in Mecklenburg, who had been a soldier in his youth. The song is a development of some verses written about the first Napoleon:

Was hat der rum za Kraachen dort?
Drauf, Kameraden, jagt ihn fort,

and originally consisted of four stanzas that were printed in the "Mecklenburgische Anzeiger" for the first time. At once various guesses as to the author were made, while presents of all kinds, from all parts, were sent to the army in the field for the brave Fusilier "Kutschke." But Pistorius had a rival claimant. A Rhineland poet arose and said that he had written a song exactly the same in a Rhenish railroad car, where he left it lying, and that in all probability Pistorius had picked it up. Pistorius was most likely never on a Rhenish railroad in his life, and the Rhenish poet finally abandoned his claim. The whole song, however, is inspired by the old song of the War of the Liberation that begins:

Immer langsam voran, immer langsam voran,
Dass die östreich'ssche Landwehr nachkommen kann!

The other "Kutschke" Lieder, eight in number, were written by Gustav Schenk, editor of the "Berliner Fremdenblatt." Pistorius died in 1877.

CHAPTER V

ENGLISH SONGS

The Song of Blondel and King Richard—"My Pretty Jane"—"Sally in Our Alley"—"What Though I Am a Country Lasse"—"God Save the King," "Roast Beef," and "Rule Britannia" all date from 1740—"Hearts of Oak."

ONE of the earliest songs with a history is the piece sung by Blondel to his master, King Richard I, when his Majesty was in prison. In 1190 Richard of the Lion Heart joined the Crusade with Philip Augustus of France, but, a division taking place between the two princes, the latter returned to Europe. Richard remained in the East, where he displayed uncommon vigor against Saladin, whom he defeated near Cæsarea, and having made a truce, he embarked in a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of Italy. He then traveled in disguise through part of Germany, but being discovered by Leopold, Duke of Austria, he was made prisoner and sent to the Emperor Henry II, who had him confined in a castle, until discovered by his favorite minstrel as related below. We give the original diction:

"The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his service a Rimer or Minstrill called Blondel de Nesle, who (so saith the manuscript of Old Poesies, and one Auncient Manuscript French Chronicle), being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholy. Knowne it was that he came backe from the Holy Land but none could tell in what country he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel resolving to make search for him in many countries but he would hear some newes of him. After experience of divers dayes in travaille, he came to a towne (by good hap) neere to the Castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the Castell appertained and the host told him it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no, for always he made such scant questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was only one prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had been detained there more than the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this he wrought such meanes that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as minstrills doe easily win acquaintance anywhere. But see the King he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French which King Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it; and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the King began the other halfe and completed it. Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister and returning home into England made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the king was."

This happened about the year 1193. We append a translation of the old Provençal lines sung by the troubadour Blondel and Richard Cœur de Lion:

BLONDEL

Your beauty, lady fair,
  None view without delight,
But still so cold an air
  No passion can excite;
Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me.

RICHARD

No nymph my heart can wound
  If favor she divide,
And smiles on all around,
  Unwilling to decide;
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share.

It is stated somewhere that "My Pretty Jane" has proved the most profitable song ever issued; and yet it was almost by accident that it was given to the world at all. Edward Fitz-Ball, the author of the lyric, and of something like a hundred plays, when a youth, lived at Burwell, an old-fashioned village about three miles from Newmarket, on the road to Cambridge. It was his custom to pass along one of the numerous lanes round the village, in the early morning, for the purpose of looking after his father's property. In his route there happened to be in this particular lane the house of a farmer, who had a pretty daughter called Jane. And often, as young Fitz-Ball wended his merry way, this girl would peep round the corner of the blind of her window, showing only her eyes, forehead, nose, hair and ears, and with charming simplicity nod to him as he passed along.

One day in the bright summer-time, when "the bloom is on the rye," the future librettist sat down on a convenient stile, and wrote in less than ten minutes the words of the excellent song "My Pretty Jane." When he left his native place for London, and obtained an engagement to write songs for the management of Vauxhall Gardens, he discovered "My Pretty Jane" among his other almost forgotten manuscripts, and gave it to Sir Henry Bishop to set. Sir Henry Bishop, however, was not always satisfied with his own compositions, and discarded the song after he had composed the music. When applied to for a new lyric, Fitz-Ball said, "If 'Pretty Jane' won't do, I shall write no other." So they proceeded to Sir Henry Bishop's house, but found that gentleman out. Poking about his room Fitz-Ball lighted upon the song, which had been thrown in the waste-paper basket. The manager accepted it on the author's responsibility, and that night it was sung by George Robinson, the great tenor of the day, and at once created an enormous success. Then it was sung by Alexander Lee, and afterward it was associated with the name of Sims Reeves. The original "Pretty Jane" is believed to have died of consumption; her portrait, painted by Fitz-Ball, passed into the possession of the dramatist's daughter.

In the original version of "My Pretty Jane," as printed in "Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life," and as it is sung to this day, the second verse begins:

Oh, name the day, the wedding day,
  And I will buy the ring;
The Bridal Maids in garlands gay,
  And village bells shall ring.

Edward Fitz-Ball was a curious man, but a most indefatigable worker. He died October 27, 1873, aged eighty years.

The delightful old ballad "Sally in our Alley" was written and composed, as everybody knows, by that erratic genius Henry Carey, whose granddaughter was the mother of the great Edmund Kean. Carey, who was a most prolific verse-maker and composer, is said to have been a natural son of George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax. He was very popular both as dramatist and musician. He was a most extraordinary worker, and was constantly producing new operas and operettas from his fertile brain. Besides a large number of plays, he wrote that never-to-be-forgotten burlesque "Chrononhotonthologos," which he described as "The most Tragical Tradegy that ever was Tragedized by any Company of Tragedians." It was produced with enormous success at the Haymarket Theater, February 22, 1734.

In 1713 Carey published a volume of his poems, and later his songs, cantatas, catches, etc. But of all his compositions "Sally in our Alley" will be ever the most popular (many of his other pieces would well bear resuscitating), and will transmit his fame to a remote posterity. It is "one of the most striking and original melodies ever written." Carey's account of its origin is as follows: "A shoemaker's apprentice making a holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, whence, proceeding to the Farthing Pie House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beer, and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them." Charmed with the simplicity of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of nature. He adds, with pardonable pride, that Addison had more than once expressed his approbation of his production. "Strange to say, he was much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for the performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world." It was utilized in "The Beggar's Opera" by Gay in 1728, and sung by Macheath in the "Medley," in scene 2, act iii. It was also introduced into several other plays and parodied and imitated right and left. Carey's music was superseded in 1760 by an older tune (about 1620) called "What though I am a Country Lasse," which it curiously resembled, and to which it is now always given.

Carey, who was created Mus. Doc., died (probably by his own hand) October 4, 1743, though how old he was it is not easy to say. Some say he was eighty, others that he was under fifty. His posthumous son, George Savile Carey, inherited much of his father's talents and also his characteristics. He was an actor and an entertainer, and appeared to succeed better in the latter line. He always claimed that his father wrote both words and music of "God Save the King." Chappell supports this, and says it was written for a birthday of George II. Dr. Finck is of the same opinion. It was G. S. Carey's daughter Anne who was the mother of Edmund Kean; the father was a

Jew. The claim of Henry Carey has been much disputed, in favor of Dr. John Bull.

According to Sir George Grove, "God Save the King" became known publicly in 1745 by being sung at the theaters as a loyal song or anthem during the Scottish rebellion. The Pretender was proclaimed at Edinburgh, September 16, in that year, and the first appearance of "God Save the King" was at Drury Lane, September 28. For a month or so it was much sung at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane; Burney harmonized it for the former, and Arne for the latter. Both words and music were printed in their present form in the "Gentleman's Magazine," October, 1745. How far "God Save the King" was compiled from older airs will perhaps never be ascertained, as several exist with a certain resemblance to the modern tune.

It is a wonderful coincidence, that to the year 1740 the English are indebted for the first great public success of three of their most popular and most national songs, "God Save the King," "The Roast Beef of Old England," by Henry Fielding, and "Rule Britannia," by James Thomson; while just nineteen years later appeared the magnificent patriotic song "Hearts of Oak," written by David Garrick, who had a pretty wit for turning a ballad, and composed by Dr. Boyce. "Hearts of Oak" was first sung in public by Mr. Champnes at Drury Lane Theater, December, 1759, in a Christmas entertainment entitled "Harlequin's Invasion," prepared by Garrick himself. It was written under the inspiration of the year (1759) of Pitt's greatest triumphs, the year of Minden and Quiberon and Quebec, the "wonderful year" of the lyric, a year in which the British arms were covered with glory by the Marquis of Granby, Lord Hawke, and General Wolfe.

> Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
> To add something more to this wonderful year;
> To honor we call you, not press you like slaves,
> For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

"Roast Beef" was adapted to a tune composed by Richard Leveridge, about 1728, who also wrote part of the words at the time. The song, with Fielding's improved lyric, was published in Walsh's "British Miscellany," about 1740.

CHAPTER VI

SONGS OF POLITICS AND RELIGION

How "Rousseau's Dream" Passed from the Stage to the Church—"The Vicar of Bray" and His Principles—"Lilliburlero" and the Revolution of 1688; Later a Nursery Song.

THE song known as "Rousseau's Dream" is extracted, so far as the air goes, from Jean Jacques Rousseau's opera "Le devin du village," which was produced in 1752. In the original it is a pantomime tune, without words, and the name of "Rousseau's Dream" was first given to it in print by J. B. Cramer. The English words, "Now, while eve's soft shadows blending," were written to the melody by William Ball. Some organists of the Church of England (acting upon the principle of "not letting the devil have all the pretty tunes") occasionally employ it as a psalm or hymn tune.

In this connection of thought a quotation from Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time" will be apropos: "Some writers have asserted that the popular tunes of different countries sprang from the Church; but this is mere assertion, without one atom of proof. The better feelings of man have ever revolted at such appropriations. To sing them would have been thought the extreme of ribaldry. On the contrary, in all countries, the case has been reversed. In the Vatican Library at Rome there are now eighty volumes of masses constructed upon popular tunes by composers of various nations. Our Scottish brethren have their 'Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, turned out of Profane Ballads,' and curiously enough, these are chiefly parodies upon English songs, such as 'John, come kiss me now,' and sung to English tunes. The custom of singing 'psalms to hornpipes' has not died away even yet, for we may still point to instances whichever way we turn, and whether at home or abroad." Mr. Chappell was not quite right in his assertions. A goodly number of hymn-tunes have been converted to the uses of secular words and entertainments. The Salvation Army sing many of their hymns to good old English secular melodies.

That "pious" song "The Vicar of Bray," written about 1720, to an older air called "The Country Garden" (1690), was occasioned by the following circumstances. The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a papist under the reign of Henry VIII, and a Protestant under Edward VI; he was a papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the cloth was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat (he had seen some martyrs burned at Windsor and doubtless found the fire too hot for his tender temper) and an inveterate changeling, he replied, "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle: which

is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray!" This vivacious and reverend hero gave birth to a sort of proverb peculiar to the county of Berkshire, "The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still."

But how has it happened, demands D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature," that this vicar should be so notorious, and one in much higher rank, acting the same part, should have escaped notice? Dr. Kitchen, Bishop of Llandaff, an idle abbot under Henry VIII, was made a busy bishop; Protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a Parliament Protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church*.

"The Vicar of Bray" was doubtless a general satire on the numerous Church renegades. The words were by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment. The original vicar is believed to have been Simon Alleyn; though Ray gives the honor to an Independent named Simon Symonds.

Of that absurd song "Lilliburlero," Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," says: "The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a most powerful effect and contributed not a little toward the great revolution in 1688." "Burnet says," he continues, "a foolish ballad was made at that time treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the (King's) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

It was written, or at least published, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland, in October, 1688. The ridiculous burden is said to date from 1641. The words are simply trash, but it was Lord Wharton's boast that he drove James II from the throne with a few verses and a tune. Though the words were by Lord Wharton, the melody was composed by Henry Purcell, and it was almost entirely owing to the catching refrain that the song was sung at all. This quaint march and quickstep was originally printed in "The Delightful Companion: or, Choice New Lessons for the Recorder or Flute," 1686, a very rare and scarce work. "Perhaps," says Percy, "it is unnecessary to mention that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II to the lieutenancy of Ireland, in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his master by his arbitrary treatment of the Protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears."

We give the first verse as a curiosity, notwithstanding its lack of merit:

Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero bullen a la!
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero bullen a la!
Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la,
Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la!

The wild "Lilliburlero" chorus comes in at the end of each verse as indicated in the first. It would be curious to know what language Lord Wharton thought he was imitating when he wrote this gibberish. It achieved its aim, anyhow, says a chronicler of the period. "A late viceroy, who has so often boasted himself upon his talent for mischief, invention and lying, and for making a certain 'Lilliburlero' song; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms."

Thenceforward "Lilliburlero" became a party tune in Ireland, "especially after 'Dublin's Deliverance; or the Surrender of Drogheda,' and 'Undaunted Londonderry,'" appropriate words being written to the jingle and sung throughout the land. It has now fallen into disuse. Shadwell and Vanbrugh and other dramatists frequently refer to the tune in their plays; Sterne also mentions it in "Tristram Shandy." Purcell makes use of it again in his "Gordian Knot Unty'd," but it only lives now in the old nursery rhyme:

There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon,

and in the convivial chorus:

A very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly companions every one,

which seems to be the inevitable fate of many martial strains!

Though Lord Wharton is generally believed to have written "Lilliburlero," this has never been conclusively proved. Dr. Charles Mackay identified the refrain as part of a solar hymn, astronomical and druidical, reading it thus: "Li! li! Beur! lear-a! Buille na la!" i.e., "Light! light on the sea beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke (or dawn) of the morning."

CHAPTER VII

ROMANTIC SONGS

"The Mistletoe Bough," and the Legends on which it was Founded—"Auld Robin Gray"—Are the Claims of Lady Anne Barnard Offset by the Earlier Song "Les constantes amours d'Alix et d'Alexis"?

THE sale of a chest in February, 1893, alleged to be associated with the story of "The Mistletoe Bough," at Basketts-Fletchwood, naturally revived interest in the tragedy (or tragedies) upon which the song is founded, and which is said to have happened in so many families, and much speculation was rife. Some years ago several correspondents tried to thresh the subject out in the pages of "Notes and Queries," but only with partial success. Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Greatwood claims to have the identical chest at The Castle, Tiverton, North Devon, but it is to be feared that such is not the case. This chest was for a number of years in the possession of the Cope family, of Bramshill, Hertford Bridge, Hampshire, and the late Sir William Cope wrote the booklet mentioned, giving many interesting particulars.

The story as told in verse both by Samuel Rogers and Thomas Haynes Bayly is as follows: A youthful and playful bride on her wedding day hid herself, while playing hide and seek, in an oak chest; she let down the lid, the spring caught, and she was buried alive. She was sought for high and low, but it was not until some considerable time had elapsed that the old chest was broken open, and her skeleton discovered. But though this story is stated as having occurred at Bramshill, no reliable data have ever been discovered to make the belief any more than a tradition. It is denied that any Miss Cope ever met with such a fate, though the incidents have been circumstantially set forth.

Bayly was the author of "I'd be a Butterfly," "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and other songs and many poems of a homely nature. Joseph Philip Knight wrote the music of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and to most of Bayly's lyrics. He was born in 1812 and died 1886.

Although Bayly was a dramatic author, he does not appear to have seen the possibilities of a drama in "The Mistletoe Bough"; but during his lifetime a fellow-dramatist, Charles Somerset, turned it to account, and produced at the Garrick Theater, Whitechapel, in 1834, a melodrama in two acts, entitled "The Mistletoe Bough; or, the Fatal Chest." Somerset's editor says that "a story in Rogers's 'Italy' produced the ballad upon which this drama is founded," and gives an extract from the poem. He continues: "Mr. Somerset, seeing the dramatic impossibility of confining himself to this single incident, has amplified the story by introducing a variety of characters, the most prominent of which is a Goblin Page, a dwarfish, deformed, malignant imp of mischief. The lady dies, not by her own youthful frolic, but the vengeance of a rejected lover, who, after she has got into the chest, stabs her and closes the lid. His treachery meets with retribution. The spirit of his victim stands forth as his accuser; and, in a paroxysm of shame, remorse, and despair, he plants a dagger in his heart!" The transpontine and cispontine dramas were nearly all built that way sixty years ago—the avenging spirit was always "on top." It is a most wonderful and weird concoction of tragedy and farce playing at hide and seek to the end. The song is introduced and sung as a "Romance and Chorus," and many liberties are taken with Bayly's words. The Spirit also glides on toward the end, and sings a new version of the lyric, suitable to the occasion, to her sleeping lover, Lovell. At one time "The Mistletoe Bough" was a great favorite at the pantomime theaters, and it was frequently introduced into the orchestral selections.

Among the many novelists who have used this title may be mentioned Anthony Trollope, who contributed a story called "The Mistletoe Bough" to the Christmas number of the "Illustrated London News," December 21, 1861.

Up to the present no one has ever questioned Lady Anne Barnard's claim to the authorship of the words of "Auld Robin Gray," and, though we are not going to cast doubt upon the fame of the writer at this late day, we may remark that prior not only to the appearance but to the writing of the world-famous song, there was a French ballad extant containing the gist of the story and the plot, by Paradis de Moncrif, entitled "Les constantes amours d'Alix et d'Alexis."

On the basis of this there have not been wanting writers to charge Lady Anne with plagiarism, with what justice we cannot undertake to say. But there is one very curious thing about Lady Anne Barnard, and that is that we have no record whatever of her ever having written any other song or composed anything else of literary merit, with one slight exception. The author of the French romance mentioned above died in 1770 at the age of seventy-three.

Lady Anne Barnard was the eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castleton. She was born December 8, 1750, and married, in 1793, Andrew Barnard, son of Thomas, Bishop of Limerick. They went to the Cape (she and her husband), where her husband died in 1807, without issue. Lady Anne returned to London and lived with her sister in Berkeley Square until 1812. The sister's house was a literary center, and was frequented by Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Douglas, and the Prince of Wales, who were all habitual visitors. Lady Anne won the lifelong attachment of the Prince Regent. "Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne when

she was twenty-one years old. It was published anonymously, and various persons claimed the authorship. Lady Anne did not acknowledge it as her own until two years before her death, when she wrote to Sir Walter Scott and confided the history of the ballad to him. Lady Anne Barnard died May 6, 1825, in her seventy-fourth year.

Augustus J. C. Hare, in "The Story of Two Noble Lives," suggests that Lady Margaret Lindsay was the real victim in "Auld Robin Gray," as written by her sister. It is said, though, that she married "Jamie" after "Robin's"—Mr. Fordyce's—death. We merely repeat this story.

"Auld Robin Gray," which Dr. Cobham Brewer says was written by the authoress to raise some money for the benefit of her nurse—upon what authority we know not—has been adapted to the stage by several writers, both French and English. There is André Theuriet's "Jean Marie," avowedly taken from the story of "Auld Robin Gray," which has been translated again into English by three or four different writers. One version, by George Roy, was given at the Imperial Theater, London, September 22, 1883. And an operetta bearing the same title was produced at the Surrey Theater in April, 1858, with music by Alexander Lee, who died in 1851. Lee composed the music as far back as 1838. The libretto was written by Edward Fitz-Ball, and the piece was intended for the English opera at Drury Lane. There was a previous opera of the same name, written by S. J. Arnold, and composed by his father, Dr. Arnold, produced July 26, 1794, at the Theater Royal, Haymarket.

CHAPTER VIII

SONGS IN VARIOUS KEYS

"Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?"—"Mother Goose's" Version—"The British Grenadiers"—The "Miller" Songs—"Sands o' Dee"—"Gather Ye Rosebuds"—"Black-ey'd Susan"—The "Song of the Shirt"—"The Pauper's Drive"—"The Lost Chord"—"Some Day."

LESS than a century ago, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" was one of the most popular songs of the country and the town. The history and origin of the words and music are enveloped in a maze of uncertainty, though variations by the dozen have appeared from time to time. In "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes" there is a version slightly different from what has been generally accepted as the original. The first verse runs:

"Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair?"
"I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir," says she;
"And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me."

"Mother Goose" has formerly been regarded as a native of Boston, Mass., and the authoress of many quaint nursery rhymes. Recent investigation in the field of folk-lore discredits the supposition and refers "Mother Goose" to a French origin of remote antiquity. Several versions of the "Pretty Maid" song are found in different editions of "Mother Goose."

Some discussion on the subject took place in the pages of the English "Notes and Queries," in 1870, when one correspondent said he had known the song personally more than sixty years, and had heard it sung in Monmouthshire by a youth; and that he recollected an old woman born more than a century previous to 1870 who used to sing the song, and probably learned it in her childhood.

The version to which this writer refers, and which, at least in part, is familiar in this country, is as follows:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "sir," she said;
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, etc.

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, etc.

"Then I must leave you, my pretty maid."
"The sooner the better, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, etc.

But this is not the whole of the song. As usually recognized, there are three additional verses which come between the first and second as given above. They are:

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

and then follow the second, third, and fourth verses of the lines already quoted.

The history and origin of that stirring military air "The British Grenadiers" are almost entirely shrouded in mystery and obscurity, and all that is known of it is that the words date from about 1690, while the music is founded on an air of the sixteenth century. The first properly printed copy, an engraved music-sheet, appeared about 1780.

There has been much controversy over "Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear"—many persons having asserted that it was a very ancient composition by a certain Ruthven Jenkyns. A song entitled "Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear," said to be written by Ruthven Jenkyns in 1703, was published in London in 1880. It was a hoax. The composer acknowledged in a private letter that he had copied the lyric from an American newspaper. There is no other authority for the origin of the song, and "Ruthven Jenkyns," bearing another name, was lately living in San Francisco. George Linley wrote a song commencing—

> Though lost to sight, to memory dear
> Thou ever wilt remain;
> One only hope my heart can cheer,
> The hope to meet again.

But Linley did not invent the phrase, which is said to have been popular as a tombstone heading early in the last century.

From quite the earliest times the "miller" has been a favorite subject with English writers, and almost invariably he has been depicted as a model of sturdy independence. Among the best "miller" songs may be included George Colman's "Merrily goes the Mill," and "The Miller," written by Charles Highmore for Robert Dodsley's entertainment, "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," but the best of all, and the most ancient, is the one beginning "There was a Jolly Miller once lived on the river Dee." Originally there were only two verses, but two more have been added, perhaps by Isaac Bickerstaff, who introduced it into his comic opera "Love in a Village," Covent Garden Theater, 1762. The music of this two-act piece was composed and arranged from early English ditties by the celebrated Thomas Augustine Arne, and "There was a Jolly Miller" was marked "old tune" even then. The old Dee mill at Chester, where the legendary miller of the Dee is supposed to have plied his trade, was burned down in May, 1895. The building, which stood picturesquely on the old Dee Bridge, has had a remarkable history. Its origin goes back to Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and nephew of the Norman Conqueror, who first established the mill in the eleventh century. Charles Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee" commemorates the treachery of the sands at various points, and many a local tradition could be told of hapless strangers lost in the crawling foam.

The history of "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," so far as concerns the music, will be found in Chappell's "Old English Popular Music." It was originally written by Matthew Lock of "Macbeth" music fame to words by Sir William Davenant, and sung in an alteration of Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen" called "The Rivals," 1664, by Mary, or Moll Davies, one of the earliest English actresses. She sang the song so inimitably that she gained the unenviable approval of Charles II, and their daughter was that Mary Tudor who married the second Earl of Derwentwater.

It is rather strange that though Robert Herrick's delightful lyric "Gather Ye Rosebuds" was set to music by William Lawes and published in Playford's "Ayres and Dialogues," 1659, his "Cherry Ripe" was never so honored until about 1824, when Charles Edward Horn (1786-1849), a vocalist and composer, set it and sung it, and it became an enormous favorite and still remains popular. Horn was undoubtedly indebted to a song by the distinguished Thomas Attwood (1765-1838), and called "Let Me Die," for his pleasing melody, as Herrick was under obligations to Richard Allison's charming stanzas, "There is a Garden in Her Face," written about 1606, for his main idea, the last line of each verse being "Till cherry ripe themselves do cry." Robert Herrick's "Hesperides," in which his "Cherry Ripe" first appeared in print, was published at the "Crown and Marygold" in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1648.

Who wrote that famous love-song "If Doughty Deeds my Lady Please"? Dr. Mackay boldly assigns it to the Marquis of Montrose (1612-50), and certainly there is a likeness in method and style that recalls his efforts. F. T. Palgrave, in the "Golden Treasury," says Graham of Gartmore was the author. Under the title of "O tell Me How to Woo Thee," Sir Walter Scott, in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1812, has this note: "The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of Charles I. They have indeed much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry; but since their publication in the first edition of this work, the editor has been informed that they were composed by the late Mr. Graham of Gartmore." In the "Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen" Robert Graham of Gartmore, born 1750, died 1797, is given as the author of the lyric. It was first published as a separate song at Liverpool, 1812, without any composer's name. It was set by Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan in 1866, and by William Vincent Wallace in 1867.

"Down among the Dead Men," according to a note in the handwriting of Dr. Burney in his collection of English songs, in nine volumes, in the British Museum, was written by a "Mr. Dyer, and it was first sung at the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Whoever wrote it had in mind the drinking-song in Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," from which he borrowed the two lines,

> Best, while you have it, use your breath,
> There is no drinking after death.

The song seems to have been published early in the reign of George I. The composer of the music, a fine characteristic melody, is not known. "Begone! Dull Care" is at least as old as the year 1687, when it first appeared in "Playford's Musical Companion."

"Black-ey'd Susan, or Sweet William's Farewell" was written by Gay, the author of "The Beggar's Opera," and is included among his published poems. The music was composed by Richard Leveridge, a genial, jovial individual, who published a collection of his songs in 1727. "Black-ey'd Susan" was not is-

sued till 1730. Douglas Jerrold wrote his famous play of the same name in 1824 (revived 1896), it being first produced on Whit-Monday of that year at the Surrey Theater, making all the principals connected with the production, except the author, passing rich. The song is introduced into the piece, and is usually sung by Blue Peter.

"How Stands the Glass Around," commonly, at one time, called "General Wolfe's Song," and said to have been sung by him on the night before the battle of Quebec, is first found, as a half-sheet song with music, printed about the year 1710. It was originally known as "The Duke of Berwick's March," and "Why, Soldiers, Why?" It is contained in a manuscript book of poetry in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The tune was also discovered in a ballad opera, "The Patron," 1729. Shield introduced both music and words into the "Siege of Gibraltar."

Though "D'ye ken John Peel?" is essentially a hunting-song, it is so widely known that an authentic history of its hero and its origin has every claim to preservation here, especially as there are several spurious versions and spurious accounts in existence. It was written by John Woodcock Graves about the year 1820 (the words are not in the "Universal Songster," published in 1825). John Peel, the hero of the song, a famous Cumberland huntsman, died in 1854 at the age of seventy-eight.

"Tom Moody," generally attributed to Dibdin, but written by Andrew Cherry, the author of "The Bay of Biscay," is another good song of this class, and so is the anonymous "Tom Pearce, or the Old Grey Mare."

To "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is attached quite a bit of royal romance. It was written by a young nobleman who became deeply enamored of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the English throne, which event naturally destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine, and were set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

Thomas Hood's masterpiece, the "Song of the Shirt," was first published in the Christmas number of "Punch" for the year 1843. It was copied into the London "Times," and reproduced in other newspapers immediately. It was inserted anonymously, but ran through the land like wildfire, and became the talk of the day. There was no little speculation as to its author, though several (Dickens among the number) attributed it at once to the right source; at last Hood wrote to one of the daily papers and acknowledged it. He was greatly astonished and not a little amused at its marvelous popularity. His daughter, the late Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip, commenting upon it, said: "My mother said to him when she was folding up the packet ready for the press, 'Now mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully; it is one of the best things you ever did.'" This turned out to be true; it was translated into French and German, and even Italian. The song was sung about the streets, each itinerant singer putting his or her own tune to it. It was printed on cotton pocket-handkerchiefs and sold at the shops, and it caused as much stir in the little world of home as it did in the greater world outside.

Many composers set the "Song of the Shirt" to music, and as a recitation, with musical accompaniment, it formed the chief feature of several entertainers' programmes.

A piece of verse often attributed to Thomas Hood, being much in his vein, is "The Pauper's Drive":

> Rattle his bones over the stones,
> He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

The piece was really written by the Rev. Thomas Noel of Maidenhead. It was first published in 1841 or 1843 in a small volume entitled "Rhymes and Roundelays." Henry Russell popularized the words by setting them to music, attributing them to Hood, and singing the piece when on tour. This no doubt gave rise to the misapprehension as to the name of the author. Miss Mitford, in "Recollections of a Literary Life," gives a full description of Noel, and quotes "The Pauper's Drive" *in extenso*. The refrain in the last stanza varies:

> Bear softly his bones over the stones,
> Though a pauper he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

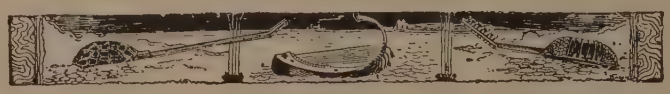
Miss Mitford adds: "The author tells me that the incident of the poem was taken from life. He witnessed such a funeral—a coffin in a parish hearse driven at full speed."

In a recent memoir of Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, Charles Willeby cites many instances of the composer's remarkable rapidity in work. "Contrabandista," which followed "Cox and Box," was composed, scored, and rehearsed within sixteen days from the receipt of the libretto. The overture to "Iolanthe" was commenced at nine o'clock one morning and finished at seven the next morning. The overture to "The Yeomen of the Guard" was composed and scored in twelve hours; while the magnificent epilogue to "The Golden Legend" was composed and scored within twenty-four hours. How "The Lost Chord," perhaps the most successful song of modern times, came to be written is related by Willeby in a very touching story. Only a few months after Sir Arthur had accepted the post of principal of the National Training School for Music, he received a severe blow in the death of his brother Frederick, whose talents as an actor were so striking. For nearly three weeks Sir Arthur watched by the sick man's bedside night and day. One evening when the end was rapidly approaching, the sufferer had for a time sunk into a peaceful sleep, and as his faithful attendant was sitting as usual by his bedside, it chanced that he took up some verses by the late Adelaide Anne Procter, with which he had for some time been impressed. Now in the stillness of the night he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their "musical equivalent." A sheet of music-paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, until, becoming absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song, thinking that even if in the cold light of day it should appear worthless it would at least have helped to pass the weary hours, so he went on till the last bar was added. Thus was composed "The Lost Chord," a song that has had a universal appeal. There is a story connected with "Once Again," it is said, to the effect that the composer was either under a contract to supply a song by a certain time, or that he wished to procure ready money, and so set

Lionel N. Lewin's words of "Once Again" while on a Saturday to Monday visit at a friend's house, and "realized" without delay on his return to town.

The melody of that fine song "The Vagabond," composed by James L. Molloy to Charles Lamb Kenney's words, was originally used in an operetta by Molloy to a drinking-song. The piece was called "The Student's Frolic," written by Arthur Sketchley. The piece fell flat, all but the "Beer, Beer, Beautiful Beer" melody, which was divorced by Molloy and married to "The Vagabond."

Milton Wellings composed his very successful song "Some Day" under the following circumstances: His wife was away yachting round the Isle of Wight, and he was traveling up from Portsmouth by train. At a station on the line he bought an evening paper, and was horrified to learn from a brief paragraph that a terrible yachting accident had happened at Cowes, and that several lives were lost. He dashed out of the train and telegraphed to some friends at the Isle of Wight, and then continued his journey to London, hoping and expecting to find a reply at his house. To his surprise no telegram came. He wandered up and down the house disconsolate, and without thinking, opened a drawer where he found a copy of some verses which had been sent him months before, but which he had scarcely noticed. Glancing through them hurriedly, the words "I know not when that day may be" caught his eye, and instantly the complete theme of the song burst upon him. Presently came satisfactory telegrams, and he sat down and wrote out the whole of the music from beginning to end. The result we know, for "Some Day" appealed to all classes of singers, and proved a success in every sense of the word. The words were written by Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back," who was cut off just when fame had come to him with bounteous offerings.



CHAPTER IX

A CONTINENTAL GROUP

Scandinavian Songs—Austrian Songs—"God Preserve the Emperor" — "Malbrough" — "Carmagnole" — "Madame Véto"—"Ça ira"—"Charmante Gabrielle"—"Vive Henri Quatre"—"Carnaval de Venise"—"Partant pour la Syrie" —"Heil dir im Siegeskranz"—"Ich bin ein Preusse"—"Kanapee-Lied," "Ein' feste Burg."

BESIDES "La Marseillaise" and "Die Wacht am Rhein," there are a number of famous Continental songs that are familiar, if not by name or words, through their melodies. And of course there are many unknown, except to musicians, which are equally important in the lands of their birth, and are deserving of at least passing mention. Everybody knows the grand Russian National Hymn, and also the beautiful Turkish Hymn, but curiously enough the land of song itself, Italy, has no strictly proper national air, and it is left to the less musical nations as a rule to rejoice in these characteristic features and advantages.

Sweden has ever been more or less patriotic, and the Swedes used to sing lustily "Kung Oscar Stod Pa." A very old national song is "Kung Erik." The Scandinavian popular songs are many and to the country born, and very beautiful and touching some of them are, while others are as fierce and wild as the north wind. Scandinavian songs may be classed under three headings: (1) Legends of yore; (2) glorification of the North with its appalling majesty; (3) welcome of the spring.

Those who have sampled the climate can thoroughly appreciate the Scandinavian heart rejoicing at the return of spring. Of course there are many homely lays and love-lyrics. "Ljung Byhornet" (The Horn on the Heath) is a fine legend, and "Trollhättan" and "Kung Bele" are also legends dear to the souls of the natives. The epic "Frithiofsaga," by Tegner, is something after the style of Longfellow's "King Olaf," and, though not a song, is worth calling attention to. Among the very popular songs are "Du Gamla, Du Friska, Du Fyellhoga-Nord!" (You old, you fresh, you rocky-high North!); "I Dag är Första Maj" (Today is first [of] May). At Christmas they have "Nur är det Jul igen" (Christmas has come again). A well-known Flemish song is "De Vlaamsche Leeun" (The Flemish Lion).

The greatest of all the Austrian pieces is of course Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser." It is said that during his visits to London Haydn often envied the English their "God Save the King," and the war with France having stirred his pulses and fired his imagination, he resolved to provide the people with an anthem worthy of their fidelity and patriotism. Thus arose his "God Preserve the Emperor," which he composed to words by L. L. Haschka in 1797; it was publicly sung at the national theater at Vienna, and at all the principal theaters in the provinces on the Emperor's birthday in that year, and achieved a glorious reception and lasting popularity. The Emperor was so pleased that he sent Haydn his portrait as a compliment to his success. It was a masterpiece of composition, and remained a favorite with the composer until his death. He introduced a wonderful set of variations on it into his "Kaiser Quartet." During

his last illness in May, 1809, Vienna was again besieged and occupied by Napoleon's troops, and some shot fell not far from where he was dwelling. And though he was treated with the greatest respect by the French officers, some of whom visited him, the bombardment doubtless hastened his death. Toward the close he was greatly alarmed, but cried out to his servants, feeble as he was, "Children, don't be frightened; no harm can happen to you while Haydn is by." The last visit he received, the French being in full occupation, was from a French officer, who sang "In Native Worth" very impressively. Haydn was deeply affected, and embraced the singer. On May 26, 1809, he gathered his servants around him for the last time. He was carried to the piano, and played once more the Emperor's Hymn, and five days later he was dead.

And now let us turn our attention to France and "Malbrough," or "Malbrook," which captured the whole of the empire, and was sung in every café and saloon and "carrefour" in Paris. There is reason to believe that the couplets "Mort et convoi de l'invincible Malbrough" were improvised on the night after the battle of Malplaquet, September 11, 1709, in the bivouac of Marshal de Villars at Quesnoy, three miles from the scene of the fight. The name of the soldier who perhaps satirized the English general as a relief to his hunger has not been preserved, but in all probability he was acquainted with the lament on the death of the "Duke of Guise," published about 1566, the idea and construction of both melodies being so much alike. Chateaubriand, hearing the tune sung by Arabs in Palestine, suggested that it had been carried there by the crusaders either in the time of Godfrey of Bouillon or in that of Louis IX and Joinville, but the style of the music is of the character of the days of Louis XV, and entirely unlike any other.

Unfortunately it is not possible to find either words or music in any collection. They have been handed down from one age to another, and that is all. Had it not been for Madame Poitrine, the wife of a Picardy farmer, who used it as a lullaby for the infant dauphin at the court of Versailles, the song would have died out. Marie Antoinette took a fancy to her baby's cradle-song, and sung it herself, and "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" was soon heard in Versailles, Paris, and later throughout the length and breadth of France. Beaumarchais introduced it in his "Mariage de Figaro" in 1784, and the melody greatly contributed to the popularity of that comedy. It was then constantly introduced into French vaudevilles. Beethoven used it in his "Battle" symphony in 1813 as symbolical of the French army. It is well known among English-speaking people as "We won't go Home till Morning" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The piece was made the subject of an opera bouffe in four acts, with words by Siraudin and Busnach, and music by Bizet, Jonas, Legouix, and Delibes, which was brought out at the Athénée, December 13, 1867. A great deal of the chanson is a repetition of an older burlesque piece, "Le convoi du duc de Guise" of 1563. The pathetic portions of "Malbrough" exhibit, according to Génin, all the marks of twelfth and thirteenth century versification.

That there exist two versions of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" is a self-evident fact. First, there is the ancient crusader song; second, the modern burlesque. Both have the melodious burden or chorus, "Mironton, mironton, mirontaine," which M. Littré, in his "Dictionnaire de la langue française," defines as "a sort of popular refrain which is used for sound, and has no sense." The well-known original of the first stanza runs as follows:

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

After "Malbrough" came the terrible "Carmagnole" and "Madame Véto." The "Carmagnole," which grew into frenzied favor during the French Revolution, was generally accompanied by a dance of the same name, and ran:

Que faut il au républicain?
Que faut il au républicain?
La liberté du genre humain,
La liberté du genre humain,
La pioche dans les cachats
L'école dans les châteaux,
Et la paix aux chaumières,
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son du canon!

The origin of the "Carmagnole" is doubtful, but it is believed that an old Provençal ballad was sung to the melody, and thus this tune, to which most likely the peasant girls of Provence danced in the Middle Ages, was also made to do duty while the hapless victims of Danton and Robespierre were being executed. Grétry was under the impression that it was a sailor-song often heard in Marseilles, but in all probability it was a country dance dating from far-off times, adapted to a patriotic military song written in the autumn of 1792.

"Madame Véto" was another production of the Revolution. When kingly privileges and authority went by the board, Louis XVI, as every one knows, stood out for the right of vetoing any laws which the National Assembly might pass. Now the word *véto* was an unknown quantity to the majority, and the crowd grew turbulent and uncontrollable, and Louis XVI was nicknamed "Véto," and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, the "hated Austrian," whom the people detested more, perhaps, than any one else, though it is not generally acknowledged, was shamefully abused—poor Queen! hers was not the fault. And so they were compelled to listen to the indescribably insulting ode (sung to the melody of "Carmagnole"),

Madame Véto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris
Mais son coup a manqué
Grace à nos canonniers
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son du canon!

with many repetitions. These verses soon extended to thirteen, and when published by Frère, the song spread like wildfire.

One of the earliest French revolutionary songs—and France has sown a goodly crop from first to last—is "Ça ira," and we may set its date down to October, 1789, when the Parisians marched to Versailles. Gustave Choquet says that the words were suggested to a

street singer named Ladré by General Lafayette, who remembered Franklin's favorite saying at each advance of the American Revolution. Here is the burden of the song:

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Malgré les mutins, tout reussira,

which later developed more furiously into—

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrat' à la lanterne;
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrat' on les pendra!

The melody to which these words were sung was composed by a player in the orchestra at the opera named Bécour or Bécourt, and was well known as "Carillon national."

Two other French songs are worthy of attention, on account of their celebrity and uncertain origin. These are "Charmante Gabrielle" and "Vive Henri Quatre." The former is generally believed to have been suggested by Henry IV to one of the court poets. Some say that Bertant, Bishop of Séez, composed the couplets inspired by the King. The first verse of this love-romance runs:

Charmante Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
Dans les sentiers de Mars.
Cruelle départie
Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis je sans vie
Ou sans amour!

This was sent by Henry to Gabrielle d'Estrées, May 21, 1597, when the King was in Paris, prior to his projected campaign against the Spaniards.

As for "Vive Henri Quatre," the same obscurity surrounds its origin, save that the first two couplets of this historical lyric have been generally accredited as the composition of Collé, who was born in 1709 and died 1783. But competent authorities have disputed his claim to any hand in the matter, and trace the words back to a drinking-song of the time of Henry III. The melody is apparently quite original, though the composer's name has not been preserved. One thing is certain, these couplets have been handed down from generation to generation without losing anything of their spirit or freshness; and were spontaneously adopted by the people as the national anthem of royalty at the Bourbon Restoration. On the day when the Allies entered Paris, April 1, 1814, crowds flocked to the Opera to see the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. The opera was Spontini's "Vestale," as an overture to which the band performed "Vive Henri Quatre" amid a perfect storm of bravos; and at the close of the opera the air was again called for, sung by Lays with the whole power of his magnificent voice, and received with rapturous applause. On July 14, 1815, Lays had a similar success when repeating the air at a performance of "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "La Dansonaine" before Louis XVIII, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, on the opening of the new theater of the Académie Royale de Musique.

A word may be said of the one-time favorite, the "Carnaval de Venise"—does the present generation know anything of it? Paganini was the first to introduce the piece to England—nay, to the whole world, one may say. The great violinist first heard the melody when he visited the Queen of the Adriatic in 1816. No one seems to know who composed it, though many a musician has added to it, and varied it, and embroidered it from time to time. Several fantasias have been written upon it, notably by Herz and Schulhoff, and these have been played by most pianists of note. It has been introduced into comic operas. Ambroise Thomas introduced variations of it into the overture of his opera "Le Carnaval de Venise," and Victor Massé makes use of it in his "Reine Topaz," with the words

Venise est tout en fêtes
Car voici le carnaval.

The song "Partant pour la Syrie," written and composed by Queen Hortense of Holland, daughter of Josephine and the mother of Napoleon III, is popular in France and is a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. Sir Walter Scott translated the song in 1815, and also another one of Queen Hortense's, "The Troubadour."

The Prussian hymn, which is capable of thrilling the whole German Empire, celebrated, in December, 1893, the centenary of its publication. It was on the return to the Prussian capital of Field-Marshal Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick after his successful engagements with the French at Pirmasens and Kaiserlautern, in Bavaria, that there appeared in the "Spenersche Zeitung," of December 17, 1793, a poem entitled "Berliner Volksgesang." It was signed "Sr" and had "Heil dir im Siegeskranz" as the opening words. The poem had been sent to the paper by Balthasar Gerhard Schumacher, who was in the habit of signing his Latin translations "Sutor" or "Sr," but he was not the writer. The real author was a German Protestant clergyman, Heinrich Harries (1767-1802), and the hymn appeared in its original form in the "Fleusburger Wochenblatt" of January 27, 1790, as a "Song for the Danish Subjects to Sing on the Birthday of their King." In 1873 Dr. Ochmann took up the question of authorship and established Harries's claims, while Dr. Wolfram succeeded in proving that Schumacher, at any rate, was not the original writer. The last two stanzas of Harries's song had reference to Danish affairs, and were therefore omitted by Schumacher, but in 1801 Schumacher published another version, also adding two verses, and the song in its newer form was published with the melody arranged for four voices by Hurka. The versions by Harries and Schumacher were not vastly different, while the similarity between the two poets in some of the parts proves conclusively enough that Schumacher in his alterations was only printing the work of an earlier imitation of "God Save the King."

We give here for what it is worth the latest history of the German National Hymn "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," which has the same melody as "God Save the King," and appeared in a theological journal, "Pastor Bonus," in Trier. The story goes that the air was taken from a Siberian procession chant, and it is told

as follows: It is well known that great as well as mediocre composers have borrowed their musical ideas from the rich store of Catholic Church songs, but it remained undiscovered that the Prussian fatherland made a big loan from the same source. Herr E. Handtmann relates, from traditions of his family, that the text of the "King's-song" was made known in Silesia by Prussian soldiers in the year 1813. But nobody could sing the words. Then it happened that officers of a Silesian regiment, among them Scharnhorst, met a procession under the guidance of a Catholic priest wending their way to Reinerz and chanting:

Heil Dir, O Königin,
Des Brunnens Hüterin,
Heil Dir, Maria!
In Segen und Gedeih'n
Lass sprudeln klar und rein
Allezeit den Labequell:
Heil Dir, Maria!

Scharnhorst, a great music lover, asked the priest where the melody came from, and he answered that it was known in the Silesian and Bohemian mountains as a very old procession chant, and this information was later corroborated by Catholic and Protestant priests alike. The officers were much taken with the beautiful melody, and adapted it to the text of their "King's-song." It was publicly sung for the first time in Teplitz, before Frederick William III, in the year 1813. A not improbable conjecture of Herr Handtmann is that likewise in France and England the air is traced back to an old Church song chanted by pilgrims, and being of an international character it was preserved in Germany and Austria in its pure originality. In a happy moment it was again made widely known in a new fashion at the frontier of the two countries, the Silesian mountains.

The weak point of this story is that the English national anthem was taken by the Danes in 1780, and with the German words was published in 1793.

The year 1893 was the centenary of another well-known song and little-known poet. Bernhardt Thiersch was born April 26, 1793, and was the author of "Ich bin ein Preusse," which was written in 1830 for the King's birthday celebration at Halberstadt. It was first sung to the melody "Wo Mut und Kraft in deutscher Seele flammen," but the music now in use is the composition by Neithardt.

Few German popular songs have attained such a venerable age or enjoyed such wide popularity as the "Kanapee-Lied." Its survival is entirely due to oral transmission, for it is not included in any of the present collections of national songs, nor was it printed in any Kommers-book during the eighteenth century. Wittekind has imitated the meter in his "Krambambuli-Lied" (1745), and Koromandel in his "Doris" and "Dorothée." Till the middle of the last century the melody of the "Kanapee-Lied" was identical with that of the "Krambambuli-Lied," but a few decades ago the "Kanapee-Lied" assumed a new form, and was set to a new melody.

CHAPTER X

ADELAÏDE

Beethoven's Famous Song—History of its Origin—Matthisson's Words—A Story of Hopeless Love.

LET us now turn to that world-famous song of Beethoven's, the divinely sweet "Adelaïde." Who has not heard it? But how few know the real history of the origin of the Lied that Beethoven composed ere he was celebrated, when he was only just thirty years of age? Yet it has been the subject of romance, ballad, and biography. The song "Adelaïde" was written by the poet Matthisson to Fräulein von Glafey, with whom he was passionately in love. The music was composed by Beethoven about 1798, and the song almost immediately became popular with all ranks. The love-story connecting the poet and the maid of honor, Adelaïde or Annette von Glafey (the poet chose Adelaïde as the name of his mistress on account of its first two syllables, *Adel*, meaning *noble*), with the composition has been well related by Mrs. Pereira:

"The Abbess [of Mossy Mead] in her early days had held a post in the household of the intellectual Princess Louise of Dessau; and it was on her return from a summer tour in the suite of her patroness that the beautiful maid of honor entered the community of Mossy Mead. The reason of her sudden retirement from court life had been known to few, and the very fact was soon forgotten; and at the time we are writing of the Princess Louise had long been dead, and new faces, new interests, had taken the place of old ones. But the closed book of the past was to be reopened by a sudden and unlooked-for touch. It was a gala evening at Mossy Mead. The state apartments were thrown open, and invitations had been sent by the Abbess to guests from far and near, at the head of whom were Prince George of Dessau and his youthful bride. A concert was the occasion of this brilliant assembly, a concert to celebrate the opening of a fine chamber organ that had just been placed in the

chapter-room, and several eminent musicians, not only from Dessau but from Dresden, were to be the chief performers.

"The Prince led the Abbess to her place, the organ was disclosed to view, and the concert began. . . . The last number on the programme was a song by the leading tenor of the Dresden Opera. It received a rapturous encore, and the singer, after a moment's hesitation, once more stepped forward and made a sign to the accompanist. Then, amid deepest silence, the first notes of Beethoven's wonderful song rose upon the air. Never had those strains been more exquisitely rendered. The audience seemed spellbound. But when the singer breathed the last low, lingering, passionate appeal, 'Adelaïde,' all eyes were turned upon the Abbess. She sat with head bent forward, motionless, almost rigid. Those nearest sprang to her support, for they believed her to be smitten with some sudden illness; but with a resolute effort she recovered herself. Rising to her full height, with more than her wonted dignity, she thanked the vocalist who had furnished so glorious a finale to the concert. A smile was on her countenance—a smile of proud, triumphant joy such as none remembered ever to have seen there before. The faded features were transfigured. And then, by a flash of intuition, the singer and those around him recognized the never once suspected truth, never once suspected during all those forty years. That ancient, old-world lady, who seemed to have halted and stood still upon the threshold of the century, had suddenly assumed a new and startling aspect, for the magic of imagination, which can in a moment's space obliterate the trace of years, had banished each deeply-graven furrow, to picture her as once more the lovely, graceful maiden, the ornament of a court, the idol of a poet's dream, the beloved, the adored, the broken-hearted Adelaïde!

"Long years ago, in the one golden summer of her young life and during that tour amid the grandeur of Swiss scenery, the maid of honor had been brought into close association with the poet Friedrich von Matthisson, who then held the appointment of reader to the Princess. He was many years older than the enthusiastic girl, for such she was in years; but he was a poet; and the pair were surrounded by everything in nature that could foster and refine the purest, most exalted sentiment. They loved, and their mutual devotion formed an idyl of sweetest, most idealized romance. Matthisson poured out the riches of his genius at the high-souled maiden's feet, and she dreamed that she was in Elysium.

"But this romance, like most others of its kind, was destined to a sadly prosaic ending. Adelaïde, or Annette von Glafey, was of noble birth; her lover was a poor pastor's son. Once more in Dessau, and face to face with the harsh realities of life, the maid of honor was summoned to hear the doom of her happiness spoken from the lips of her relentless father—'Marriage in your own rank, or retirement to Mosigkan.'"

Annette made up her mind at once, and retired from the sunshine of the world to the dull, monotonous, loveless life in a nunnery. Her life was made more bitter by the fact that in after years, when it was too late, the patent of nobility was conferred upon Matthisson, thus removing the obstacle that had proved a bar to their happiness. But Matthisson had found another bride. The Abbess lived on at Mosigkan until 1858, when she died, full of years and pious resignation.

CHAPTER XI

WELSH SONGS

"The Dying Bard"—"Sweet Richard"—"The Bard's Love"—"Idle Days in Summer Time"—"Watching the Wheat"—"Ffarwel iti Peggy Ban"—"March of the Men of Harlech"—"Those Evening Bells"—"All Through the Night"—"The Maid of Mona's Isle."

THE wealth of melody that has had its birth in gallant little Wales would come as a surprise upon those who have never explored its bardic mines, notwithstanding that the Welsh harpers and bards have long held their own against the world. As in Scotland and Ireland, where the lyric gift has been so plentifully utilized, so it is in Wales that the people delight to make songs and sing them to their own music, which has a character quite peculiar to the race that it represents.

In a note to his poem "The Dying Bard," Sir Walter Scott says: "The Welsh tradition proves that a bard on his deathbed demanded his harp, and the air ('Dafydd y Gareg Wen') to which these words are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral." And according to J. Parry's "Welsh Harper," this melody was played on the harp, at the parish church, Ynys Cynhaiarn; in which parish this house, called Gareg-Wen (Caernarvonshire), is situated. We

give the English version (by John Oxenford) of this lyric, "David of the White Rock":

David the Bard on his deathbed lies,
Pale are his features and dim are his eyes;
Yet all around him his glance wildly roves—
Till it alights on the harp that he loves.

Give me my harp, my companion so long,
Let it once more add its voice to my song;
Though my old fingers are palsied and weak,
Still my good harp for its master will speak.

Often the hearts of our chiefs it has stirred,
When its loud summons to battle was heard;
Harp of my country, dear harp of the brave,
Let thy last notes hover over my grave.

The very plaintive air "Sweet Richard"—"Per Alaw neu Sweet Richard"—Brinley Richards attributes to Blondel, but history points to Owen Glendower, an esquire to Richard II, a surprisingly well-educated and accomplished man for those times, and a gallant withal. The fact that Blondel was of French origin and could not write in Welsh, while Owen Glendower was a Welshman by birth, seems conclusive that the song refers to Richard II and not Richard I; besides, the time of Blondel's song, already described, and that of "A Mighty Warrior" (Per Alaw) are quite different.

Several of the Welsh songs are founded by the bards themselves upon their own experiences and disappointments in love. "The Bard's Love" tells of the bard Hoel ap Einion, who fell in love with the celebrated Myvanury Vechan (residing in the year 1390 at Castel Dinas Bran in the Vale of Llangollen), and died broken-hearted because of her disdain. "Idle Days in Summer Time" is an ideal love-song of the rustic order. It was written by Will Hopkin, the bard, who was born about 1700. The tradition respecting the hapless love entertained for him by Ann Thomas ("The Maid of Cefn Ydfa") is widely known and still recited in parts of Wales. The bard wrote many songs in her honor, the best being "Idle Days in Summer Time." We present the first verse, translated by Walter Maynard:

Idle days in summer time,
  In pleasant sunny weather,
Amid the golden colored corn
  Two lovers passed together.
Many words they did not speak,
  To give their thoughts expression,
Each knew the other's heart was full,
  But neither made confession.

But to "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa." The song in which the minstrel poured out his love is called "Bugeilio 'r Gwenith Gwyn" (Watching the Wheat). According to "Cambrian Minstrelsie," the subject of the song is Ann Thomas, commonly known as "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa," who was born at a house of that name, in the parish of Llangynnwyd, Glamorganshire, in the year 1704.

The popular song "Ffarwel iti Peggy ban" was composed by the minstrels of North Wales when Margaret of Anjou left Harlech Castle, where she had taken refuge after the defeat of July 9, 1460, near Northampton. Mention of Harlech naturally recalls the march of that name. This dates from 1468. Harlech Castle stands on a lofty rock on the seashore of Merionethshire. "The original tower," says Brinley Richards in his note to the song, called "Twr Bronwen," "is said to have been built in the sixth century; it afterward received the name of Caer Colwyn, and eventually its more descriptive name Harlech, or above the boulders."

The curious story connected with "Those Evening Bells," which Thomas Moore wrote in English and Professor Rowlands in Welsh, is this: "There is an old wife's tale which states that Tom, Dick, and Ned (the original air is called 'Ffarwel Dic Bibydd'—'Dick the Piper's Farewell') went to visit the Black Cave, near Criccieth; but what makes the tale interesting is that they *went* and forgot to *return,* and by this time, doubtless, few of their relatives expect them or expect to hear from them. The Shepherd of Braich y Bib noticed them at the mouth of the cave. Dick the piper played on a flute, and the other two carried lights before him. In five minutes the music changed and Little Tom played another tune. Farther and farther they receded, and weaker and weaker became the sound. By and by the Shepherd heard another tune, and he listened to that at the cave's entrance until every note died away. Not one of them has returned to this day."

There is a very favorite fairy song called "Toriad y Dydd" (The Break of Day) which is exceedingly ancient, as may be gathered from this statement by Richard Llwyd in "Cant O Ganeuon gan Ceiriog": "In Wales, as in other pastoral districts, the fairy tales are not yet erased from the traditional tablet; and age seldom neglects to inform youth that if, on retiring to rest, the hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the fairies will come at midnight, continue their revels till daybreak, sing the well-known strain of 'Toriad y Dydd,' leave a piece of money upon the hob, and disappear."

Everybody is acquainted with that very old Welsh air "Ar Hyd y Nos," for did not Mrs. Opie in the long ago familiarize us with the words beginning:

Here beneath a willow weepeth
Poor Mary Ann.

It will be found in most collections under the title of "All through the Night." Of the ancient melody "Codiad yr Hedydd," said to be about two hundred years old, and to which Professor Rowlands has written English words under the title of "The Rising of the Lark," the following incident is told: "The composer, David Owen, is stated to have gone to a *noson-lawen* (a merry night) at Plas-y-Borth, Portmadoc, and according to the custom in those times, he had lingered at the feast until two or three o'clock in the morning. The clocks, no doubt, were to blame for the fact! The 'Newport Clock' was not in existence then, and could not, therefore, be consulted. However, daybreak overtook David and his harp while wending the way homeward. The young minstrel sat on a stone, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants, to watch a skylark above him giving vent to its merriment at the appearance of the dawn; and there and then played upon his harp the air known ever since as 'Codiad yr Hedydd.'"

The story of "The Maid of Mona's Isle," written

to the old melody of "Hobed O Hilion" (A Bushel of Fragments), is, says the author, Professor Rowlands, ideally true. "It bears," continues the writer in his note, "some resemblance to the 'Stars of Normandie,' but the author had not seen that song when he wrote this. Some years ago he happened to be at a railway station, when he observed a beautiful lady with a sorrowful countenance going round the carriages of a newly arrived train. He was told that her young husband had a long time previously gone abroad, and had never been heard of afterward. His friends had given him up as lost; but his faithful wife still persisted in believing that he would return, and from day to day met every arriving train for years, with the vain hope of seeing him."

There have been many workers who have lovingly devoted their talents to the rescue and preservation of the songs of Cambria. Among the more notable may be mentioned Edward Jones (*Bardd y Brenin*), 1752-1824; John Parry (*Bardd Alaw*), 1776-1851; John Thomas (*Ieuan Ddu*), 1795-1871; John Owen (*Owain Alaw*), 1821-83; Brinley Richards, 1819-85. Thomas Love Peacock, who wrote the "March of the Men of Harlech," 1785-1866, John Thomas (*Pencerdd Gwalia*), Joseph Parry, and David Rowlands should also be named.

CHAPTER XII

SCOTTISH SONGS

"O Nanny, Wilt Thou Gang with Me?"—"The Roof of Straw"—"Bonnie Dundee"—"John Anderson, My Jo"—"Maggie Lauder"—"Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane"—"Jeanie Morrison"—"Wee Willie Winkie"—"The Flowers of the Forest"—"Were Na My Heart Licht I Would Dee"—"And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire"—"Huntingtower"—"Will Ye No Come Back Again?"—"An Thou Wert My Ain Thing"—"Lass o' Patie's Mill"—"There's Nae Luck About the House"—"Logie o' Buchan"—"Lochaber No More"—"Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town"—"Blue Bonnets over the Border"—"Annie Laurie."

As with Ireland, the poetic genius of Scotland has long been acknowledged to be chiefly lyrical, and the multitude of her minor bards, known and unknown, is marvelous to contemplate. One remarkable thing that strikes even the casual observer is that the large majority of the most popular Scottish songs were written by women. For example, Joanna Baillie is responsible for "Saw ye Johnnie Comin'," "Woo'd and Married and a'," and "Poverty parts Good Companie." Lady Anne Barnard gave us "Auld Robin Gray," Lady Carolina Nairne penned the inimitable "Land o' the Leal," the evergreen "Caller Herrin'," and the "Laird o' Cockpen," the song of the attainted Scottish nobles which induced George IV to sanction the restitution of the forfeited title of baron to her husband.

Bishop Percy of Dromore, who has earned the gratitude of all ages by the publication of his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," deserves first and honorable mention for his charming song "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" The ballad is not such a favorite as it was at one time, though it still receives considerable attention north of the Tweed. It was occasioned thus: In 1771 Mrs. Percy was summoned to the court of George III, and appointed nurse to the infant Prince Edward, who was afterward Duke of Kent and father of Queen Victoria. When Mrs. Percy had fulfilled the duties required of her, and returned home to her disconsolate husband, he greeted her with the verses "O Nanny, will you go with me?" Nanny being Mrs. Percy's Christian name. The affecting ballad very quickly took high rank, and was regarded by the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1780 as "the most beautiful song in the English language." It was sung in 1773 at Vauxhall Gardens by Mr. Vernon. It is given in "Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland" simply to prove, according to the editor's statement, that it belongs to England and not Scotland. Let us say that it belongs to both countries. Mrs. Percy died in 1806, and Bishop Percy in 1811.

The music of the song was composed by C. T. Carter, as he is called on the title-page of the "Milesian." Thomas Carter was born in Dublin in 1735, and studied for a time under his father, Timothy Carter, organist of one of the principal churches. He set "O Nanny" to music in 1773, and it was published shortly afterward. In 1787 Carter was musical director of the Royalty Theater, Goodman's Fields. He died in London, October 14, 1804.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Henry Duncan, the founder of savings banks in Scotland, wrote "The Roof of Straw," but such is the case. Commencing life as a banker's clerk, he soon found the duties uncongenial, and resolved to enter the Church of Scotland. At Edinburgh he was the associate of Brougham, Horner, and Henry Petty (afterward Marquis of Lansdowne); and by the Earl of Mansfield was made the minister of Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire, where his first savings bank was established in 1810. A few years later he established the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier," one of the most successful provincial papers, at one time, in the kingdom.

There are two songs bearing the title of "Bonnie Dundee," and the more modern one, written by Sir

Walter Scott, is the best known. Indeed, it is doubtful if many people have ever heard of the ancient lyric. Scott, who with Lord Byron, Dr. Johnson, and some other poets shared the affliction of not being able to appreciate music, wrote his verses, if he wrote them to a melody at all, not to the old Scottish air, but to that questionable song the "Jockey's Deliverance," which they fit exactly. Observe the difference of the meter. Here is Scott's "Bonnie Dundee":

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke:
Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west-port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

And here is the proper "Bonnie Dundee" of far-off times—one of the stanzas which Burns supplied from oral tradition to Johnson's "Musical Museum":

O, whar did ye get that hanver meal bannock,
O, silly blind body, O, dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.

There is not much to commend in the original song except the air, which is in the plaintive minor, while Scott's song is in the rollicking major.

We should be thankful to Scott and Burns, though, for preserving these old songs in new dresses, for their first clothing was very scanty and often indecent. As witness the words of the first "John Anderson, my Jo," a provokingly coarse song adapted to a fine Church melody; and "John, come kiss me now," "We're a' noddin'," and many other songs now clarified and made classic. Burns has immortalized "John Anderson, my Jo," and the lyric is as familiar as household words. One of its predecessors, dating from about 1560, opens in this inviting manner:

John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze sall get a sheip's heil weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat,
John Anderson, my jo, cum in and ze's get that.

It was the phrase that caught Burns, and he has made it his own.

The songs of the Jacobites and the songs of the Covenanters have their especial interest, and have, fortunately, been carefully preserved for the most part. Of "Maggie Lauder," which is claimed to be of both Fifeshire and Renfrewshire descent, only a certain not very edifying version is Scottish—the original is Irish. It was James Ballantine who wrote the beautiful piece called "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew."

Everybody knows "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane." It was written to an old folk-air by John Tannahill, perhaps for his friend R. A. Smith. The son of a weaver of silk gauze, born at Paisley, 1774, in the days when Paisley was a flourishing town, he followed in his father's footsteps and became a weaver also; but his great hobby was his flute, and he amused himself by hunting up old melodies and writing fresh words to them, generally "weaving threads and verses" alternately while engaged in his daily occupations. He paid such court to the muses that, after having had many of his pieces set to music by his friend Robert Archibald Smith, in 1807 he published his "Songs and Poems." Some of these became popular, but brought him little fame and less money. He met with many disappointments. He perished by his own hand before he had reached the age of thirty-six. In the art of song-writing Tannahill, in his own particular line, has seldom been surpassed.

William Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" possesses the charm of having a real personage for its heroine. The life of Motherwell is of singular interest. He was born in 1797, and died in 1835. It was as a child when he was sent to school in Edinburgh that he first met Jeanie Morrison, a pretty girl of winning ways about his own age. She made a great impression on the susceptible boy of eleven, though they only knew each other for six months. It is presumed that he wrote his one really famous song when he was about eighteen.

Motherwell, who died at the early age of thirty-eight from apoplexy, was an industrious writer and editor of certain newspapers. He published a volume of Scottish songs, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," in 1827.

William Miller, who gave us "Wee Willie Winkie" and many other children's songs, was a wood-turner by trade, and earned the soubriquet of the "Laureate of the Nursery," and, says Robert Buchanan, "Wherever Scottish foot has trod, wherever Scottish child has been born, the songs of William Miller have been sung." He was born in 1810, and died in 1872. It will be remembered that Rudyard Kipling has written a delightful story of a delightful child called "Wee Willie Winkie."

There are two songs called "The Flowers of the Forest," one by Miss Rutherford, afterward Mrs. Cockburn, 1765, which is comparatively modern in style, and one by Jane Elliott, written about 1750. The "Flowers of the Forest" are the young men of the districts of Selkirkshire and Peebleshire, anciently known as "The Forest." The song is founded upon an older composition of the same name deploring the loss of the Scottish at Flodden Field. All but two or three lines of the old song has been lost. The first and fourth lines of the opening stanza are the foundation of Miss Elliott's poem:

I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking—
Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaming,
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The melody dates from about 1620. Mrs. Cockburn's lyric is an imitation, and not a good one, of Miss Elliott's.

Lady Grisell Baillie (born Hume), a charming heroine in real life, was the daughter of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont. She was born in 1665, and the song by which she is remembered, "Were na my heart licht I would dee," first appeared in the "Orpheus Caledonius" in 1725. Owing to political troubles her father had to lie in hiding for some time in the family vault (which may still be seen) beneath the ivy-clad church of Polwarth on the Green. His daughter used to visit him secretly every night, carrying food for his sustenance and cheering him up as best she could. "The

proscribed man's next hiding-place was a pit which had been hollowed out by Grisell with her own hands, with the sole assistance of one faithful servant, in a room on the ground floor of their house, beneath a bed which drew out." In due time Sir Patrick escaped to the Continent, where his family joined him later. Subsequently he was recalled and was restored to his estates and honor, and the gentle and patient Grisell married her faithful lover, George Baillie of Jerviswood. Lady Baillie died in 1746.

Miss Susanna Blamire, the author of "And ye shall walk in silk attire," and a number of lyrics more or less popular, was English by birth, but as she chose the Scotch dialect as the vehicle of her muse, Scotland jealously claims her as one of her bards. She was born in 1747, and died in 1794. A volume of her poems, called "The Muse of Cumberland," appeared fifty years after her decease. The song mentioned appeared to the melody of "The Siller Crown" in the "Musical Museum," 1790.

The song of "Huntingtower" is traditional in Perthshire, and is believed to be very ancient. It is not known to have been published before 1827, when Kinloch, in his "Ancient Scotch Ballads," gave a version of it, taken down from the recitation of an idiot boy in Wishaw. Since that time various versions have appeared, but whether they were also taken down from recitals, or are merely specimens of modern work, is uncertain. One of them was written by Lady Nairne, with the express intention of making the ballad agree rather better with modern notions.

To Lady Nairne we are indebted for that beautifully pathetic melody known as "Will ye no come back again?" which she preserved to us by reason of her lyric to "Royal Charlie." The name of the composer is not known, but one can well imagine that the original work was a love-song of deep passion and sweetness. It is to be found in only a few collections.

Of Lady Carolina Nairne, *née* Carolina Oliphant, much indeed could be said, for her early life in particular was full of interest, and passed amid much political and poetical excitement. She was christened Carolina in honor of Charles Edward, whose health was a standing toast in the auld house at Gask, where she was born in 1766. From her most youthful days Carolina's imagination must have been aroused by narratives of the varied adventures of her father and others of her kinsfolk during the "Forty-Five," when Lawrence Oliphant the younger, then a youth of nineteen, had supped with the Prince at the outset of the Rebellion; had galloped to Edinburgh with the news of Prestonpans, after fighting single-handed with Sir John Cope's runaway dragoons; had discovered the enemy's movements after the battle of Falkirk; had exchanged a few words with the Prince at Culloden, after all was lost, and had escaped from Scotland by sea and landed in Sweden, a beggar in all but honor. No doubt Carolina saw Prince Charlie many a time, and often heard the Jacobite ballad "Charlie is my Darling," which every one was singing. She grew up to be such a fascinating and beautiful girl that she was called "The flower of Strathearn." She wrote early and constantly, and her songs became favorites through all the country round. There is only need to mention, besides "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," and "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Auld House," "Bonnie Charlie's now awa'," the "Lament of Flora Macdonald," and "The Lass of Gowrie." "Caller Herrin'" was specially written for Nathaniel Gow, a musical composer, son of the more celebrated Neil Gow.

Does any one ever sing "An thou wert my ain thing," by an anonymous bard, with a melody of exquisite plaintiveness, dating from about 1600? Or Allan Ramsay's "The Lass o' Patie's Mill"? Robert Burns, who never hesitated to praise a good thing when he saw it, said of this song that it was one of Ramsay's best. "In Sir J. Sinclair's statistical volumes," says Scotland's well-beloved poet, "are two claims, one, I think, from Aberdeenshire, and the other from Ayrshire, for the honor of this song. The following anecdote, which I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it of the late John, Earl of Loudon, I can, on such authorities, believe: Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudon Castle with the then earl, father to Earl John; and one afternoon, riding or walking out together, his lordship and Allan passed a sweet, romantic spot on Irvine water, still called 'Patie's Mill,' where a bonnie lassie was 'tedding' hay, bare-headed on the green. My lord observed to Allan that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind he composed the first sketch of it, which he produced at dinner."

That magnificent song, "There's nae luck about the house," which Burns, in a burst of eloquence, declared to be the "finest love-ballad of the kind in the Scottish, or perhaps any other language"—to which testimony we can mostly subscribe—is usually placed to the credit of William Julius Mickle, the translator of Camoens's "Lusiad," and author of several tolerable poems, who was born in 1734, and died in 1788. The song has also been attributed to Jean Adams, who died unknown or forgotten—she was a schoolmistress—in the Greenock workhouse; however, the weight of evidence is in favor of Mickle. But the fifth stanza, which we quote, and which is quite a gem of the composition, was added by Dr. Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," and a very close follower and disciple of Gray. He was born 1735, and died, after a sorely afflicted life, in 1803.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath's like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht—
In troth I'm like to greet.

A wonderful, a haunting song; to make a man hold his head higher had he written it. The tune is called "Up and waur at them a', Willie." A companion song of considerable worth is "The Boatie Rows," by John Ewen, who did not practise what he sang. He died 1821.

Peter Buchan states that "Logie o' Buchan" was written by George Halket, a schoolmaster at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, who died in 1756. Halket was a Jacobite, and wrote some "Forty-Five" squibs which so offended the Duke of Cumberland that he offered a hundred pounds for the author's head. But it did not come off.

Opinions have long been divided as to whether the old air "Lochaber no more" is Irish or Scottish, but from internal evidence of musical form it seems tolerably evident that the original tune is to be found in "Limerick's Lamentation," the tradition of which associates its plaintive melody with the events that followed the second capitulation of Limerick in 1690, when at the embarkation of the Irish soldiery at Cork for France, their wives and children were forcibly separated from them under circumstances of unusual barbarity, says that excellent authority Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." The verses to it, "Farewell to Lochaber," were written by Allan Ramsay, and the song will be found complete in the "Royal Edition of the Songs of Scotland." When Burns first heard the air he is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, that's a fine tune for a broken heart"—a very significant characteristic of the music of a nation suffering unending wrong.

Petrie, Walker, Bunting, and Thomas Moore are strong in their conviction of Lochaber's Irish nationality, though George Farquhar Graham, an excellent authority, believes it to be derived from "Lord Ronald, my Son," as asserted by Burns. In 1692 it was known as "King James's March to Ireland." As a matter of fact, the tune was originally composed by Miles O'Reilly, the celebrated harper of Cavan, who was born 1635. There are several touching anecdotes concerning the song.

The music of "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town" is ascribed to various sources. There is grave doubt about its being a Scottish tune at all. The grandfather of Prof. James Geikie, of the University of Edinburgh, is authority for the statement that the melody was composed by an Italian in imitation, or possibly in parody, of the Scottish music. It is filled to overflowing with the so-called "Scotch snap." (♬.)

Allan Ramsay, when he came across "Blue Bonnets over the Border," inserted it in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" and labeled it "ancient," little knowing that it was written by Sir Walter Scott, who founded it on "General Leslie's march to Longmarston Moor." But most collectors of old songs are bound to be deceived occasionally by falling victims to their own enthusiasm. James Grant in his preface to "The Scottish Cavalier" says, respecting the original Annie Laurie who inspired William Douglas to write the song known by that name: "History will have rendered familiar to the reader the names of many who bear a prominent part in the career of Walter Fenton; but there are other characters of minor importance who, though less known to fame than Dundee and Dumbarton, were beings who really lived and breathed and acted a part in the great drama of those days. Among these we may particularize William Douglas of Finland and Annie Laurie. This lady was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, the first baronet of Maxwelton, and it was to her that Douglas inscribed those well-known verses and that little air which now bear her name and are so wonderfully plaintive and chaste for the time; but it is painful to record that, notwithstanding all the ardor and devotion of her lover, the fair Annie was wedded as described in the romance."

As a matter of fact, James Grant does not describe the marriage of Annie Laurie in his story, as he states; William Douglas of Finland is supposed to compose and sing the song when in Flanders. He is killed in battle by the side of his friend Walter Fenton. A ball pierces his breast and he expires holding a lock of Annie's bright brown hair in his hand and murmuring her name.

As already mentioned, the lyric came from the pen of William Douglas of Finland. Annie Laurie was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie by his second wife, Jean, who was a daughter of Riddel of Minto. "As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable," says Robert Chambers, "that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth century." Annie Laurie did not marry her ardent lover (whether he was killed in Flanders as related by Grant, it is difficult to decide; in all likelihood that death was a fiction of the novelist's), but was wedded to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch in 1709.

On the authority of Sir Emilius Laurie, a descendant of Sir Walter, third baronet and brother of Annie, the fact that Douglas of Finland wrote the song has been proved beyond doubt. In 1854 there lived an old lady who, hearing "Annie Laurie" sung, declared the words were not the ones her grandfather had written. She stated afterward that her grandfather, Douglas, was desperately in love with Annie Laurie when he wrote the song, "but," she added, "he did na get her after all." Asked as to the authenticity of the lines she said: "Oh, *I* mind them fine. I have remembered them a' my life. My father often repeated them to me." And here is the stanza signed with her name, "Clark Douglas":

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
They're a' clad owrè wi' dew,
Where I an' Annie Laurie
Made up the bargain true;
Made up the bargain true,
Which ne'er forgot s'all be,
An' for Bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down an' dee.

Annie Laurie was the mother of Alexander Fergusson, the hero of Burns's song "The Whistle"; while the author of "Annie Laurie" was himself the hero of "Willie was a wanton wag." In regard to the origin of "The Whistle," it may be stated that in the time of Anne of Denmark, when she went to Scotland with James VI, there was a gigantic Dane with a matchless capacity for drinking. He had an ebony whistle which at the beginning of a drinking-bout he would lay on the table, and whoever was best able to blow it was to be considered "Champion of the Whistle." In Scotland the Dane was defeated by Sir Robert Laurie, who after three days' and three nights' hard drinking left the Dane under the table and "blew on the whistle his requiem shrill." The whistle remained in the family several years, when it was won by Sir Walter Laurie, son of Sir Robert, and then by Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, brother-in-law of Sir Walter Laurie, and finally it fell to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, son of "Annie Laurie." This final drinking-bout took place at Friars Carse, October 16, 1790.

The air of "Annie Laurie" as now sung is quite modern, having been composed, on her own statement, by Lady John Scott.

CHAPTER XIII

MORE SCOTTISH SONGS

"Logan Water"—"Scots wha hae"—"The Blue Bells of Scotland"—"Roy's Wife"—"Highland Mary"—"The Lass o' Gowrie"—"Comin' thro' the Rye"—"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray"—"Oh waly, waly, up the bank"—"Bonnie Doon"—"Onagh's Waterfall"—"Farewell to Ayrshire"—"Tak' yer auld cloak about ye."

THE melody of "Logan Water" is of very considerable antiquity, and very Scottish in tonality. The words were written by John Mayne, a native of Dumfries, who eventually settled in London as the editor of the "Star" newspaper. "Logan Water" or "Logan Braes," says Mayne himself in reply to the letter of inquiry from Lord Woodhouselee, "was written and circulated in Glasgow about 1781, inserted in the 'Star' on Saturday, May 23, 1789, thence copied and sung at Vauxhall, and published soon afterward by a music-dealer in the Strand."

One of the oldest of old Scottish songs—or, to be accurate, one of the oldest melodies—is that which we know as "Scots wha hae." Burns himself once said: "Many of our Scots airs have outlived their original and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses." Of no air could this be more truly said than of the one in question, which is so ancient as to defy the discovery of its origin. It has been traced back to 1512, when it is mentioned by Gavin, Bishop of Dunkeld, as being a favorite song with the people, under the name of "Now the Day Dawis," and is referred to by Dunbar in ridicule of some half-hearted minstrels:

> Your commone minstralis has no tune
> But "Now the Day Dawis" and "Into June."

Alexander Montgomerie wrote fresh words to the air, and in the reign of James IV it was printed in a lute-book of "Ayres," which seems to suggest that the music was either by a Frenchman or an Italian attached to the court, for it was customary to have English, French, Italian, and Irish minstrels employed at the Scottish court from, at any rate, 1474 to 1550 and later. In later times it received the inexplicable title of "Hey Tuttie, Taitie." Many have tried to solve the mystery of this enigma, but without any notable success. And it is worse than useless to make guesses where there is so little foundation to work upon. In Jacobite days it reappeared (about 1718) as "Here's to the King, Sirs," and was published by Thomson in his "Scottish Airs." Then Burns was taken with it, and wrote his famous "Scots wha hae" in the Kyrielle form of stanza, in which the first three lines rhyme while the fourth is converted into a refrain. Burns was of the impression, or pretended to be, that it was the melody which Bruce's army used when they marched to the battle of Bannockburn. Several stories have been told as to the circumstances under which Burns wrote his stirring lyric, Lockhart inclining to the belief that he got the first idea of it when standing on the field of Bannockburn some six years before the poem was actually matured. The piece was written in July or August, 1793; in all probability after a thunderstorm in the former month, when Burns was caught in the rain with his friend John Syme. But what does it matter? Burns seemed to delight occasionally in mystifying his friends by springing poems "impromptu" upon them that had been finished long before.

Just a word about "The Blue Bells of Scotland." In the Royal Edition of "Songs of Scotland," Charles Mackay declares the words to be anonymous, while in his "Thousand and One Gems of Song" he ascribes them to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in the year 1799 (not the same Mrs. Grant who was responsible for "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch"), but the version that he prints in these works is entirely different from the one given by Chappell, who describes it as an "old English Border song," the tune being composed by Mrs. Jordan about 1780. This was Mrs. Dora Jordan, the celebrated actress, and a fairly accomplished vocalist and musician. She sprang from Dublin, where her parents resided. She was at the height of her fame in 1785, when she made her first London appearance in "The Country Girl." She sang "The Blue Bells" first in London in 1786. In May, 1800, she again sang the song on her benefit night at Drury Lane Theater, and made the air popular throughout the kingdom.

"Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch" was written by Mrs. Grant of Carron, afterward Mrs. Murray of Bath, and is believed to be founded on fact. The air to which the lyric was written was known as "The Ruffian's Rant." Mrs. Grant was born about 1763, and died about 1814.

The tune of Burns's "Highland Mary" was originally known as "Lady Katherine Ogle, a new dance" (1688). But as a "Scottish tune" it appeared a year previously in Playford's "Apollo's Banquet." In all probability it was popular with the people long before, both in England and Scotland, but from internal evidence the air seems to be chiefly Scottish in construction.

"The Lass o' Gowrie," by Lady Nairne, was founded on an older ballad by William Reid of Glasgow, called "Kate o' Gowrie," which is still sung. The melody is known as "Loch-Eroch Side," which was taken from "O'er young to marry yet," 1757.

"Comin' thro' the Rye," according to Chappell, was first sung in a Christmas pantomime in London in 1795, when it was called "If a body meet a body going to the fair." But though some have said Rye with a capital R referred to a streamlet of that name in Ayrshire, it has been proved that Burns scratched a

part of the song on a pane of glass at Mauchline in this form:

> Gin a body kiss a body comin' thro' the grain,
> Need a body grudge a body what's a body's ain?

But did Burns really write the lyric at all? Of six different versions of the song, that attributed by Joseph Skipsey to Burns is the least meritorious. Mr. Anon., we fancy, was the author. Mackay, in his "Book of Scotch Songs," published about 1852, says it is anonymous, but altered by Burns! He also gives a "stage" version. It is very old, and that is all that can be safely said of it. A version of the tune appeared in Gow's collection, 1784, as "The Miller's Daughter."

"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray," by Allan Ramsay, was founded on an ancient ballad of the same name, which was well known throughout Great Britain. The music was inevitably made use of by Gay in "The Beggar's Opera" to words beginning:

> A curse attends that woman's love
> Who always would be pleasing.

The heroines of this well-known ballad were the daughters of two Perthshire gentlemen. Bessie Bell was the daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, and Mary Gray of the Laird of Lynedoch. A romantic attachment subsisted between them, and they retired together to a secluded spot called the "Burn Braes," in the neighborhood of Lynedoch, to avoid the plague that then raged in Perth, Dundee, and other towns. They caught the infection, however, and both died. Tradition asserts that a young gentleman who was in love with one of them, visited them in their solitude, and that it was from him they caught the contagion and died. A later gallant, Lord Lynedoch, on whose estate the heroines lie buried, erected a kind of bower over their graves.

The history of the quaint and touching ballad of "Oh waly, waly, up the bank" is unknown. An interesting version of its supposed origin is given in Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs," 1871, under the name of the "Marchioness of Douglas." The melody is very ancient, and probably dates from the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Gay turned it to account in his second opera, "Polly," 1792, for "Adieu! adieu! all hope of bliss."

Burns's excellent "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" was one of his happiest efforts. In a letter to Thomson in 1794 he says: "There is an air called 'The Caledonian Hunt's delight,' to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson. 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,' might, I think, find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago Mr. James Miller, writer to the signet in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent desire to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, probably by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is that in a few days Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the black keys; but this account which I have just given you Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed that he had heard it in Ireland, among the old women; while, on the other hand, a countess informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music!"

Difficult indeed, when we remember that Burns himself was a great culprit at disguising and appropriating any melody that took his fancy. For example, here is what he writes to his friend Thomson, the publisher, in another letter, respecting an Irish tune of extreme beauty: "Do you know a blackguard Irish song called 'Onagh's Waterfall'? The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much at least for my humble rustic muse to expect that every effort of hers shall have merit." Burns wrote some very ordinary stanzas to it, called "Sae flaxen were her ringlets." Whether the tune of "Bonnie Doon" is Irish or Scottish, it certainly bears a close resemblance to an English song, "Lost is my Quiet," published in Dale's "Collection of English Songs" toward the latter end of the eighteenth century. It is claimed as Scottish, however, with some show of reason, in Glen's "Collection of Scottish Dance Music," 1891.

Richard Gall's "Farewell to Ayrshire" was attributed to Burns through Gall himself impudently affixing Burns's name thereto, and sending it to the editor of the "Scots Musical Museum," in which it was inserted. Gall's biographer in the "Biographica Scotia" exposed the fraud in 1805.

"Tak' yer auld cloak about ye" may be English or it may be Scottish. It has been common to both countries for about three centuries. Shakespeare introduces a stanza from it in "Othello" for Iago to sing. In its original English form, from the first manuscript, it will be found in Percy's "Reliques," 1765; in its Scottish dress for the first time in the "Tea-Table Miscellany." The Scottish version is simply a Scottish version of the ancient English. One never comes across an Englished Scottish song; but the reverse is to be met with in countless cases.

CHAPTER XIV

IRISH SONGS

General Remarks—The Irish Harp—"Bridget Cruise"—The Last Irish Bard—"The Hawk of Bally Shannon"—"Bumper, Squire Jones"—"Molly Astore"—"Coolin"—"The Girl I Left Behind Me"—"The Blackbird"—The Shamrock—The Potato—"The Sprig of Shillelah"—"She is far from the Land"—"Rory O'More"—Songs of St. Patrick—"Garryowen"—"The Wearing of the Green."

THE congenial task is not always the easiest to accomplish. Ireland has produced so many poets, major and minor, racy of the soil, and indigenous of the best traditions, that it is somewhat difficult to know which to include and which to exclude. So many of the ancient songs of Ireland that are quite unknown, except to the initiated few, possess so much historical and domestic interest that it is quite distressing to the conscientious scribe to be compelled, acting in accordance with the plan laid down, to omit them.

In Irish folk and country songs is seen the terrible havoc that a devastating history has played on a sorrow-brooding, sensitive nation whose chief characteristics have ever been brave light-heartedness and humorous meeting of the inevitable, with the antithesis of sadness and despair. These traits, which have been seen for generations—say from the time of Henry II—have had such an effect upon the poets and poetry of Ireland, that one string at least of the harp seems to have been snapped in twain and a foreign minor has usurped its place.

It is but to repeat an accepted fact that Ireland, in her earliest ages, when the inhabitants of Britain were semisavages, was the center of a cultivation of surprising extent and refined quality. Her harpers and bards—who in later ages developed into wandering minstrels and itinerant musicians—were honored for their art, for their precepts and their practice, as the uninformed may gather from the many tomes of recent years rescued and revived, telling of those bygone periods of Erin's grandeur and glory.

Much can be gathered of the ancient practice of music in Ireland, and of the origin of the harp, in the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, Petrie, Bunting, and Holden; in Walker's "Memoirs of the Irish Bards," Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," and other standard authorities. Information also respecting the harp, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland, where it was much used until about the year 1740, will be found in Robert Jamieson's "Letters from the North of Scotland," and John Gunn's "Inquiry"; and from the latter, as giving an independent statement, we quote the following:

"I have been favored with a copy of an ancient Gaelic poem, together with the music to which it is still sung in the Highlands, in which the poet personifies and addresses a very old harp, by asking what had become of its former luster. The harp replies that it had belonged to a King of Ireland and had been present at many a royal banquet; that it had afterward been successively in the possession of Dargo, son of the Druid of Baal—of Saul—of Finlan—of Oscar—of O'Duivne—of Diarmid—of a Physician—of a Bard—and lastly of a Priest, who in a secluded corner was meditating on a white book."

Gunn was born in 1765 and died in 1810, after a very industrious life. Doubtless it has slipped from the memory of many of the Irish and Scotch that Ireland was the school of the Highland Scotch, and that it was customary to send to Ireland "all who adopted either poetry or music as a profession" to finish their education, "till within the memory of persons still living," as we are told by Jamieson. Jamieson published several works on Border and Scottish minstrelsy. He was born about 1780 and died 1844. It is needless to add that the natives of Southern Scotland also took advantage of the same high educational academies which were so celebrated in Ireland at one time. Ireland decidedly gave much music to Scotland, and thence it may be traced in the modern history of the art imparting much of its beauty and sweetness to Italy.

Of the work by the last Irish bard, the ode to "Bridget Cruise," the music as well as the words were by Turlough O'Carolan, and it may be said that without being entitled to the lavish praise bestowed upon it by some enthusiasts, it is very plaintive and touching and worth preserving. These words of Hardiman deserve recording: "It has been the fate of Irish poetry, from the days of Spenser to the present time, to be praised or censured by the extremes of prejudice, while the world was unable to decide for want of the original poems or translations of them." While these "extremes" are still at work, an enthusiastic attempt has been made in recent years to bring to light the facts relating to this important branch of national literature.

A singular anecdote, highly illustrative of the romantic tendency of O'Carolan's first love, Bridget Cruise, to whom he wrote several songs, may be mentioned. He once went on a pilgrimage to a cave located on an island situated on Lough Dearg, in the county Donegal. On returning to the shore he found several persons waiting for the boat in which he had been conveyed to the spot. In his kind desire to help some of these pilgrims into the boat, he happened to take the hand of a female, and suddenly exclaimed "Dar lama mo Chardais Crist" ("This is the hand of Bridget Cruise"). He was not deceived; it was the hand of her who had engaged his youthful affections and whose image had been so deeply engraved in his heart. On this incident Samuel Lover wrote a charming song called "Carolan and Bridget Cruise."

Love-songs, drinking-songs, songs of the fairies—O'Carolan treated them all with equal candor and ability, and were his pieces of more than local repute, many entertaining stories of their origin could be told. "O'More's Fair Daughter," the melody of which, it is believed, has never been written down, was a love-song, written by O'Carolan for one of the younger members of the O'Donnell family, who fell in love with "The Hawk of Bally Shannon," whom he accidentally met one day near her father's house. Begging for a glass of water as a pretense to have converse with her, he resolved at all costs to win her for his wife. O'Carolan wrote a song especially for him to sing to an ancient air by Rory Dall, which on the first opportunity he performed by harp and voice, and won the daughter of the renowned O'More for his bride. Much could be written about O'Carolan, who wrote and composed a vast number of songs, some of which are preserved by Walker, Hardiman, and Bunting, but as his pieces are not known except in a few cases outside the land in which they were born, we refrain from giving more. The music of several of O'Carolan's composing will be found adapted to English words and often claimed as of English origin, but to give a full list of these would be only tiring to the reader. "Bumper, Squire Jones," which is usually stated to be O'Carolan's, was really written by Arthur Dawson, Baron of the Exchequer, to O'Carolan's air of "Planxty Jones." The following history of the song is taken from the "Dublin University Magazine" for January, 1841.

"Respecting the origin of O'Carolan's fine air of 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' we have heard a different account from that given on O'Neill's authority. It was told us by our lamented friend the late Dean of St. Patrick's, as the tradition preserved in his family: O'Carolan and Baron Dawson, the grand or great-grand uncle to the dean, happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones, of Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honor of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment took his harp with him, and under the inspiration of copious libations of his favorite liquor not only produced the melody now known as 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody in his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning when O'Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of O'Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the judge both loud and deep."

The trick was exposed later, but it was long till the ruffled bard was mollified.

"Molly Astore" is familiar to the whole world of song-singers through the Right Honorable George Ogle's use of the melody for his ballad beginning, "As down by Banna's banks I strayed." Burns called this a "heavenly air," and Bernard Trotter says, "It is evidently the production of the purest era of Irish song, as it has the general character of its sweet and touching melody." The version by the Honorable George Ogle (1739-1844) is better than the original, if one may judge by Thomas Furlong's translation. Richard Brinsley Sheridan also wrote to this air the pretty song in "The Duenna" called "Had I a heart for falsehood framed."

"Coolin" or "Coulin" is known through Moore's adaptation entitled "Though the last glimpse of Erin with sorrow I see." It is an exceptionally fine melody and much older than the Irish words extant, translated by Furlong:

Had you seen my sweet Coolin at the day's early dawn,
When she moves thro' the wild wood, or the wide dewy lawn;
There is joy—there is bliss in her soul-cheering smile,
She's the fairest of flowers of our green-bosom'd isle.

This lyric—there are six stanzas—has been attributed to Maurice O'Dugan, an Irish bard, who lived near Benburb, Tyrone, about the year 1641. An excellent rendition of the ancient ballad has been made by Caroll Malone, commencing, "The last time she looked in the face of her dear." "Coolin" means, the maiden of fair flowing locks, but the original word is retained in the translation, being now, as it were, naturalized in English. There are several versions in vogue. Copies of the original melody, to which later words were set, date back to 1620.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is of indisputable Hibernian origin, though the exact date of its composition is not known; but Arthur O'Neill, the celebrated harper, informed Bunting that it had been taught him when he was little more than a child (he was born 1730) by Owen Keenan, his first master, who had had it from a previous harper. The English version of the words and the Irish differ considerably. We give the first stanza of the latter:

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
While Spanish eyes are thrilling.
Still though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms quite fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

The Jacobite relic, "The Blackbird," deserves mention not only on account of its Irish character, but because, as far as can be ascertained, it is the first Irish lyric of any kind written in English. It dates from 1715, the year that "The Blackbird" made his Scotch attempt to prove his cause. The Irish name was "An Londubh."

The shamrock has come in for a large share of poetic propagation, and as early as 1689 we find its praises sung in verse:

Springs, happy springs, adorned with sallets,
Which nature purposed for their palats;
Shamrogs and watercress he shows
Which was both meat and drink and clothes.

The shamrock was held in high esteem at one time for the making of salads, "being of a sharp taste" as well as sorrel. The popular belief respecting the shamrock, or trefoil, is, says Croker, that St. Patrick by its means satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland the Trinity in Unity; exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration. St. Patrick is usually represented in the garb of a bishop holding a trefoil. The trefoil plant (shamroc and shamrakh in Arabic) was held sacred in Iran, and was considered emblematical of the Persian Triad. The best song on the subject of the trefoil is Andrew Cherry's "Green Little Shamrock of Ireland," with music by Shield. Moore wrote "The Shamrock" to the air "Ally Croker," and Samuel Lover wrote "The Four-Leafed Shamrock."

The "Irishman's apple," or "murphy," the potato, is another plant which has been the means of producing much poetic fruit. "The Sprig of Shillelah" was written by H. B. Code, though often attributed to Edward Lysaght.

Moore wrote "She is far from the Land" to a very curious old tune, to commemorate the feelings of Sarah Curran, daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister of that name, and of her lover Robert Emmet. It is of them that Washington Irving says in his "Sketch Book": "Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of high treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of high treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution. But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love." Washington Irving's story of "The Broken Heart" is believed to be based in a degree upon this incident.

That very popular song "Rory O'More," written and composed by Samuel Lover, was the outcome of a desire on the part of the author to supply a really good humorous song at a time when such effusions were not of high merit.

Ireland's patron saint, Patrick, has naturally been the subject of many excellent ballads, including "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," said to have been written by a gentleman named Wood, who adopted the *nom de plume* of "Lanner de Waltram," a very frolicsome production indeed, largely concerned with the consumption of punch. "St. Patrick of Ireland, my Dear," adapted to the melody of "The Night before Larry was Stretched," first appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," December, 1821. The author's name is not given. "St. Patrick was a Gentleman" is a very quaint anonymous production relating all the "miracles" that the saint is credited with performing, and which many of the illiterate believe in implicitly. A drinking or toasting song to his saintship entitled "St. Patrick was an honest soul," was very popular at one time. Another song is from a manuscript in the autograph of Sir Jonah Barrington, indorsed, "Sung with great applause at a meeting assembled in the City of Paris, to celebrate the anniversary of the Saint of Hibernia." This was probably the 17th March, 1816, says Crofton Croker, in "The Popular Songs of Ireland" (1839). The song is called "St. Patrick's Day in Paris."

"Garryowen," next to "St. Patrick's Day," was the greatest favorite as a national air in Ireland. It is a curious production, the melody of which is preserved in Moore's "We may roam through the world." There is also that wonderful street song, "The Wearing of the Green," that almost caused "a question for Parliament," when Disraeli was premier, when introduced by Dion Boucicault into "Arrah-na-Pogue," and sung by Shaun the Post at the Adelphi Theater in the late seventies. There are countless versions of the lay (a good one being by Henry Grattan Curran), but the most popular is that by Dion Boucicault. The earliest version extant shows that it was written when France, and not America, was the desperate hope of the distressed and disappointed peasant. "Johnny, I hardly knew ye" is another street song. It dates from the beginning of the last century, while "Green upon the Cape" appeared during the stirring times of the unsuccessful rebellion that began in 1798.

CHAPTER XV

MORE IRISH SONGS

Genealogy of "The Last Rose of Summer," and How it Bloomed for Flotow—"The Bells of Shandon" Written by "Father Prout" as a Homesick Irishman in the Eternal City—"The Exile of Erin" Written by a Scotchman—"Kathleen Mavourneen."

THE opera "Martha" owes its popularity in part to the introduction of the ancient Irish melody known to the world generally as "The Last Rose of Summer." Now, at first sight it may appear rather incongruous to assign the song in the opera to a lady who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Queen Anne; but, as a matter of history, this incident is not quite so outrageous as critics, with a scant knowledge of Irish music apparently, would have us believe.

Flotow's "Martha," founded on a ballet, was first performed at Vienna, in 1847. It was afterward given at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, with Mme. Christine Nilsson as the heroine, with so much success that it ran for three hundred nights—a most unusual run for a piece of any kind half a century ago. It was taken to London in 1858, and achieved a phenomenal reception, though many authorities condemned it as mere tinsel. Berlioz, the French composer, who detested Flotow, said "the beauty of the Irish melody served to disinfect the rottenness of the 'Martha' music," which was spiteful, silly, and weak.

This brings us to the original of the introduced number. Thomas Moore evidently came upon the melody to which he wrote the words commencing, "'Tis the last Rose of Summer," in a third-hand manner, for he ingenuously calls it "The Groves of Blarney," which was quite a modern production, as far as title and words are concerned, written by Richard Alfred Milliken, who was born at Castle Martyr, County Cork, only twenty-three years before Thomas Moore saw the light in Dublin. Now, "The Groves of Blarney" was avowedly a burlesque on "Castle Hyde," the fulsome and trashy production of a "literary" weaver named Barrett, in 1790.

Barrett, who was what, in these days, we should term a crank, filled up his spare time as an itinerant bard, and with the view of being paid for his trouble, composed a song in praise (as he doubtless intended it) of Castle Hyde, the beautiful seat of the Hyde family, on the river Blackwater; but, as the writer of the memoir of Milliken says, "instead of the expected remuneration, the poor poet was driven from the gate, by order of the then proprietor, who, from the absurdity of the thing, conceived that it could be only meant as a mockery; and, in fact, a more nonsensical composition could scarcely escape the pen of a maniac. The author, however, well satisfied of its merits, and stung with indignation and disappointment, vented his rage in an additional verse against the owner, and sung it wherever he had an opportunity of raising his angry voice. As satire, however gross, is but too generally well received, the song first became a favorite with the lower orders; then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentlemen."

It was through hearing "Castle Hyde" at one of these social gatherings that Milliken determined to make a genuine farcical song on the lines of the original; so choosing Blarney, a fine old castle within three miles of Cork, for his subject, and retaining the rhythm and adopting the tune of Barrett's effusion—the tune which Barrett himself took possession of, it being a street melody and public property—he turned out a ludicrous parody of the ridiculous songs that were once so prevalent in every Irish village, when every stripling would be a bardeen, and sing his foolish rhymes to a foolish audience. The burlesque is full of points. Milliken never dreamed that his chaffing ballad would attain such distinction and celebrity, and though it went out anonymously to the rest of the world, in County Cork its origin and authorship were well known. It reached London in due course, and was called in one of the weekly prints "The National Irish Poem." Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," attributed it to "the poetical Dean of Cork." It was so famous in London that everybody was singing and quoting it, and Lord Brougham refers to it in one of his great parliamentary speeches.

Milliken, in all probability, wrote "The Groves of Blarney" in 1796. Thomas Moore must have heard the melody when he was at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1798, and almost immediately after left for England, where he eventually settled. He may never have known that Milliken was the author of "The Groves of Blarney," though Richard Jones, an accomplished comedian, records that he obtained copies of the song in Cork, in the summer of 1800, and that he and Charles Mathews, the great actor and mimic, carried it back to London, where they sang it at concerts and in their entertainments. The first instalment of the "Irish Melodies," with Moore's words, was issued in 1807, and the rest at varying intervals. Milliken died in 1815.

Wherever Moore obtained the melody of "The Last Rose of Summer," it is certain that he could not have known it in its original form as played by the traveling bards and harpers of Ireland, for he considerably altered the character of the music, and did not in any way improve upon even "The Groves of Blarney" version as a national melody. Although the composer and author are unknown, the title of the tune may be ascribed to about 1660, so that from a musical point of view Flotow was well within the calendar in using it for his "Martha," as the basis of the well-known air existed long prior to the reign of Queen Anne.

"The Bells of Shandon," once a great favorite, was written by Francis Sylvester Mahony ("Father Prout"). The history of the bells and the origin of the song are of more than passing interest. Crofton Croker, in his "Popular Songs of Ireland," tells us that the steeple of the Church of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in which hung the bells celebrated in the song, is one hundred and twenty feet high, and being built upon a considerable eminence, appears a remarkble object in every point of view of the city; but especially from what Moore has termed "its noble sea avenue," the river Lee. The building of the church commenced in 1722, and its steeple was constructed of the hewn stone from the Franciscan Abbey, where James II heard mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, which had been the official residence of the lords president of Munster and whence this quarter of the city takes its name—Shandon signifying in Irish the old fort or castle. Fitz-Gerald, in his "Cork Remembrancer," says that Shandon bells were put up in the summer of 1752.

Mahony, the author of the fine poem, was born at Cork in 1804, and died in a monastery in Paris (to which he had retired two years previously) in May, 1866. He took holy orders after studying in a Jesuit college at Paris; but eventually he became a journalist and author. He was a constant contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," "Bentley's Miscellany," the "Athenæum," and other periodicals. He was correspondent at Rome for the London "Daily News," and Paris correspondent for the "Globe." Under his pen-name of "Father Prout" he achieved much celebrity by writing prose and Irish verse in "Fraser's Magazine." These writings have been collected and republished and have become classics. He was greatly loved and respected by all who knew him. Bohemian to the backbone, full of fun, careless in his dress, he was careful of his witty company. He wrote his celebrated verses on the bells when he was a student at an Irish college in Rome. It is said that the opening lines are still to be seen in a room there, scratched on a wall just above where his bed used to be. He was doubtless a little homesick at the time, and listening maybe to the tolling of the many church bells in the Eternal City. We give a few lines only, as the poem is so well known:

With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.
. . . . .

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
  Spoke naught like thine.

The song has had several settings, besides its being sung to the tune of "The Last Rose of Summer." Hatton, whose setting is generally considered the best, was born in 1809 and died in 1877. He composed music for a vast number of pieces—songs, operettas, dramas, etc.—was the musical director at the Princess's Theater under Charles Kean, and composed the music for the Shakespearean productions. "Good-bye, Sweetheart, Good-bye" is his most enduring work.

A very touching Irish song, "The Exile of Erin," was written by a Scotchman—Thomas Campbell, the poet. It has often been attributed to the Irish verse-writer George Nugent Reynolds, though there is no evidence to show that Reynolds himself ever claimed it. Campbell wrote other Irish poems of considerable native feeling, "O'Connor's Child" and "The Irish Harper and his Dog Tray," for he always had a surprising affection for the Irish, and a sympathy with the sentiment of their songs. It should not be forgotten, by the way, that Thomas Campbell was the author of what is perhaps the finest sea song ever written, to wit, "Ye Mariners of England." "The Exile of Erin" is frequently called in music and song books "Erin-go-Bragh," which is quite a different song. It was usually sung to "Savourneen Deelish."

It has been said, with more regard for epigram than fact, that "Kathleen Mavourneen," that queen among Irish songs, was born out of its own country, of English parents. But the truth is that though the composer, Frederick W. N. Crouch (1808-96), was an Englishman—he might have been Irish if he had chosen, for there are many of that name in the Green Isle—the writer of the words, Mrs. Julia Crawford, was a true daughter of Erin, having been born in County Cavan. From the fact that when quite young she took up her abode at a small town in Wiltshire, where she resided for many years, her few biographers have been led into the error of supposing her to be English. Besides "Kathleen Mavourneen," she wrote over a hundred lyrics, mostly Irish in sentiment, and published, with Crouch as the composer of the music, a volume of "Irish Songs" in 1840. She wrote, says David J. O'Donoghue in his "Dictionary of the Poets of Ireland," a great deal of verse for the "Metropolitan Magazine," edited by Captain Marryat (London, 1830-40), and also autobiographical sketches for the same publication. Her "Kathleen Mavourneen" appeared therein. Unfortunately no one thought it necessary to preserve any particulars of the life and works of this charming writer.

Frederick William Nicholls Crouch led a singularly hard life—one full of vicissitudes and bad luck. When Crouch wrote his greatest song he was traveling for a firm of metal-brokers in Cornhill. Afterward he was appointed musical director at Drury Lane Theater and brought out many a singer who achieved name and fame. He was a very fertile composer. The melody of "Kathleen Mavourneen," according to Crouch, came as an inspiration one day when he was riding along the banks of the Tamar. Soon afterward he sang it at Plymouth—for he was a capital ballad-singer—and for considerably more than half a century it has continued to find a place in concert programmes. The Queen of Song, Adelina Patti, often sang it. But although the song brought in enormous profits, it did not enrich the composer, who only received a small sum down for it originally. So hard were the times with Crouch, and so unkind his country to him, that he who was a friend of the great Rossini when George IV was king, emi-

grated to America in 1849 to earn a living. He served in the Confederate Army during the Civil War, after which he engaged in various occupations, finally teaching music in Baltimore. He was a Doctor of Music and the recipient of many academic honors. He died at Portland, Maine, August 18, 1896.

Here is the story of this famous song as told by Crouch himself: "The words instantly attracted my attention by their purity of style and diction. I sought the authoress, and obtained her permission to set them to music. Leaving London as traveler to Chapman and Co., Cornhill, while prosecuting my journey towards Saltash I jotted down the melody on the historic banks of the Tamar. On arriving at Plymouth, I wrote out a fair copy of the song, and sang it to Mrs. Rowe, the wife of a music publisher of that town. The melody so captivated her and others who heard it that I was earnestly solicited that it should be given the first time in public at her husband's opening concert of the season. But certain reasons obliged me to decline the honor. I retired to rest at my hotel, and rising early next morning, and opening my window, what was my surprise to see on a boarding right opposite a large placard on which was printed in the largest and boldest type: 'F. Nicholls Crouch, from London, will sing at P. E. Rowe's concert, "Kathleen Mavourneen," for one night only!' Amazed and confused at such an unwarrantable and unauthorized announcement, I hurriedly completed my toilet, took my breakfast, and rushed off to Mr. Rowe's warehouse. But despite my reluctance, and overcome by the entreaties of the fascinating Mrs. Rowe, I appeared and sang the song to a crowded audience, with the most enthusiastic applause. On returning to London I entered the establishment of Messrs. D'Almaine, music publishers, as precentor, and 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and other songs—'Dermot Astore,' 'Their Marriage,' 'Death of Dermot'—were published by that firm. These songs have been sung and appropriated by all the leading cantatrices, from Caradori, Hobbs, Hawes, Hayes, Stephens (the Countess of Essex), Malibran, Titiens, and Adelina Patti. The series of songs has been published by thirty different music stores in America, each one making heaps of money. But not one of these brain-stealers has had sufficient principle to bestow a single dime on the composer!" It is fitting that the words of "Kathleen Mavourneen" should appear here:

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must part?
It may be for years and it may be for ever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of the night!
Mavourneen! Mavourneen! my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part:
It may be for years, and it may be for ever,
Then why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?

A very graceful imitation of the song, or rather a tribute to its excellence, has been written by James Whitcomb Riley, and may fittingly follow the words that inspired it:

Kathleen Mavourneen! thy song is still ringing,
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the birds;
In world-weary hearts it is sobbing and singing,
In pathos too sweet for tenderest words.
Oh! have we forgotten the one who first breathed it?
Oh! have we forgotten his rapturous art?
Our meed to the Master whose genius bequeathed it?
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of the heart?

Kathleen Mavourneen! thy lover still lingers,
The long night is waning, the stars pale and few;
Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,
Is bowed with his tears as the lily with dew.
The old harp-strings quaver, the old voice is shaking,
In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain:
The old vision dims, and the old heart is breaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen, inspire us again!

THE OPERA—HISTORY AND GUIDE

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THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF OPERA

THE term "opera," derived, or rather abbreviated, from the words *opera in musica* (works in music —i.e., a musical work), is only a convenient title that has found favor by its brevity and through lack of a better. Translate it and read "works," and we see that it is a meaningless term in all else than that it is something created.

And what is this "something" that has been created, that is in people's mouths so often, and that we designate by the word opera? The least cultured will be able to answer that it is a work for the stage, in which music plays a prominent part; that it is this, and something more, must be shown as we study its rise and development.

Since ordinary feelings or emotions are by no means naturally expressed by musical sounds, opera must be admitted to be a thing of artificiality. Some will ask: Since the introduction of music into a dramatic work admits an unreal element into that which might otherwise receive a natural interpretation, how can its existence be justified? The answer is: Whatever may be the feelings or actions to be expressed by the stage characters, proper and suitable music will express them with far greater intensity and far greater power than will spoken words or mere gesture. Such are the emotional qualities of the art of music that a phrase of quite ordinary significance in words may become, if wedded to expressive music, a thing of beauty and life; an emotional feeling may be roused in the auditor that the mere spoken word could never have touched. In the case of words that may themselves contain beautiful ideas, their loveliness can be greatly enhanced by the addition of music, their meaning intensified, their impressiveness doubled.

Artificial, then, as opera is, and must be, it can justify its artificiality. A drama is put upon the stage, and in order that its situations, its sentiments, and its meaning may be more fully expounded, music is called in to elucidate, to express, and to beautify. Admitting the possibility of this—which no one who has the least feeling for music, or who is at all moved emotionally by the art of sweet sounds, can deny—we find that opera justifies its existence, despite its unreality and its unlikeness to life.

But not all opera is sung throughout. There are many musical works under this name having spoken dialogue. Justification for these is more difficult, for it may be readily understood that one form of expression should be used throughout, and that this modified form of opera (known as singspiel), being neither one thing nor the other, is a hybrid form, which really has no right of admission to the title of opera at all. The fact that it is often effective and highly popular hardly excuses its violation of art-form. So many plays of this kind with musical numbers were written at a certain period of the history of the art, and classed as operas, that their claims cannot be overlooked; but modern taste in opera demands that one medium of expression be made use of throughout, and thus a return has been made to the early and more artistic form of *opera in musica*—the true form, of which the singspiel is only an offshoot.

An opera, then, is a play designed for the stage, with scenery, costumes, and action used as accessories as in all stage plays, but with the additional use of music to intensify the meanings of the lines uttered by the characters, to heighten the effect produced by the other combined arts, and to add an emotional element that might otherwise be lacking.

It is a curious and interesting fact that the birth of opera should be due more or less to accident, and should owe its origin to a group of amateurs; but so it is, and to the blind gropings in the dark after a something (they knew not what) of a small circle of polished scholars we owe the form of opera as we have it to-day.

It is impossible to trace back to the earliest times the addition of music to a stage play; but from the constant references to the use of the art made by the Greek poets, we know that it was a handmaid to the drama from very early days. In the Middle Ages, as there is plenty of evidence to show, at certain stated intervals in the course of the drama music was introduced; but such music as this was always written in the Church style of the period, and had no significance of its own.

It was the annoying and incongruous presentation of polyphonic music (written in strict contrapuntal style, and in the Church manner) with the performance of dramas, in which such music was utterly out

of place, that led the group of amateurs to search for a more suitable means of clothing the dramatic ideas and stage situations.

This band of dilettanti is generally known by the name of the "Palazzo Bardi" coterie, from the fact that their chief representative was a certain Count Bardi, and that their meetings were usually held at his palace in Florence. This city, at the period of which we write (the last part of the sixteenth century), was highly interested in the masterpieces of literary antiquity, more especially in the magnificent dramas of the older Greek poets. Although the Florentines knew that these tragedies had some form of musical accompaniment, they were quite in the dark as to what that music was. They felt, however, that the one prevalent kind of music of their day—sacred music—was by no means adequate for the expression of the ideas to be represented. The Bardi amateurs therefore turned the steps of their native musicians toward other paths, and induced them to write music of a kind which they believed to be dramatically fit and suitable. That this music was a failure does not matter in the least, for although it was unable to give any genuine idea of what these enthusiasts sought—a reproduction of Greek tragedy consistent with its original form—it invented a new medium and method of expression, of which composers soon availed themselves in setting to music the dramatic productions of the day.

The first of these early composers to achieve success in this field was Peri, who produced in 1594 (or 1597) "Dafne," and a few years later (1600) "Euridice." "Dafne" was semiprivately performed, but "Euridice" was put before the world, and achieved such success that its method and style of composition were soon taken as models for stage music. Hence the date 1600 is assigned as that of the birth of real opera. The same year saw the production of the first real oratorio, as we now understand the term.

Peri led the way; others followed. Within a decade Northern Italy produced a whole school of writers who had grafted their ideas on those of the composer of "Euridice," chief among them being Caccini, who won great fame in the new style. But the chief merit must be accorded to Peri, for it is to him that we owe the invention of the dramatic recitative; that is to say, instead of coupling the dialogue to music that might have been designed for the Church, as his predecessors had been content to do, he endeavored in his operas to allow the singing voice to depict the ideas expressed by inflections such as would be made by the speaking voice under similar circumstances.

Thus was opera, in our modern meaning of the term, begun, and this, too, on a proper, logical, esthetic basis. It was in 1600 a new form, an untried and questionable innovation; but it contained the elements of strength and endurance, and by rapid steps grew and developed, until within a few years all other methods of accompanying stage plays by music were obsolete, and the new monodic style held unquestioned sway.

Opera in Italy, after its initial stages, as represented by the works of Peri and Caccini, fell under the commanding sway of Monteverde, of whom we shall further speak.

Monteverde was followed by his pupil Cavalli, who worked in Venice, and who improved the recitative; in his operas, male sopranos (castrati) were first employed on the stage—a practice in vogue for many years subsequently. Cavalli also foreshadowed the aria, or set melody, soon to become so prominent a feature of Italian opera. Among other prominent composers of this period are Cesti and Legrenzi, Caldara and Vivaldi.

These men, however, stand completely overshadowed by that colossus of early opera, Alessandro Scarlatti. Naples was the scene of his activity, and here he wrote, among countless other compositions, over one hundred operas, most of which made their mark. In Scarlatti we have the turning-point between antiquity and modernity in stage music. His great genius for melody caused him to modify very considerably the stiff, though dramatically correct, recitative of earlier composers, and to substitute beautiful, if sometimes inappropriate, airs in its place.

In this dangerous method of exalting the music at the expense of the other arts employed in music-drama he was followed by almost all composers for many years—until, in fact, the recognition by Gluck of the falseness of the situation. Opera writers there were by the hundred, the names of most of whom are now forgotten. Rossi, Caldara, Lotti, Bononcini, all had their successes, and contributed in various degrees to the development of early Italian opera.

But before this, opera had found its way to France; the world-renowned "Euridice" had been performed in Paris as early as 1647, and its influence was quickly felt. Robert Cambert was the first French writer to produce opera. He was ousted from his deservedly high position as the founder of French opera by the unscrupulous and brilliant Lulli.

Coming from Florence to Paris at an early age, Lulli quickly saw his way to improving on the popular operas of Cambert, and his inventive and fertile talent soon put the older writer into the background. Lulli's great gift lay less in aptitude for the conception of melody, less even in his skill with the orchestra, than in the powers he possessed of writing truly dramatic and suitably expressive recitative. Moreover, he employed his chorus as an integral factor in the situation, not as a mere collection of puppets encumbering the stage; he is credited, too, with the invention of the "French" overture, a form in which an introductory slow movement is followed by another in quick fugal style, with a third short dance movement to conclude. His mark upon French opera exists till this day.

Germany at the same period can boast of no name of like importance, but operatic development was also taking place in that country. The chief agent in its progress was Keiser, who produced a great number of operas in Hamburg. Although not the first to write such works in Germany, he is important as being an early factor in the popularization of opera during the forty years in which he labored in this direction. He had also many followers, among whom must be named Handel, who wrote a few operas for Hamburg at an early period of his career. German opera at this time, however, gave but little promise of the grand future before it: the operas of Keiser and Hasse contain but few indications of the glories of a school of composers that includes Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber.

In England Henry Purcell was in part occupied by

the composition of operas. Many of these are operas by courtesy only, for in only one of them, "Dido and Æneas," is the music continuous throughout. This, however, may claim for itself the title of the first English opera. The wholly sound and esthetically true national influence of Purcell would undoubtedly have been large, and it is not too much to say that an early school of genuine English opera might have flourished, had it not been that Handel, within a few years of Purcell's death, was turning his attention to the production of opera in London. For although Handel produced operas in Germany and Italy as well as in England, it was in London that the great majority of his pieces first saw the light, and that he achieved the greatest success. Between the date of the first performance of "Rinaldo" at the Haymarket in 1711 and that of his last opera, "Deidamia," in 1741, Handel composed no less than forty-two grand operas. With indomitable energy, and in face of very frequent misfortune, he poured forth these works, many of which contain powerful music. Few now, however, would care to sit through a performance of any of Handel's operas, or indeed of those by any of the composers above mentioned.

The changes that have taken place in opera during the three hundred years which constitute the life of modern music are far more prominent and important than those that have been undergone by the ordinary dramatic work. The arts of elocution, gesture, and stage action are very old, and have seen little radical change for many centuries. Great progress has been made through the use of modern mechanical devices and inventions in the mounting of stage pieces—in the scenery employed, the lighting, and stage effects generally. These all appeal to the eye; but the appeal to the ear is not, in an ordinary dramatic work, more powerfully made than it was in the days of the Greek dramatist. But when music is added, then appeal to the ear of a most powerful kind takes place, and during its whole life improvements and growth in musical technique and expression have been grafted upon opera with continuously progressive power and effect. As musical skill and knowledge grew, as additional instruments were added to the orchestra, as knowledge of forms developed, all these improvements found their way into operatic music, with the result that the difference between, say, a seventeenth and an eighteenth century opera is very wide, while a vaster difference still may be seen between one of the eighteenth and one of the twentieth century.

This difference is mainly due to men who were not content to leave opera where they found it. They set themselves to the construction of new works as examples of what could and should be done. First of these reformers came Monteverde. So many innovations are connected with his name that he would appear to have been a reformer of music in general. Certainly opera before his time was a very different thing from opera subsequent to that period. He applied the same daring innovations to his operatic music which he had employed in his compositions for the Church. These consisted mainly in an utter disregard for the principles of strict counterpoint, and a free use of unprepared discords.

So great was Monteverde's success, so dramatic and expressive his music, that all composers since his day have followed in his footsteps, and have composed operas on the model of free and unfettered writing originated by him. A century and more later we find a new reformer in Gluck. What had happened in the meantime? Opera had fallen under the great and commanding influence of Alessandro Scarlatti, whose methods, if not amounting to reform, had certainly led to change, in some respects to abuse. Scarlatti invented beautiful melodies and cast them into a regular mold, so that an audience knew that it only had to wait while a second part was gone through to hear again a first part that had perhaps given much pleasure. This was his famous use of the da-capo aria. It was a kind of encore, granted without trouble or uncertainty. We can imagine the melody-loving Italians of the day welcoming this beautiful and artistic innovation. But the beauty and charm of the idea compassed its own ruin; for, being but a formal procedure, it did not equally suit every situation; indeed, it may readily be understood that there must have been many occasions when it was little short of absurd, for stage purposes, to go twice through the same emotional aspects and crises. Apart from its dramatic unfitness, the real mischief of the da-capo aria lay in the fact that it attracted too much attention from the plot. The real origin of opera was lost sight of, dramatic considerations were practically ignored, and the performance became of a lyrical, rather than of a dramatic, nature.

Gluck had written many operas on this plan before it occurred to him to try to reform it, but his artistic nature at last revolted against the absurdities of works of this type. He set himself the task of remodeling the music, in a manner which can best be explained by quoting his own words, written in the famous preface to the score of "Alceste":

"When I undertook to set the opera of 'Alceste' to music, I resolved to avoid all those abuses which had crept into Italian opera through the mistaken vanity of singers and the unwise compliance of composers, and which had rendered it wearisome and ridiculous, instead of being, as it once was, the grandest and most imposing stage of modern times. I endeavored to reduce music to its proper function, that of seconding poetry, by enforcing the expression of the sentiment, and the interest of the situations, without interrupting the action, or weakening it by superfluous ornament."

Gluck had many battles to fight before he gained public opinion to his side; but eventually he brought the artistic world round to his point of view, with the result that a complete change of method was again adopted by composers.

Years passed away, and operas both good and bad were written. Mozart, with his beautiful and delicate pen; Beethoven, with his imperishable picture of the faithful wife; Weber, the composer *par excellence* of Romantic opera; Spohr, and others all left their influences—in the main thoroughly artistic and beautiful—upon music-drama. But to this chain of great classics succeeded a group of lesser luminaries whose tendencies were less truthfully artistic, whose leanings were popular rather than esthetic, and whose influence was to a great extent mischievous. Opera was again straying from the right lines; again the singers, with

their executive abilities, were distracting attention from the equally important dramatic meaning of the works performed. Again the aria and duet were usurping the place of music that should have been defining the stage situation, and conveying to the ear of the auditor a tone-picture to match the scenic representation and help to carry on the action of the piece.

It needed a strong hand to stem the tide on this occasion, and a strong hand was available in the person of Richard Wagner, whose efforts have revolutionized opera to so great an extent that it is unlikely that any great work for the stage will ever be conceived in the future which will not show traces of his influence. For he took no half-measures, but went to the root of the matter, and that in so thorough a way that he really invented an utterly new phase of expression.

Wagner, whose great idea it was that in the rendering of opera the arts of music, action, poetry, and scenery should stand on an equal footing, was unable to allow attention to be devoted to the music in the very special way in which it was drawn when set forms of song or air were admitted. He gradually worked his way to the construction of what was, until his time, an absolutely unknown form of dramatic accompaniment. The great and original innovation of Wagner was his use of melody (a feature non-existent in the works of the monodic writers); not melody of the stereotyped nature which we designate as tune, nor even the rhythmic, square-cut, and often beautifully appropriate melody of a Mozart or a Beethoven. Wagner's melodies were so constructed that they had, generally speaking, definite signification. Every subject (or *Leitmotiv,* as it was called) was intended to suggest to the mind of the hearer some definite idea connected with something occurring upon or suggested by the stage. Since the stage action or words would very often describe or suggest many ideas at the same time, these themes would be often superimposed; with the result that the music of Wagner's operas—at any rate the later ones—is not so much a stream of melody as a flow of many combined melodies, working together in contrapuntal richness and fertility into a harmonious whole, which can be listened to either casually (in which case it may or may not please the auditor) or after considerable study, when it will undoubtedly awake interest and admiration.

The lazy, pleasure-loving portion of mankind was immediately up in arms against such startling methods as these, and even to-day, although the Wagner cult is a very considerable one, it is to be doubted whether the real tastes of the majority of operatic listeners are not rather for something demanding less careful and close attention. Whether this be so or not, the point remains that Wagner's innovations, when once understood and grasped, were seen to be so dramatically true and fitting that all composers of operas, since his works became widely known, have come under his influence, and have in large measure framed their dramatic music on the lines laid down by him.

Here, then, was another revolution, and an important one. Formal melody still exists on the stage, but the continuous interconnecting links of melos are derived from Wagner, while the wondrous harmonies and chord combinations which he was the first to introduce into the realm of opera have been so many additions to the material which the modern composer has for manipulation.

PHASES OF OPERATIC HISTORY AND MISCELLANY

PHASES OF OPERATIC HISTORY, AND MISCELLANY

I. ENGLISH OPERA FROM THE EIGHTEENTH TO THE PRESENT CENTURY

"The Beggar's Opera" — Arne — Bishop — Balfe — Wallace — Thomas—Sullivan—Living Composers.

THERE is not much to boast of, so far as English operatic music is concerned, from the death of Purcell to about the middle of the nineteenth century. Purcell's work, in its limited field, was excellent, but Handel's powerful personality attracted so much attention to the Italian methods of composition that no other style found real favor for many years.

Opera, of course, existed in England, but it was of the Italian order: indeed, there was so much said against the unfortunate English language as a medium of vocal expression that native talent had little or no chance of distinguishing itself. The only work that stands out during this period as being essentially English was a curious medley of songs and airs called "The Beggar's Opera" produced in 1728, but even this was arranged by Pepusch, a German. The old genuine English tunes were, however, used in this, and its one or two successors, but the music is not of a serious type. The airs are simple and simply harmonized, and make no comparison with the Handel or Bononcini operas.

One of the first Englishmen to write opera on the prevalent Italian model was Thomas Arne, whose chief work was "Artaxerxes." He also wrote many masques or plays with incidental music. To-day he is best known as the reputed author of "Rule Britannia," and of the popular and tuneful setting of Shakespeare's words "Where the Bee sucks."

The English style of composition of this period, which is in the main vigorous, manly, and bold, was not at all suited to the taste of the fashionable public, who were led to believe that the florid and effeminate Italian airs were the only true method of operatic composition; consequently we are not surprised that native talent was overlooked and ignored, and that England has nothing to show that will compare with what was going on in Italy, Germany, and France at a corresponding period.

Arne's name is still remembered and his tunes sung, but the same can hardly be said of his followers and successors, Shield, Storace, Kelly, and others. Although these men attempted dramatic composition in the style of Arne, they had no very definite model upon which to work, and they were more successful in the glee and madrigal than in stage work. Some of their songs are heard now and then, but their influence on national opera was very slight.

The eighteenth century is indeed a period of blank in English operatic history, and in spite of the work of Henry Bishop, who wrote effective concerted numbers, the earlier part of the nineteenth century had but little more to show. Bishop was content to leave the English "ballad opera" where he found it, although he had the ability to found a national school of opera had he possessed the requisite energy and initiative.

The first English composer after Arne to produce anything attaining to real popularity, and really deserving the name of opera, was Balfe, who, following an example set by John Barnett in his opera "The Mountain Sylph," produced in 1835 "The Siege of Rochelle," and eight years later the well-known "Bohemian Girl." That these operas are not of a particularly exalted type must be admitted; the airs are tuneful and mostly commonplace. There can be no comparison, for example, between "The Bohemian Girl" and "Faust"; for although both make a ready and immediate appeal, the artistic standard is much lower in the English than in the French work. But still the work of Balfe was an immense advance on the poorly constructed ballad opera that had hitherto found acceptance, and it helped to pave the way to higher ideals and better methods.

On about the same plane is Wallace, whose most popular work is "Maritana"—even more trying to listen to (for the cultured hearer) than "The Bohemian Girl." These works, although poor and of no interest to the musician, yet play a part in the education of the people. Those quite unenlightened in the forms of opera can make a good start by at first listening to works of this type; and as their experience grows, so their taste will undoubtedly improve, and ripen to an appreciation of better things. The admiration of the crowd for such works as these, although now less than formerly, is not to be altogether condemned, seeing that it may in some cases be the means of raising the masses to an appreciation of something better and more musically satisfactory.

As musical education in England gradually improved, so we find the composers more artistic in their outlook and more solid in their work. The operas of Benedict (1804-85) and Macfarren (1813-87), al-

though seldom performed now, are the output of talented and cultured musicians, who possessed, moreover, gifts of melody and dramatic characterization which must not be overlooked. Benedict's best opera was "The Lily of Killarney," produced in 1862.

Greater heights still were reached by Arthur Goring Thomas (1850-92), who wrote "Esmeralda" and "Nadeshda," both works of merit, and from which excerpts are frequently given in concert-rooms.

Last of deceased English opera-composers we name Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan (1842-1900), who wrote one serious opera, "Ivanhoe" (1891), and a host of delightful works of slighter scope to which it is hard to give a class-name. They are not quite of the opera comique type, nor do they partake of the farcical nature of opera bouffe. Perhaps a nondescript term such as "light opera" answers as well as any other to the charming, harmonious, graceful class of "Singspiel" which found such favor not only in England and America, but in the case of some works (such as "The Mikado"), also on the European continent. Their popularity, immense some twenty years ago, lately appears to be somewhat on the wane; but they are still models of refinement and of good sound musicianship.

More serious attention has been paid to opera in English by composers still living (1910) than by any yet named here. With the exception of Sir C. Hubert H. Parry, all the chief living composers of English nationality have made a bid for fame in grand opera, though with only partial success. Those whose efforts appear to have led to the best results are Stanford and Mackenzie. In England there is less opportunity for operatic composers than in almost any other country: works when written have little chance of being publicly staged. Occasionally the management of the Grand Opera invites a work from an English musician, but even then it is sometimes coupled with the condition that it be performed in a foreign language. Opera is not the delight of the man in the street, as it is in many European countries, and the works that find favor at Covent Garden seem to be chosen according to the wishes of the boxholders and members of the syndicate.

Besides Stanford and Mackenzie, among the composers making brave endeavors in face of such adverse conditions are Bunning, Corder, Cowen, De Lara, MacCunn, and others. But, notwithstanding what these have accomplished or attempted, it is acknowledged by native critics that, while English opera suffers much from lack of opportunity, it suffers more from want of individuality. Were English composers able to graft on to their style some trace of natural characteristics, as we find the Russians and Bohemians of to-day have done, there is little doubt but that their productions would command a greater interest and a more enduring success.

II. SLAVONIC OPERA

Early Russian Composers—Glinka—Dargomijsky—Borodin—César Cui—Rimski-Korsakov—Tchaikovsky—Polish Opera—Bohemian Opera—Smetana—Dvořák—Other European Countries.

THE operas of the Russians, Poles, and Bohemians, in so far as they possess points of individual interest, do so by virtue of their natural characteristics. It is unnecessary, therefore, to trace back the history of opera in these countries to its foundation, as we should find that, in the main, it was a borrowed and foreign art, employing only methods that had derived their origin elsewhere, generally in Italy.

Although, therefore, we find that opera in Russia was produced as early as 1737 on the Italian model, and even in the vernacular with some attempt at national style in 1756, these early attempts soon gave way before the popular style of light Italian pieces, and the work of such composers as Volkov, Titov, and Cavos may be passed over as unimportant in the history of opera. Even the music of that much greater musician, Anton Rubinstein, so far as his dramatic work goes, is a negligible quantity, in so far as it is Teuton in style and without distinction or national signification.

The acknowledged pioneer in this school was Glinka (1804-57), who wrote but one work of lasting worth, "A Life for the Czar." This opera, however, laid such hold upon the Russian peoples as to have become the most popular opera in their repertoire, and we are told that it is played invariably for the opening night of the season both at Moscow and at St. Petersburg. It is intensely national in subject, and although the music shows many traces of Italian influence, which is not surprising considering its date of production (1836), there is still much that has its origin in national song and folk theme. Glinka afterward wrote and produced a still more national but less successful work entitled "Russlan and Ludmilla."

Glinka's one popular opera is not only important in itself; it is still more worthy of notice as the stimu-

lating motive which enabled a large number of younger Russians to write works of a similar nature. It must be conceded that here the names of these men are hardly anything but names; yet in their own country they mean much to the people. The extremely intimate nature of the music of the operas written by such men as Dargomijsky, Serov, César Cui, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, Tchaikovsky, and Arensky, while making for popularity in the country of their production, is a factor against their performance in countries where the folk songs and themes introduced would be unknown and unappreciated.

Dargomijsky (1813-69), who has been claimed as the founder of modern Russian opera, wrote two fairly well-known works, "The Water-Sprite" and "The Stone Guest," the story of the latter being closely allied to that of Mozart's "Don Giovanni." In his operas Dargomijsky seems to have been more or less unconsciously working on the lines of Wagner in the construction of his intermediary recitative sections, and his whole method is one of greater advancement than that of Glinka. His chief follower was Mussorgsky (1839-81), a composer much influenced also by Wagner. He was also an able literary critic. His most famous work was entitled "Judith."

Borodin (1834-87), a capable chemist as well as a skilled musician, has a name for the composition of clever examples of chamber music. To the operatic repertoire he contributed "Prince Igor," a work following Italian methods to some extent, but still possessing much that stamps its Russian origin. It is one of the few members of its class that are bright and cheerful in tone, with an absence of that pessimism which is the prevalent feature of so much Russian music.

César Cui (born 1835) has composed "Ratcliff," "Angelo," "Le Flibustier," and other works, the last mentioned having been produced in Paris. Cui is well known for his able literary articles and contributions to the Russian journals and magazines. Rimsky-Korsakov (1844-1908) wrote several works, among them "Pskovitjanka" and "A May Night."

The name of Tchaikovsky (1840-93) is well enough known in the concert-rooms of the world. Of all Russian composers his is the name to conjure with, and although one cannot pass unrestrictedly favorable criticism upon all that he composed, we undoubtedly owe to him a very great deal that is surpassingly rich, beautiful, and likely to endure. His genius, however, did not shine at its brightest in the theater, and although, like the Bohemian Dvořák, he was attracted again and again to the stage, his work for it has not met with such universal success as that done in other spheres.

Besides his "Eugen Onegin," which we give, several more fine works proceeded from his fertile pen, some of them still very popular in their own country. The chief are "The Oprichnik," "Joan of Arc," "Mazeppa," and "The Enchantress." Tchaikovsky attempted many styles, but his individuality was always apparent, sometimes with good results and sometimes not. When the subject of the opera was in accordance with the general trend of his thought, the result was felicitous, but he holds a lower place as a writer of opera than as a creator of symphony, song, and tone-poem.

The sister country of Poland has at present made little claim to achievement in the opera house: the national dances, the polonaise, valse, mazurka, etc., have been utilized by Glinka very effectively, but the only record of Polish opera to hand is the work of the great pianist Paderewski, whose "Manru" is included in our selection. Its music is described as German rather than Polish, and it is not likely to found a new school of composition.

Of more interest is the national opera of Bohemia, with its headquarters at Prague. Among its composers we find the names of Tomaschek (1774-1850), Napravnik (born 1839), and Fibich (1850-1900). More important than these is Smetana (1824-84), who settled in Prague in 1866, at a time when national freedom of thought and language was gaining position in Bohemia. Smetana took advantage of the enthusiasm with which everything national was greeted, and by his incorporation of the folk-songs of the people into his operas, introduced to his country a new form of opera which at once took root and flourished there. The melodies he chose were dear to the hearts of the people; moreover, they were simply and yet effectively treated, with due knowledge of and consideration for stage effect; consequently Smetana's operas are in Bohemia looked upon as the realization of a national ideal.

His pupil and follower, Dvořák (1841-1904), whose name as a composer of symphonies and chamber music is an exalted one, also wrote much for the stage; indeed, just before his death a new opera by him, "Armida," was produced in Prague. But his success, although so great and well deserved in other fields, is not comparable with that of Smetana, nor has he ever in the same way touched the hearts of the people. Other works by him are "King and Collier," "Wanda," "Der Bauer ein Schelm," "Demetrius," and "Rusalka." There is a promising young group of composers working at Prague, of whose doings we may some day hear more than at present.

Here we may glance at the conditions that govern opera in some of the other European countries, which give evidence of a certain amount of activity; this has, in the main, confined itself up to the present within its own borders. The Scandinavian composers, such as Gade, Grieg, Sinding, etc., whose names are world-known in other fields, have nothing to show us in respect of opera. The opera houses of Christiania and Copenhagen are active and busy, but they produce little indigenous opera, nor does the fame of that little travel very far. The Spaniards and Portuguese also have no claim to distinction as composers of opera, the name of Arrieta, we take it, being little known, although he is the most famous of Spanish musicians so far as dramatic writing is concerned. Interest in the opera of these countries is the work of the specialist, rather than of the general writer.

III. OPERA TO-DAY IN ITALY, GERMANY, AND FRANCE

Boito—His Interesting Personality—Mascagni—Leoncavallo—Puccini—Cilea—German Composers—Goldmark and Humperdinck—Richard Strauss—The French School—Saint-Saëns—Massenet—Bruneau—Debussy.

TO-DAY the art of operatic composition appears to be returning for its best results to its much-loved home, Italy; the young Italian composers, among all its devotees of all nationalities, appear to be putting forth the strongest work. Contemporary English, French, and German operas, with a few notable exceptions, are rarely heard beyond the borders of the land which gives them birth, but the works of Mascagni, Puccini, and Leoncavallo find a home in every opera house.

At the outset of our review of living Italian opera composers we meet the strange figure of Arrigo Boito (born 1842), more famous for one opera than are many composers who have endowed the world with dozens of such works. The charm of his personality has aided its success, while the ill fortune which dogged its birth and its intimate relationship to a great home have also contributed to its world-wide fame.

Not that Boito's "Mefistofele" is a work in the repertoire of every opera house; rather, its performances seem to be limited in number, and yet all the world knows of its composer as the capable litterateur and musician who, amidst intense excitement, brought his "Mefistofele" before the Milanese public at La Scala in 1868, and by the novelty of its form and musical treatment so displeased a very large number of his would-be admirers that he fell from the height of popularity to which expectation had elevated him almost to the depth of extinction so far as his musical efforts were concerned. "Mefistofele" has been rewritten; it was a work in advance of its time, and honor must be given to Boito for the artistic beauty of his conceptions, and for his courage and skill in the wielding of them to the ultimate conviction of an unwilling public. This fascinating but tantalizing composer still stimulates interest by the fact that he keeps two other and newer operas, "Nerone" and "Orestiade," in his desk, and refuses, at any rate for the present, to bring them to the light.

We now come to a composer whose music, or part of it, at any rate, must have been heard by everybody—Pietro Mascagni (born 1863), whose most famous opera, "Cavalleria Rusticana," is one of the most popular modern works in the operatic repertoire. It was produced in 1890, and soon attained to fame; this was due, to some extent, to the introduction of a new device—namely, the performance of an orchestral intermezzo dividing the work into two parts, the curtain remaining up and disclosing an empty stage (a street scene). Possibly the original intention in leaving the curtain up was to prevent the buzz of conversation which always accompanies its fall, and precludes the possibility of careful attention to the music; but in this instance the music is so melodious, tuneful, and cleverly scored that it assured the success of the opera. Succeeding works from the same pen—"L'Amico Fritz," "I Rantzau," "Guglielmo Ratcliff," "Iris," and others—have not yet found equal success.

Very frequently coupled upon the same playbill with Mascagni's "Cavalleria" is the short modern Italian opera "I Pagliacci" (The Strolling Players), the work of Leoncavallo (born 1858), and written upon much the same general lines as its forerunner. Its prologue, for a solo barytone, is popular in concert-halls. In the opera it occurs as part of the overture, the singer pushing his way through the curtain, and retiring again after his performance, before the stage scene is actually disclosed. Leoncavallo has written many other works, but his chief distinction of later date has been that upon him fell the choice of the German Emperor to write a typically German opera on the subject of "Roland of Berlin." The work was produced in Berlin in 1905, but without giving full satisfaction, the general opinion being that a German composer should have been chosen to clothe so essentially national a subject with music, and that Leoncavallo's attempt was uninspired, grandiose, and lacking in the elements of beauty.

Other followers of Mascagni are Giordano (born 1867), composer of "Andrea Chenier"; Spinelli (born 1865), chiefly known by "A Basso Porto"; and Franchetti (born 1850). More famous than these is Francesco Cilea, a young composer of promise, whose "Adriana Lecouvreur" contains music of great beauty and charm. The method of Mascagni is closely followed, even to the introduction of a tuneful and charmingly scored intermezzo, but there is independence of melodic phrase and real grip in the music. "Adriana" was originally produced at Milan in 1902, and was staged at Covent Garden, London, during the autumn visit of the San Carlo company, two years later.

Undoubtedly the greatest of the modern Italian composers is Giacomo Puccini (born 1858), who has made himself famous not merely by one opera but by several. His earlier works, "Manon Lescaut," etc., hardly represent him at his best, although they contain much fine music; but in "La Bohème," in "La Tosca," and most of all in "Madame Butterfly," this clever musician has found himself and has risen to great heights. He is most happy in the way in

which his music paints the situation to be depicted, and he has a most wonderfully ready power of melody. The continuous use of distinctive and rhythmic melody and the absence of any definite characterization by means of the *Leitmotiv* differentiates his work very largely from that of the Wagner school—it is altogether on a lighter basis, but the melody has an irresistible attractiveness, which accounts largely for the favor which his operas are finding at the present day.

Puccini's latest work, "The Girl of the Golden West," deals with an American subject. It was produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, during the season of 1910-11.

Germany to-day can hardly be held to have produced such an array of familiar names, but that of Humperdinck (born 1854) has become famous through his setting of the delightful fairy tale "Hänsel und Gretel." There is, however, still living a senior to Humperdinck in the person of Goldmark (born 1830), whose "Cricket on the Hearth" is well known. Goldmark became famous by his opera "The Queen of Sheba," produced in Vienna in 1875. He has penned much music, and other operas, but the two above named are his best-known contributions to operatic literature.

More interesting, because his fairy opera has been seen by almost every one, is Humperdinck, who has skillfully applied Wagnerian methods to opera on a comparatively light subject. The story of "Hänsel und Gretel," from Hans Andersen, is worked up into a charming plot, and if some of the incidents seem, upon the modern stage, somewhat trivial and childish, the music is so perfect in form and matter that the ear is delighted throughout. The use of folk-songs and simple melodies which appeal to all is supplemented by a wonderfully capable and polyphonic use of the orchestra, which shows the master hand in every bar of the score.

"Hänsel und Gretel" can be appreciated alike by the smallest child and by the skilled musician, and therein lies its great charm, for much study must usually precede appreciation of work so elaborate and complex. Humperdinck's succeeding works, several in number, have not risen to the same level, either of beauty or of popularity. His "Die Heirat wider Willen" was produced with a fair measure of success under Strauss at Berlin in April, 1905.

Richard Strauss, the well-known composer of orchestral tone-poems, has made several bids for fame in opera: his early works, such as "Guntram" and "Feuersnot," have not attracted so much attention as have "Salome," produced at Dresden in 1906, and the "Elektra" staged in 1909. Strauss, the most conspicuous of recent musical innovators, writes very boldly, often with a startling lack of blend between orchestra and voice.

Other living composers of German opera are Max Schillings (born 1868); Weingartner (born 1863), the great orchestral conductor; Siegfried Wagner (born 1869), son of the great master; Nessler (born 1841), composer of "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen" (a wonderfully popular work, which, however, is not of the first rank); and many others whose fame may or may not be enduring. Modern German opera since Wagner has hardly, with the exception of "Hänsel und Gretel," the distinction, power, and originality which we find in the followers of the young Italian school.

More famous are the men of the French school, the natural followers of Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, and their fellows. Progress is noticeable from the type of music which prevails in "Faust," in the works of such composers as Saint-Saëns, Massenet, and Bruneau, and the influence of Wagner is quite apparent. But in French opera the traditions which belonged to the Académie of old, and which have descended to the more modern grand opera, combine with a certain Gallic grace and charm to preserve individuality to this school.

Foremost among French composers in every branch is that versatile and gifted man Saint-Saëns (born 1835). Like Boito, he possesses an interesting personality, prominent among his characteristics being a habit of suddenly disappearing for months together from the eyes of a world of which he has grown temporarily weary. He will then come back from some half-civilized or totally barbarous district of Africa or elsewhere, bearing with him piles of manuscript, which soon finds a ready publisher. The music so composed often bears some impress of the surroundings amid which it has been penned, which adds in no small degree to its acceptance by the public. Saint-Saëns has written many operas both for the grand and the comique stage without any very marked success. The work best known here is "Samson et Dalila," a dramatized version of the Bible story. His "Henry VIII" is perhaps the best known of his other works, which include "Proserpine," "Ascanio," "Phryne," "Les Barbares," and "L'Ancêtre."

Jules Massenet (born 1842) is the author of many operas, of which mention may be made of "Don César de Bazan," "Le roi de Lahore," "Hérodiade," "Manon," "Le Cid," "Esclarmonde," "Werther," "Thaïs," "La Navarraise," and "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame." "Hérodiade" is really a dramatic version of the Bible story of St. John and Salome. It is perhaps the best of the Massenet operas, "Manon" and "La Navarraise" approaching it nearest in popular esteem. Massenet has had much success with "Le Jongleur de Notre-Dame," produced at Monte Carlo in 1902.

A most earnest and serious-minded composer, who more closely follows Gluck and Wagner in his desire for operatic truth, is Alfred Bruneau (born 1857), one of the finest of French musicians. From the first his style has been revolutionary, and owing to crudities somewhat hard to accept; but while sometimes musically deficient, his dramatic grip and sincerity of purpose are so strong that there is doubtless a future before his operas. "Le rêve," "L'attaque du moulin," "Messidor," and "L'Ouragan" are the titles of his chief works, the third named of these being perhaps the best. Bruneau was fortunate in securing the services of Zola as his librettist, several prose-poems by the great novelist having been intrusted to his care.

André Messager (born 1853) has chiefly distinguished himself by a charming light work, "La

Basoche," which has had much attention at English hands. Dubois, Paladihle, and others are still at work in the field of French opera, but perhaps its most prominent modern representative is Gustave Charpentier (born 1860), whose opera "Louise" has made a great hit, and shows possession of great gifts from which much more may be expected. Vincent d'Indy (born 1851), another of the younger school, is the composer of a fairly successful work, "Fervaal."

Claude Debussy (born 1862), a composer who has written an amount of successful music of a unique kind, in that it employs mostly a scale of whole tones, rather than one of tones and semitones, produced in 1902 "Pelléas et Mélisande," based on Maeterlinck's drama of the same name. This original and distinctive work has become widely popular.

IV. THE CHIEF OPERA HOUSES OF THE WORLD

Covent Garden—La Scala—San Carlo—Venice—Rome—Paris and the Grand Opéra—Vienna—Budapest—Prague—Berlin—Dresden—Munich—Bayreuth—Russia—Other European Countries—Egypt—America.

ARCHITECTURALLY speaking, Covent Garden Theater, the leading English opera house, is not one of the sights of London. Hidden away somewhat ignominiously in a side street, it has little appearance, in spite of its size, and by no means forms so conspicuous a feature in the way of public building as do the majority of the houses in European capitals.

Covent Garden Theater is situated on Bow Street, where the first building was opened in 1732. Several structures on the site were destroyed by fire. The present building was opened in 1858. Many musical productions, including operas, had been given earlier at Covent Garden, but it was not till 1846 that the theater was converted specially into an opera house. Here Mario, Grisi, Alboni, Tamburini, and many other renowned artists have sung. At Covent Garden Adelina Patti made her first appearance before a European audience. English as well as foreign opera has at times flourished at this famous house. Under the management of the Royal Opera Syndicate it still maintains its rank as one of the world's great musical houses—this in spite of the fact that it is "nothing but an ordinary theater," and is not, like the opera houses of the Continent, practically sacred to the performance of opera. At Covent Garden, besides opera are given musical festivals, promenade concerts, fancy dress balls, etc. Only at certain seasons of the year is the theater exclusively devoted to opera. The Royal Opera Syndicate runs a season of grand opera from the end of April to the end of July, performances being given nightly.

Turning to the opera houses of the European continent, we at once think of the famous La Scala theater at Milan. This house has a seating capacity for 3600 persons. Apart from its size, there is the musical and artistic interest which this house derives from the production of many works here for the first time. Since its opening date, August 3, 1778, hundreds of operas have been staged, and the triumphs of Rossini, Meyerbeer, Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi have been witnessed. It is enough to state that such works as Rossini's "La Gazza ladra," Bellini's "Norma," Donizetti's "Lucrezia Borgia," Verdi's "I Lombardi," Boito's "Mefistofele," and Ponchielli's "La Gioconda" first saw the light of day in La Scala to establish for it a claim to notice on the part of operagoers. Some time ago the municipal grant toward the expenses of the establishment was close upon $50,000, but since 1902 the annual subsidy has been reduced.

Even older than La Scala, as it dates originally from 1737, is its Neapolitan rival San Carlo. The new house, built after a fire in 1816, is of great size, and at one time vied with La Scala in the importance of new works produced; but less financial support has been forthcoming from Naples than is the case at Milan, and although an annual grant of some $16,000 is given by the municipality, the San Carlo productions, while of very high rank, are perhaps hardly on a level with those at La Scala. But San Carlo has had its triumphs, and has seen the first production of Rossini's "Mosè in Egitto," "Zelmira," and other works, and of Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," besides numbers of other operas of less fame.

Although Venice looms large in the history of music, and its doings in opera have been very considerable, there appears to be no theater solely devoted to this class of work, nor is there any regular grant. The Fenice Theater has figured largely in Venetian operatic history. It is interesting to remember that Rossini's "Semiramide" and "Tancredi" were both first performed at that house.

Rome in older days nad pride of place among opera houses, and Hadow speaks of it as being at one time the highest school in which a musician could graduate. Here was produced Rossini's "Il Barbiere" and many another famous work. To-day opera at Rome, if indeed it is on an equal level, hardly seems to be of higher importance than that in other Italian cities. It has no subsidy at the present time, and has to depend on its own resources for its maintenance.

The French opera house is one of the most imposing sights of Paris; well situated and finely conceived, it is a worthy home for that art product for which it is intended. The history of French opera from the earliest recorded performances of the sixteenth century is, of course, very extensive. As long ago as 1672 the name of Lulli made Parisian opera famous, and although for a time its home was transferred to the Palais Royal, the site has borne testimony to many a fine building, the present one, inscribed Académie Nationale de Musique, dating from 1874 (commenced in 1861). Although its seating capacity of 2156 is much less than that of La Scala, it is the largest house in the world, and covers almost three acres of ground.

Besides Lulli, the names of Rameau, Gluck, Cherubini, Spontini, Hérold, Auber, Meyerbeer, and Berlioz are all indissolubly connected with the opera of Paris. There is no house in all musical history that can claim so great a measure of variety and incident, nor make such interesting reading, as that of the Académie de Musique. Its fortunes have fluctuated, but it has done wonderful work, and a mere recapitulation of names of fine operas which had their original production here would be far too long for quotation. The glory of Parisian grand opera has always held a spell over the nations, and has been a thing apart from all else in music. We know something of the hold of the Académie upon Wagner, and if there is to-day somewhat less of a glamour cast by it than in the days when Lulli held despotic sway, or Spontini or Meyerbeer dominated all, there is still a charm and delight to be found within its walls, which are difficult to equal in houses where the traditional uses are less sacredly adhered to.

The French are very jealous of its traditions, and although modern times have not allowed the directors to fall behind in their efforts to keep pace with the strides operatic music has made under Wagner's influence, it is only quite recently that the works of the composer have been welcomed in Paris. Popular feeling, partly on patriotic grounds, for long kept his operas in the background. Parisians would have none of them. The result has been, perhaps, even more rigidly to preserve those customs of grand opera, such as the inclusion of a ballet, which are among its most distinctive features.

Touching upon the question of finance, we find that the French Government allows the very large subsidy of $160,000 per annum toward the expenses of grand opera; in return, however, opera is supposed to be staged three or four times during the week. The prices of admission are not high, ranging from 17 francs to 2 francs. France loves its opera, and does not hesitate to lay out good round sums for its support; nor are its people behindhand in their attendance; a crowded house is the rule rather than the exception, appreciation, while critical, being still keen.

Comparing not unfavorably in dignity of conception and splendor of adornment with the French house is the Imperial Opera of Vienna, an ornament in that encircling ring of fine buildings which is so distinctive a feature of the Austrian capital. Vienna has been the home of so many of the giants of music that it is not surprising that it should have witnessed the first production of many a work now world-famous: Gluck's "Orfeo," Mozart's "Figaro," "Cosi fan tutte," and "Zauberflöte," Beethoven's "Fidelio." These alone would suffice to cause Vienna to stand high in musical fame. Not that the present opera house witnessed their production, for the building which to-day stands as an abode of opera dates from a more recent time; the cost of its erection was more than $2,500,000. Belonging to the state, its affairs are administered by the Lord Chamberlain's department, any deficit being made good from the Emperor's civil list.

The Royal Opera House at Budapest, Hungary, receives from the state a large subsidy, a specific sum for salaries, and a liberal grant from the Emperor.

Reference must also be made to Prague, famous for the production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni" in 1787. More recently Prague has been the home of works of the Bohemian school, as exemplified by Smetana, Dvořák, Fibich, and others. Smetana's "Bartered Bride" was staged at Prague in 1866, and from that date to the time of the appearance of Dvořák's "Armida," in 1904, the National Theater has witnessed a constant succession of works of a characteristically national tone which make an unfailing appeal to the Czechs. The Czech theater has a state grant.

The Berlin Opera House also has claims to notice, for was not Weber's "Der Freischütz" mounted here for the first time? Moreover, Berlin being the capital of Germany, the house is the scene of many fine state performances much patronized by royalty. The building itself, although standing well in the fine "Linden" promenade, will not compare with Paris or Vienna from an architectural point of view. The Opera House and Playhouse of Berlin together receive annually $270,000 toward their working expenses.

Leipzig and Dresden have fine theaters. The Dresden Court Theater, used as an opera house, is specially famous for its associations with Weber and Wagner. It is a fine building, magnificently situated in an imposing position, and having considerable architectural pretensions. The King of Saxony pays about $155,000 for the opera, theater, and orchestra, and also makes good any deficit that arises. At this theater Richard Strauss has produced his "Salome" and "Elektra."

Munich has of late come to the front in operatic matters; the Court Theater, administered from the civil list, has long devoted much attention to opera, but interest is now centered somewhat on the new Prince Regent Theater, where an attempt is being made to outvie Bayreuth itself in the Wagner pro-

ductions. Nor have the performances been confined to Wagner, for Mozart's operas have been interspersed with his. It is as yet too early to say what influence, if any, the new Munich house will have on the fortunes of Bayreuth, but it seems probable that a theater even better fitted up than Bayreuth itself for Wagnerian performances, and in a locality so much more central and easily reached, may in the near future materially affect the fortunes of the older house.

Almost every German town of any size has its opera house, and detailed description of all is manifestly impossible, notwithstanding that much interest attaches to some of them. We must therefore conclude our account of the German theaters with a short description of that built by Wagner at Bayreuth according to his own ideas of what such a house should be.

There is little doubt that at the present time the Bayreuth Opera House is the most famous in the world. Worship of Wagner is still widespread, the halo surrounding his name and his home casts a glow upon the little town which he selected as the scene of his final labors, and from all parts of the world, when the Bayreuth theater opens its doors, pilgrimages are made and devotees flock with an intense enthusiasm which has no parallel. To the true Wagnerian, Bayreuth is a sacred spot inspiring a reverence quite distinct from that felt for any other.

It was in May, 1872, that the foundation-stone was laid, and the completion of the building, delayed by lack of funds, took place in 1876, when "The Ring" was performed. Since then performances have taken place on a grand scale at intervals of a year or two years in the summer. A feature in the construction was that an equally good view should be obtained from every point of view. This was done by raising every seat a little above the one immediately in front of it, and by putting each spectator where he could see between the heads of the two persons before him. Another feature was the submerged orchestra—i.e., below the level of the floor of the house. Even the conductor, although he has the stage in view, cannot be seen by the audience, and part of the orchestra (the brass) is actually under the stage—an experiment which seemed doubtful at first, but which has on the whole proved successful. The machinery and scenery were as good as could possibly be obtained, and the management still keeps up to date in this respect. Although open to competition both from New York and from Munich, Bayreuth seems likely to hold its own for some years to come, whenever it may choose to open its doors.

In Russia, and more especially at St. Petersburg and Moscow, theatrical attendance is looked upon as an educational matter, and therefore it is possible to see opera for a very small sum. Of course this means large imperial help. The two cities have fine houses, with interest for us in that they have witnessed the production of most of the operas of the young Russian school. The ballet is much beloved in Russia, and forms one of the regular objects of representation.

Space forbids us to go into detail as to the opera houses of Sweden (Royal Theater of Stockholm), Norway (National Theater, Christiania), Spain, Holland, Belgium (Brussels, Théâtre de la Monnaie), Denmark (Copenhagen, Royal Theater), or Portugal. San Carlos, at Lisbon, is, however, of special interest in being one of the oldest houses of its kind, having been erected in 1793.

Egypt has opera houses at Cairo and Alexandria. That at Cairo saw the production of Verdi's "Aïda" in 1871.

In New York, the Metropolitan Opera House witnesses magnificent performances, and commands the best and most expensive talent in the world. It was opened October 22, 1883. Its stage is one of the largest in the country and the house has a seating capacity of 3700. That of the Manhattan, now given up to lighter productions, is 3000. (For many particulars relating to the opera houses in New York and other cities of the United States the reader is referred to the section on "Music in America," Chapter II.)

A few words should be added here concerning the Boston Opera House, in some respects the finest in America. It was inaugurated under the brightest auspices for art in the musical city which it adorns. It was brilliantly opened on November 8, 1909, with a performance of Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." The house has a seating capacity of 2750, and all its appointments are admirably suited to their purposes. The stage has been said by experts to have no equal in this country. It is 90 feet high, 70 feet deep, and 150 feet wide. It is divided into numerous platforms which can be raised or lowered by ingenious machinery to suit the requirements of any performance.

V. OFFSHOOTS AND CURIOSITIES OF OPERA

Operetta—Musical Comedy—Ballad Opera—Masque—Ballet—Objections Thereto—Curiosities of Construction—Pasticcio—Mixed Language—Stereotyped Casts—Curiosities of Stage Requirements—Wagner's Supernatural Requirements—Curiosities of the Music—Vocal Cadenzas.

THE chief offshoot of opera proper is opéra comique, or Singspiel—opera interspersed with spoken dialogue, not necessarily of a humorous nature. The mere fact, however, of the introduction of such dialogue confers on the work the title of opéra comique in France and that of Singspiel in Germany. When one remembers that such works as Beethoven's "Fidelio" and Weber's "Der Freischütz" belong to this type, it is evidently of great importance, and a very large number of operas by a variety of composers come under this heading.

Next, perhaps, in interest is the operetta, or short opera, originally a one-act light opera frequently employing spoken dialogue; the general style, moreover, is lighter and of less imposing proportions than serious opera. In later days, operettas are often prolonged into two or more acts and have been made very familiar by the long series of works by Gilbert and Sullivan, which, properly speaking, belong to this category.

Of a somewhat lower grade is musical comedy, a popular type of stage piece making considerable use of music, but of only the less exalted forms of the art. No serious pretensions to artistic beauty are claimed by these works, the taste for which seems to be, at the present time, somewhat on the wane.

A form of opera for which the English have always had an affection is the ballad opera, really a string of airs, often by different composers, thrown more or less promiscuously into a story, with which they often appear to have no very close connection. There is practically no concerted music, and the whole bears some resemblance to a ballad concert. The renowned "Beggar's Opera," which for years was a model for English entrepreneurs, belonged to this category, and set an example for hosts of imitators to follow. Indeed, England is only now beginning to shake herself free from the trammels of this class of work, to which such operas as "The Bohemian Girl" and "Maritana" tend to approximate. The ballad opera also took root in America, where hundreds of such works flourished for a time, and it is not unknown in Germany, where it is called Liederspiel.

Of more artistic merit and interest is the masque, which really preceded opera. Originally developing in carnival processions through the streets of Italian towns, it was adopted in England during the reigns of Henry VIII and some succeeding monarchs. The plan of such works was the presentation of some allegorical idea upon a stage, with descriptive music, both vocal and instrumental, and a large proportion of dancing. Campion, Lock, Coperario, and many others took part in the composition of these divertissements, which were in great demand for such functions as royal weddings. They were staged in the most sumptuous manner, great attention being paid to stage machinery, costume, etc. Much of the music has been lost, but what remains shows it to have been excellent of its class, and it is effective even in performance to-day.

In early days of operatic history there was no radical difference between the masque and the ballet. An entertainment of vocal and instrumental music in celebration of the marriage of the Duke of Joyeuse in 1581 (costing three and a half million francs to produce) was termed "Ballet comique de la Royne." As an illustration of the dance alone, which is its present signification, the ballet appears to date from the foundation of the opera in France, with which it has had a very close and lasting connection.

Indeed, until recently grand opera without a ballet was unknown. Beginning with Lulli, and continuing even up to the present day, the ballet has maintained a position of great importance; and although it has never appealed to other peoples to the same extent as it appears to have done to Continental nations, it has been transported with the works in which it was introduced and has become a familiar feature to operagoers everywhere.

The great disadvantage of the ballet is that it breaks up the continuity of the story; the development of the interest of the opera is arrested, and so far as the music is concerned a complete difference in style is often necessary, the result being that the old train of thought and idea is often only to be resumed with difficulty. Hence it happens that, with a growing appreciation for artistic truth in opera, the ballet has fallen into the background, and most operas seen to-day do not include any performance of what is, at best, a somewhat irrelevant interlude. A few attempts, such as that by Wagner in "Tannhäuser," to introduce a ballet as an integral factor in the dénouement, have not been specially successful, nor have they been widely imitated. As a separate form of entertainment, apart from opera, the ballet has had excellent music written for it by Adam, Sullivan, Tchaikovsky, and others (in Russia it is a very popular amusement); but in England its appearances are now mainly confined to the music hall, where it is wedded to music of a light and charming character. In our own country the ballet, at its best, is generally

enjoyed along with other features of the opera in which it occurs.

A few words as to curiosities of opera. These may be grouped somewhat as follows: (1) Curiosities of construction and design; (2) curiosities of stage requirements; (3) curiosities of the music.

The old manner of collecting a mass of heterogeneous materials in the way of airs and songs, and of turning them into a kind of opera, is certainly curious. The name pasticcio, or pie, is very applicable to this hybrid growth, which, however, has at times attained to great popularity. One of the most famous instances of its kind is "Muzio Scevola," produced in 1771. This work was in three acts: the first composed by Ariosti, the second by Bononcini, and the third by Handel. The last-named great composer, with an easy manner of doing things which would certainly not pass muster at the present day, also brought out in 1738 an opera almost entirely made up of favorite airs from his other works; an example which Gluck followed a few years later. The day for this kind of thing is fortunately past, and no composer of serious operatic work would revert to a procedure which is more suggestive of the construction of a pantomime.

The singing by different performers in different languages at the same time is another defunct custom. So little regard was paid to the importance of the libretto that it used to be quite a common occurrence for each person on the stage to sing in whatever language came easiest. On the Continent the airs would perhaps be sung in Italian and the recitatives in German, with an inconsistency that is almost incredible. When, however, agility in vocalization was the chief attraction in operatic representation, it is to be presumed that intelligibility of utterance was not an important consideration.

To the same cause must be attributed the extraordinary fact that the dramatis personæ were the same for nearly all operas during a certain period. Whatever the story or plot to be unfolded, it was essential that there should be six principal characters —a high soprano, a mezzo, and a contralto, a male soprano, a tenor, and a bass. Of course slight modifications in the character of the voices was occasionally allowed, but the main lines followed were as above. And whether it suited the story or not, each singer expected to have an important air to sing in each act, and woe betide the unhappy composer who wrote a more attractive piece for one of them than was supplied to a rival singer! From this stereotyped form of bondage, with all its artificiality, opera is now free; and it is due to the observance of these conventions that works of Handel and other composers, who wrote really good music, are absolutely dead.

Apart from the construction in the form of the opera, there have been from time to time interesting experiments made with regard to the housing of that integral portion of it—the orchestra. Wagner's innovation, the placing of the band out of sight and below the stage, although it necessitated the increase of the string sections, has proved on the whole good. Other designs have been the entire covering in of the orchestra with a thin transparent substance, which has had the effect of subduing the sound, but which has also proved disastrously hot for the poor players. One idea emanated from the New York Metropolitan, when Conried suggested the placing of the brass players upon a movable platform, which could move up or down at will; if it is desired that their instruments shall sound prominently they will be raised into the air; if, on the other hand, a subdued effect is required, they will be lowered a few feet; a long crescendo will, presumably, be effected by a gradual elevation of this movable floor! One has yet to wait to see this invention adopted.

In days when enormous groups of performers were considered indispensable for grand effects in opera, one reads of many extravagances in the way of display. In modern scenic dramatic works, in the ballet, and in pantomime, these effects are no doubt legitimate enough; but inasmuch as the cumbering of the stage with voiceless supers hardly helps on the cause of opera, it is a matter for congratulation that these exceptional stage demands are no longer made to any great extent.

Here, for instance, is the modest list of performers that took part in Freschi's "Berenice" in 1680:

100 Virgins.
100 Soldiers.
100 Horsemen in iron armor.
40 Cornets on horseback.
6 Mounted trumpeters.
6 Drummers.
6 Ensigns.
6 Sackbuts.
6 Flutes.
12 Minstrels playing on Turkish instruments, etc.
6 Pages.
3 Sergeants.
6 Cymballers.
12 Huntsmen.
12 Grooms.
12 Charioteers.
2 Lions led by 2 Turks.
2 Elephants.
4 Horses with Berenice's triumphal car.
12 Horses drawing 6 cars.
6 Chariots.
A stable with 100 living horses.
A forest filled with wild boar, deer, and bears.

However magnificent and imposing in effect such a spectacle may be, its proper sphere is not opera. With Meyerbeer, Spontini, and other composers of grand opera these ideas have found favor; but they are a bar to the production of their works to-day, not only on the score of very considerable expense, but also because the artistic sense that delights in beautiful music wedded to appropriate drama will hardly find pleasure in such merely sensuous effects of the eye.

The difficulties of modern stage management occur chiefly in the presentation of the supernatural. Huge crowds are easy enough to put upon the stage, but to make a bird fly across naturally is a more involved matter. In many of the Wagner operas these supernatural features are essential elements of the situation; the Rhine maidens *must* appear to be swimming in real water, the bird *must* fly ahead of Siegfried to

show him the rock on which Brünnhilde sleeps, and round that rock living flames of fire *must* dart and play. It is such points as these which are difficult to stage convincingly. Has any one ever felt much frightened at the dragon Fafner? The fire has a way of coming out of his mouth at the wrong time, his head and his tail seem to have little connection with one another, and the impressive effect of his deeply sonorous utterances is often marred by the very visible megaphone through which they are uttered. In these strange beasts, for which machinery is ineffective, there is still scope for improvement in modern stage management.

Curiosities in the music occur now and then: such, for instance, is the weird portion in the middle of Weber's "Euryanthe" overture, where the curtain rises momentarily to display a gruesome tomb: such is the thrusting aside of the stage curtain in the midst of Leoncavallo's "Pagliacci" prelude for one of the characters to sing a song; such is the curious vocal scherzo upon one reiterated note, for the chorus of seraphim in Boito's "Mefistofele."

On a bigger scale is the curious experiment made by Michael in the opera "Utal," in writing his work without any violins in the orchestra. Of more frequent occurrence than the omission of instruments is the inclusion of various unusual effects, such as the introduction of a mandolin for the serenade in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," of the Glockenspiel for Papageno in "The Magic Flute," of peal of bells in many works, and so forth, whereas Handel sighed for a cannon, and Tchaikovsky actually used one in his "1812" overture. The maximum of stage noise in this way was probably reached by Spontini, who in his opera "Alcidor" had a number of anvils upon the stage tuned to certain notes! An anvil accompaniment, not ineffectively used, may be heard in Gounod's "Philémon et Baucis."

Among curiosities of the music must be mentioned the vocal cadenzas, etc., written for exceptional singers; and in the days when these singers used to include male sopranos and contraltos (termed castrati) the majority of singers appear to have been exceptional. For a man to develop a high soprano voice seems not only unnatural but inartistic; and these singers, some of them most famous, belong to an order of things that obtains no longer, being contrary both to modern ethics and to good taste. What the male soprano could do can usually be done equally well by a good woman singer, and of these there is usually a sufficient supply.

For women singers with voices of exceptional compass special music has often been written, as witness the part of "Queen of the Night" in Mozart's "Zauberflöte," much of which lies abnormally high. Even where not written, singers of Italian opera have often introduced elaborate and wonderful cadenzas for the purposes of display, and these, although not tolerated in opera of the most exalted kind, may still be frequently heard.

Nowadays little of this kind of music is written for the voice, so far as opera is concerned. The work required of the modern operatic singer is more dramatic by nature, and makes demands upon technique of a different order.

VI. POTPOURRI

Opera and Politics—"Lohengrin" in Paris—Opera Non-lucrative to the Composer—Jenny Lind's Contract—Modern Fees—Royalties—Librettists—Metastasio and Scribe—The Prima Donna—Stories of Singers and Composers.

NOW and again it happens that opera rubs shoulders with politics, and acquires some importance in the affairs of nations. Lulli's power at court in the days of Louis XIV was notorious, and none too generously exercised so far as his fellow-musicians were concerned. But influence with monarchs, such as that which he acquired, is rarer now, and less powerful than in those earlier days. Lulli profited by the royal favor bestowed on him, but some great composers have been less fortunate.

Cherubini, for instance, was detested by the great Napoleon, who lost no opportunity of inflicting slights upon him. Cherubini's sympathies were clearly manifested in his "Water Carrier" opera, as on the side of revolution, but distinctly contrary to the excesses to which it often led. So enraged were some ruffians with him that he was in 1794 dragged out of his house, marched through Paris, and finally compelled to provide music for the pleasure of his captors. Napoleon frequently called him into his presence in order to praise other composers, suggesting that he compared unfavorably with them. When Cherubini replied with some little spirit, he was promptly punished by being compelled to conduct various concerts and state performances with no reward whatever.

Napoleon was sometimes given to indulging his

sardonic humor at the expense of those who waited on his favors. It is related by one who knew him well that once at a social function he indulged his whim by pretending to humiliate the composer Grétry. Coming face to face with him several times, Napoleon repeatedly asked the musician, "And who are you?" At last, tired of identifying himself, he replied, "Sire, I am still Grétry."

Napoleon, for a time, could not do enough for Spontini. He commanded the production of "La Vestale," and rewarded him with a present of 10,000 francs, loading him, moreover, with praises and honors. This did not, however, last for very long, for the downfall of the great conqueror was at hand, and anxieties and cares claimed his attention.

Political feeling has probably never run so high over operatic matters as it did in Paris after the Franco-German war. For years no German work was tolerated, at any rate so far as new matter was concerned, and the determination of the management to produce Wagner's "Lohengrin" in 1891 was the signal for a riotous uproar. Public feeling ran high; some of the leading singers, considering discretion the better part of valor, caused frequent postponements of the performance by means of convenient indispositions, and when the work actually came to presentation cordons of police were called out to guard the opera house, both inside and out. M. Lamoureux, who conducted, did so with a pistol in his pocket. Opposition inside the theater made itself felt by an objectionable device of setting floating in the auditorium little balloons of foul gas; while opposition in the street was met by cavalry charges and frequent arrests. The whole occasion was made one of political import, but fortunately common sense prevailed, and no serious issues resulted. Happily for opera, such scenes as these are infrequent and unusual.

Opera is not a fortune-making business for the majority of those who embark on such enterprises. So far as the composition of opera is concerned, financial result is usually very small. Nowadays an opera cannot be lightly tossed off in a few days. It is true that Handel composed "Rinaldo" in fourteen days, Rossini "Il Barbiere" in thirteen (a wonderful performance), and Pacini his "Saffo" in four weeks; but these are very exceptional instances, and may fitly be contrasted with the labor of Wagner, who had his "Meistersinger" and "The Ring" on hand for something like twenty years. Modern opera, with its polyphonic orchestral background and amorphous movements, demands years of work, and for the majority of those who give so much of their lives to it there is little to show in return from a pecuniary point of view.

Operatic management, too, is very speculative; Handel lost his whole fortune and became bankrupt through his operatic ventures, and yet his works had enormous success in their day. The example set by him has been followed by many a subsequent manager, and is perhaps yet in store for many another.

The chief item in expenditure is, of course, the enormous amount swallowed up in the fees paid to the singers. Handel paid Senesino 1400 guineas for the season in 1731, and even allowing for the greater value of money in those days, that is a comparatively small amount. Here, for example, is the contract made by Jenny Lind with Lumley, the London manager, in 1846 (far less liberal, by the way, than such a singer would receive to-day):

"1. An honorarium of 120,000 francs (£4800) for the season (April 14th-August 20th, 1847).

"2. A furnished house, carriage, and pair of horses.

"3. A sum of £300 should she desire to have a preliminary holiday in Italy.

"4. Liberty to cancel the engagement should she feel dissatisfied after her first appearance.

"5. An agreement not to sing elsewhere for her own emolument."

(See Jenny Lind's vastly more remunerative dealings with P. T. Barnum, as related in the section on "Vocal Music and Musicians," Chapter X.)

It generally happens that a singer commands higher fees for private than for public singing, the advantage of the latter being as a rule a guaranteed number of appearances. Farinelli, for example, the chief singer engaged by the noble faction that set up in opposition to Handel in 1734, received only £1500 per annum, but his private engagements made up his income to £5000 a year—a large one at that date. This singer afterward visited the court of Philip V of Spain; that monarch was suffering from mental depression, from which nothing aroused him until the advent of Farinelli. The Queen was so delighted to see her royal spouse once more interested in anything that she engaged Farinelli at a salary of 50,000 francs to remain in Madrid. This he did, singing the same four songs to the King every night for ten years! Eventually Philip V succumbed, but he must have been a patient monarch.

It does not always happen that singers of equal merit receive the same payments, some being more fortunate than others. Catalani, for example, in 1807 received in London £5000 for the season, and with her concerts and provincial tours netted a profit for the year of £16,700. A more famous singer, Lablache, in 1828 could only command £1600 for four months; while Malibran in 1835 received £2755 for twenty-four appearances in London, and 45,000 francs for one hundred and eighty-five performances a few years later at La Scala.

But these fees are as nothing compared with those commanded by the leading singers of to-day, more especially in America, where money is "poured out like water," and where artists are sometimes retained at high fees by one opera house, even if they do not sing a single note during the whole season, so that a rival house shall not secure their services. It is not very unusual for a singer to receive $5000 per performance in the twentieth century. Madame Patti has stated that she received $6000 per night for two seasons of sixty nights each. Caruso has been paid $100,000 for eighty performances, and about $40,000 per annum for singing into gramophones; his contract for four years at $200,000 per annum with the New York Metropolitan is probably a record in this direction.

Of course the amounts received by those who compose the music never approximate to such figures as

these. For "Don Giovanni" Mozart received only 500 thalers, and for "Figaro" 100 ducats. Weber's payment for "Der Freischütz" was 80 Friedrich d'ors, out of which he had to pay the librettist; after the treasury had netted 30,000 thalers from this work Weber was presented with 100! There are, however, a few examples of fair bargains made by musicians. Spontini, in 1814, was offered a salary, then liberal, equal to $3750 per annum for two operas each year in Berlin; in 1819 he accepted a ten years' engagement at the court of Frederick William III, Berlin, at a salary of 4000 thalers, a benefit of 1050 thalers, a free concert, and a pension. He was well treated, but did not himself behave very well, allowing his servant to sell free admissions to the theater, and grumbling because his first-night presentations did not bring in as much as he wished. He finally ended by a demand for compensation for 46,850 thalers, and that in face of the fact that he was convicted of lese-majesty and sentenced to nine months' imprisonment—an indignity from which his new monarch graciously released him.

Sometimes an agreement is made with the composer by which he receives a royalty or lump sum for each performance of his work. To the composer of an opera that takes the public fancy this spells fortune, and vast sums have now and again been made in this way. Isouard, for example, received for the performances of his "Cendrillon" in Paris alone over 100,000 francs in 1810, while Rossini and others have by similar strokes of luck easily acquired wealth. So small, however, is the proportion of new works to-day which become popular that the chances of such good fortune are very small; a "Cavalleria Rusticana" only makes its appearance now and then, nor is the composer of such a work often able to repeat his success.

Although rarely recognized, the work of the author of the libretto is of vast importance. In the days when the story meant little or nothing, provided so many pegs were provided on which to hang the arias, the share of the librettist was a less conspicuous one; today no inconsiderable part of the failure of an opera is due to a poor libretto. It therefore frequently happens that composers, finding it impossible to obtain a poem to please them, write their own libretti, the chief example of this dual work being Wagner, whose dramas are often very fine considered from a literary point of view alone.

Most famous of the librettists of early operas is Metastasio (1698-1782), some of whose poems were set by thirty and forty different composers: he wrote dramas used by such composers as Handel, Hasse, Jomelli, Porpora, Graun, Gluck, Meyerbeer, Caldara, Haydn, Cimarosa, and Mozart. In later days mention may be made of the dramatist Scribe (1791-1861), a French poet who provided a vast number of works for various composers, including Auber, Adam, Boieldieu, Donizetti, Hérold, Halévy, Meyerbeer, and Verdi. Quite one hundred of his operas were staged and performed, to say nothing of light dramatic and other pieces.

Scattered here and there in literature that deals with opera may be found endless stories of singers, composers, and art-patrons. Most fruitful in providing amusing tales are the prime donne, whose jealousies and bickerings, although unpleasant enough for those who have to contend against them, make sufficiently good reading. The prima donna generally knows her power, and is autocratic. There is not found every day a Handel to take such a one forcibly by the scruff of her neck and hang her suspended from a window in mid-air until his will is obeyed. When such a fractious lady has a husband in the same cast consequences may be very bad indeed. The tenor Arsani, for example, the teacher of the Garcias, had a wife who was a prima donna; but instead of acting together, so jealous were they of each other, that when one was receiving the plaudits of the audience the other would go round into the auditorium and hiss!

Rivalry is not always, however, so apparent, and when fine singers are willing to coöperate, very great results are sometimes obtained. The most notable ensemble in this respect was probably that of the four great singers Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, a combination of talent very seldom equaled, which delighted auditors of the early Victorian era.

Nowadays, although a person of power, the great singer has not the field so entirely to himself as to be able to dictate regarding what he will or will not do. A certain tenor, for example, at Marseilles early in 1905 withdrew his promise to sing at a certain concert for the reason that a rival tenor had been engaged. Great was his amazement to find that this refusal by no means jeopardized the concert, as he had hoped, but rather became an additional source of amusement; for the management, having advertised him, determined that he should be seen upon the stage; so a ridiculous effigy of him was brought forward, and a trio from "Faust" was sung by other singers grouped round it. This may not have been very dignified, or even witty, but a few drastic measures of this kind might induce singers to be a little more reasonable in their treatment of the public.

Strange measures are sometimes taken to prevent the success of an opera. A hired body of fellows to hiss in opposition to the organized claque is by no means a rare sight in a French house; but sometimes more militant measures are taken. Rousseau's "Le devin du village," for example, received its *coup de grâce* in 1828 from the fact that some person (supposed to have been Berlioz) threw a huge powdered wig on to the stage in the midst of the performance. So threatening was the opposition to Jomelli's "Armida," produced in 1750, that its composer fled the house for his life by a back door. The opposition to "Lohengrin" in Paris has already been commented upon, but that to "Tannhäuser," organized by the Jockey Club in 1866, was even stronger. Noise and disorder filled the theater; people in the pit played flageolets, while the gallery sang riotous songs. So prejudiced was public opinion that a fair hearing was not accorded to the work. Under these conditions it is not altogether incredible that Mérimée should have exclaimed that he could write similar music after hearing his cat walk up and down the pianoforte!

Of composers, there are perhaps more amusing stories of Spontini than of any other single opera writer. This very opinionated and high-handed Italian thought much of himself, and little of all else, with the result that his life is very amusing reading.

He *would* have what he wanted. If his cellos could not play loud enough, they were made to sing their parts as well; if, after six hours' rehearsal, his prima donna fainted, he suggested that some one with more physique should be engaged. He did not, however, always have his own way. When "La petite maison" was produced in 1804, the audience dashed on the stage and smashed everything, while "La Vestale" was greeted with laughing, snoring, and the putting on of nightcaps. His orchestra, although moderate in volume in comparison with what often obtains to-day, was considered very noisy, so much so that it is said that a certain doctor who had a very deaf patient thought he might be made to hear by attending a performance of "La Vestale." After a specially noisy passage the deaf man with delight turned to his doctor: "I can hear," said he. His remark met with no response, for the reason that the doctor himself had been deafened by the noise.

Spontini felt such opposition very keenly; others are less affected by hostility. When Rossini's "Il Barbiere" was produced at Rome in 1816, it was hooted and hissed, much to the chagrin of several of the composer's friends. Thinking to commiserate with him on the failure of his work, they called at his house, expecting to find him in the depths of despair. Instead of that, the maestro was safely tucked up in bed and fast asleep!

Stories of singer and composer might fill many chapters of such a work as this, but there are books such as Sutherland Edwards's "History of the Opera" and Ella's "Musical Reminiscences" to which those interested may readily turn and find them; therefore such anecdotes need not be multiplied here.

A wealth of amusement may be derived from the daily papers, and in our time impresarios, in one country or another, often seem to be the most persecuted persons in the world. Opera has its worries and troubles, but to those who love it it is a constant source of refreshment and of artistic joy.

VII. THE TASK OF THE PRIMA DONNA

By Lillian Nordica

Marring the Performance—Success and Failure—Stern Necessities—Self-denials—A Day's Work—Stage and Dressing-room—The Prima Donna's Offering to Art.

A BROKEN note! It cannot be sung over again. The orchestra goes on. Another singer takes up the cue. The performance continues. You take up your rôle again at the proper moment. It is all so relentless!

The broken note does not fall into a net like the acrobat who has missed his footing and has another trial. You cannot stop the performance and sing the unfortunate phrase over again. No—to that extent you have marred the performance, and however well you may sing through the rest of the opera, that broken note will break again in every newspaper the next morning.

Fortunately there are singers to whom this never has happened and never will happen so long as they conscientiously consider themselves able to fulfill their missions as artists. It is not only because they have voice and method, but because they also possess the will-power to impose upon themselves the rigid régime which should govern the life of a singer.

There are hundreds of beautiful voices. But why does one see almost always the same names leading the list of prima donnas at the great opera houses? It is not a fad. It is a necessity, because those singers —that handful—are the only ones who can stand the strain of a grand opera season in a house of large dimensions and give satisfaction to the public.

Where are all the other lovely voices that promised so much? They have failed. Why? Because their owners were unwilling to adapt themselves to the stern necessities that govern the life of a prima donna. It is a grand triumph to feel a great audience "rising" at you; but it is a triumph gained at the sacrifice of almost all the pleasures of life. I have questioned many of my distinguished colleagues. Always it is the same story—a story of continual sacrifice, not from the moment of the first success, nor even from the first step upon the stage, but from further back, from girlhood, from the period when the work of preparation began. The sacrifice of everything that interferes with her art and her career is what makes a "great" prima donna of the woman

with the requisite voice and method. Even the athlete can learn a lesson in training from the prima donna, with this difference: the athlete can "break training," but the prima donna never can.

I am naturally active. Yet in a season of fifteen weeks I have set foot upon the street for a short walk just once. The chief part of the time it was driving from my residence to the opera house for rehearsal or performance and back again to my residence for study or rest.

Society? How fond I should be of it if I could enjoy its entertainments with a free mind! But the functions I feel I can attend during a season without fear that my so doing will interfere with my obligations as an artist, you can count on fewer fingers than those of one hand. I had an opera box at my disposal. I doubt if I occupied it more than three or four times in fifteen weeks. If I had sung Tuesday night in Philadelphia and was obliged to sing Kundry on Thursday, do you think, much as I longed to see a performance, that I would jeopardize my task and run the risk of not doing my full duty toward my public by attending the opera on Wednesday? No, I would rest from the strain of Tuesday the better to be ready to bear the strain of Thursday. It is one thing to be one of a great public, another to sing for that great public. Once I went to an afternoon concert just to treat myself to some singing that I wasn't doing myself. As I was leaving with the rest of the audience, a woman, a total stranger, came up to me.

"Please go right home and go to bed," she said. "'Götterdämmerung' to-morrow!"

And she was right. I felt she was. So I went home—and went to bed.

Take a day when rehearsal has been called for half-past ten in the morning. I am up at eight. By nine o'clock my accompanist is at the piano and I go over some of the uncertain passages. An opera, and especially a Wagner music-drama, is such a big affair that even if you have sung it many times it still is necessary to "get up" on it every time you sing it and to rehearse it, no matter how long it has been in the repertoire. At half-past ten I am at the opera house and, if it is a music-drama that is in rehearsal, I am not likely to get away till half-past four or five in the afternoon. I have been standing and acting and singing most of the time, and usually without stopping for anything to eat, for it is not well to sing until some time after a meal. Yet when I get home, hot and tired, the first thing is the bath, and even then only something light to eat, for the system is too exhausted from the strain to assimilate the dinner that an ordinary person would eat after such an arduous day and so long a fast.

But even then work is not over. Supposing that you have been rehearsing "Tristan" that day, and the following night you are to appear in "Gioconda." These are works of totally different schools, and to be "up" on them practically at the same time is a great test of vocal method. I have to turn at once from "Tristan" to the Italian work so as to become permeated with it before I go on the stage the next night. But I am too tired to stand at the piano and sing. So I rest on the sofa and listen to my accompanist while he plays over the music of my rôle. After that I take the score to bed with me—literally—so that if, during a wakeful hour in the night or in the early morning, I should think of some point (and one often does at such times), I am able to turn to the music and work it out. Thus practically the whole time a singer's mind is on her task.

Some people think a prima donna has a chance to rest in her dressing-room between the acts. Let me dispel that illusion. When I sing Valentine in "Les Huguenots," I do not appear until the second act, but in order to have time to dress and to "warm up" my voice, I am at the opera house at seven o'clock. As for rest between the acts—the Valentine costumes are elaborate, and all my time, when not on the stage, is occupied in dressing. For Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni," I get to the opera house by half past six, for I am obliged to be on the stage soon after the raising of the curtain. As soon as my first scene is over I hasten to my dressing-room and hurry into the black costume which I wear later in the same act. Even after that I have no leisure, for I am obliged to change to another black costume.

After the first act of "Tristan und Isolde," the Isolde is happy if she still is alive, for the act is very long and Isolde is constantly on the stage, and almost constantly active. Yet she has no time to rest. She knows that no matter how much she hurries, the stage will be ready before she can change her costume, and she fairly races so as not to keep the stage waiting any longer than necessary.

You might think that during the long, long wait between the second act and Isolde's cue late in the third act (for she does not go on until nearly the end of the third act) the prima donna would have an agreeable relaxation from the great scenes of the first and second acts. Yet that hour and twenty minutes in the dressing-room is the severest strain of all. Do I rest during this long interval? Oh, no. I keep walking about my dressing-room and singing. Otherwise the vocal organs would sink into a state of lethargy and I should not be able to key them up for Isolde's tremendous scene, the "Love Death," over Tristan's prostrate form.

When I sing Selica in "L'Africaine," I begin dressing at half-past five, for I have to "make up dark" for the rôle—stain my face and arms. There are hurried changes of costume in this opera too. One night, between the acts of "L'Africaine," one of the directors of the opera house brought Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Cavendish-Bentinck to call on me behind the scenes. I was obliged to remain standing during their call while various barbaric ornaments were being fastened to my costume.

One Saturday afternoon, after the second act of "Tristan," my little niece, thinking I would have a long time for rest and relaxation, came back to pay me a visit. After watching me a while from the lounge, she exclaimed:

"Why, Aunt Lillian! If I'd known you carried on so, I wouldn't have come in. I thought this was your time for rest."

Rest? The prima donna never rests. Every girl who really is going to be a prima donna is at it when she is young and keeps at it till she retires—that is, if she has the inborn love of it. Often I hear young

women who are starting out to become singers say: "I will do anything, I will make every sacrifice for my art!" But they won't.

The real prima donna says nothing. She makes the sacrifices, and when she stands before the public and finds herself in good voice and sees her audience hanging on every note and thrilled by every sound that issues from between her lips, she feels that all her sacrifices have not been sacrifices at all, but a joyous offering to her art.

VIII. WAGNER'S PERSONALITY

By Gustav Kobbé

Home Life—Wagner at a Banquet—Personal Appearance—After-dinner Speech—Love of Animals—Affection and Generosity—Activity and Determination—Wagner's Humor—His Sincerity.

IN the fierce contest which for nearly fifty years waged around Wagner his personality was not spared. His enemies, not content with pouring vituperation upon his music, assailed his private life and character. Yet his widow and son worship his memory; and the only one of his intimate friends whose reminiscences of him have been published—Ferdinand Präger—has much to say of his personal worth, and draws a charming picture of the composer's home life with his second wife, Cosima Liszt.

In spite of all his enemies may have said, or indeed still say, the mutual devotion of Wagner and Cosima and his love for his son Siegfried have become almost historical. The visitor to Wahnfried, Wagner's house at Bayreuth, may see, inscribed over the entrance, the following lines:

Hier, Wo Mein Wähnen Frieden Fand,
"Wahnfried," Sei Dieses Haus Von Mir Genannt.

Wähnen means longing, or rather the strenuous striving, amounting almost to madness, of an artist for the fulfillment of his aspirations and the triumph of his art. "Wahnfried" means rest from longing, and the lines over the entrance to Wagner's house signify that there at last he found the repose of soul and the respite from the world for which he had yearned. Fate, relenting toward the genius who had been fighting his way for half a century, had sent him the complement to his nature—a wife who loved him for himself and at the same time was in full sympathy with his aspirations. Cosima comprehended the man and the artist.

Präger speaks of the high spirits with which at times Wagner seemed fairly to bubble over. During a sojourn in Bayreuth in 1882, when "Parsifal" was produced, I myself had the opportunity to observe this exuberance; for I often saw and heard Wagner. One does not forget the first sight of a great man, and the occasion on which I first saw Wagner is indelibly impressed on my memory. He gave a banquet to his artists, the evening after the final dress rehearsal of "Parsifal," at a restaurant high up on the hill and near the Wagner Theater. At one end of the large dining-hall the floor was slightly sunk below the level of the rest. The long table for Wagner and his guests was set on this lower portion. The public was admitted to dinner in the other and larger part of the hall, so that whoever cared to pay the comparatively small price of the dinner was privileged to watch the proceedings below. This part of the hall was simply crowded; not a seat at any of the tables was unoccupied, and long after the tables were full many other people vainly sought admission.

The artists had arrived and had been waiting for some time when the door swung open and Wagner entered rapidly. On his arm was Cosima; and following them were his father-in-law, Franz Liszt, and young Siegfried Wagner, who looked like a miniature presentment of his father. Hardly had Wagner entered when he dropped Cosima's arm, and with short, quick steps hurried toward his artists; giving each in turn, from the highest to the lowest, a warm handshake, and smiling and laughing as he passed from one to the other. The wait for him had been tedious, but the moment he entered every one's spirits went up. His own exuberance was contagious.

After he had greeted his artists he looked up to where we were sitting, straining our necks to see all that was going on. Exclaiming "Da ist ja auch das Publicum!" (Hello, there is the public!) in a half amused, half contemptuous tone of voice, he dashed up the short flight of steps which led to where we

were, and in a moment was hurrying in and out among us, stopping to shake hands here and there with a friend. He was closely pursued by Judith Gautier, a daughter of Théophile Gautier, who seemed to want to obtain some favor from him which he did not wish to grant, but which he was too good-natured to deny outright. Occasionally he would half turn around and laughingly say something to her, and then keep on his way while she persistently followed. He finally reached the steps, dashed down them, and was again in the holy of holies among his artists, whither she did not dare follow him.

At last Wagner seated himself, and the banquet began. On either side of him were Cosima and his father-in-law, Liszt. Seeing them in such close proximity it was easy to note the remarkable resemblance between Liszt and his daughter. They had the same strongly marked aquiline features. At the same table was a protégé of Liszt, the pianist D'Albert, then a very youthful celebrity, but since become a famous pianist.

But, of course, I was most interested in looking at Wagner himself. I frankly confess that when he first entered and came forward with quick, short, almost mincing steps, I was greatly disappointed in his personal appearance. He was diminutive in stature, and his attire was spick and span—something which in a genius seems to me unpardonable. Every genius should be at least a little disheveled in order to come up to the public's idea of what he ought to be. If I remember rightly Wagner had on a black cutaway, light gray trousers, and immaculate lavender kid gloves. Over one arm was flung a light overcoat, and in his hand he carried a brown derby. He certainly did not at that moment realize the portrait that I had formed of him in my mind's eye.

But when he was seated and I had an opportunity to examine his features more closely, I could not help being impressed with the marvelous brow, which seemed fairly to protrude with intellect and the power of applied energy. Then, as he talked, now with his wife, now with Liszt, occasionally flinging remarks across the table to Materna, Winckelmann, Gudehus, Scaria, or some of the other artists, his eyes sparkled with good humor, and his features were wonderfully mobile. At times, as if too full of vitality to remain long quiet, he would jump up from his chair and make the round of the table, with some pleasant verbal quip for each of his friends.

I had always supposed that after-dinner speaking was a horror confined to the United States. But after the cigars had been lighted one of the local dignitaries of Bayreuth arose and began a long and uninteresting speech full of lavish laudation of Wagner. Another followed, and administered one of the most effective sleeping-potions which it has ever been my fate to partake of—more effective even than that which Sieglinde administers to Hunding. But of a sudden every one was wide awake. Wagner was on his feet and speaking. Then it was I mentally conceded that, after all, after-dinner speaking was not such a bad habit.

Wagner's speech was as brief as the others had been long. He patted papa-in-law Liszt on the shoulder and spoke feelingly of him as one of the first who had befriended him, and as the man who had given to him his precious wife. I shall always remember the flood of emotion that he poured into the words "die teuere Gattin." He concluded with an eloquent tribute to his singers. After thanking those who had contributed to the fund for the "Parsifal" productions, he concluded: "But after all I am more indebted to my devoted, self-sacrificing artists; for art is not created by money, but is made possible only by artists." The singers who were gathered at Bayreuth in 1882 were a noble band, and passionately devoted to the great composer.

Indeed, Wagner's master mind seemed to control everything and everybody at Bayreuth. I once wrote that near the Wagner Theater was an insane asylum with cells and strait-jackets for any anti-Wagnerites who were apprehended in Bayreuth, and a penitentiary with a special lockup for small boys who were caught whistling anything but leading motives. But this really conveys an idea of how completely everything at Bayreuth was Wagnerized and how thoroughly it was dominated by Wagner's genius. During one of the "Parsifal" performances I chanced to see Wagner's head protrude from behind a bit of scenery. He was not trying to observe how closely the audience was following his work, but had his eyes on the stage. After the performance Materna explained to me that at rehearsals Wagner had not only indicated the positions on the stage which he wished the various characters to take, but had actually made little chalk marks in order to be sure that his directions were followed. He was so anxious that they should be properly observed that at the moment I saw him he had incautiously thrust his head too far forward from the wings.

Combined with his restless energy Wagner had many lovable traits, not the least of which was his affection for animals. When he was a boy he witnessed the killing of an ox by a butcher. He grew so excited that he would have rushed upon the man had not his companions forcibly led him from the scene. For a long time afterward he was unable to touch meat. To dogs he was devotedly attached. Whoever visited Wahnfried in 1882 rarely failed to notice the stately St. Bernard, Wotan, between whom and its master such mutual affection existed that, when in the following February Wagner's remains were laid at rest in Bayreuth, the dog refused to be comforted and could not be led away from the tomb, it becoming necessary to even feed it there.

Wagner and the various dogs he owned were almost inseparable companions. He delighted to engage in long conversations with them, himself supplying their answers, "infusing into these much of that caustic wit which philosophers of all ages and countries have so often and powerfully put into the mouth of animals." Wagner was fond of quoting Weber's remark to a disobedient dog: "If you go on like that you will at last become as silly and as bad as a human being." In Boulogne, where he arrived in the late thirties, after a visit to London, a huge Newfoundland dog appeared with him so constantly in the streets that he became known as "le petit homme avec le grand chien."

When the composition of "Tannhäuser" was near-

ing its completion, while the ill success of his works outside of Dresden had made him morbid and despondent, the love of a few friends and that of his dog was almost his only solace. He often remarked that his dog had helped him compose "Tannhäuser." When he was seated at the piano singing boisterously while composing, the dog would leap from its place at its master's feet on to the table, peer into his face, and begin to howl. Then Wagner would shake the animal's paw, exclaim, "What, it does not suit you?" and add, quoting from Shakespeare, "Well, I will do thy bidding gently."

While an exile in Zurich he would take his dog Peps with him on his long walks. Sometimes he would declaim violently against his persecutors. Then Peps, the "human Peps," as Wagner called him, would bark and snap as if aiding his master; returning after each sally to be praised and petted. "Peps," he once remarked, "has more sense than all your wooden contrapuntists."

In 1855, when Wagner was conductor of the London Philharmonic, he found that a large Norwegian dog belonging to Präger was kept in a small back yard. He expostulated against what he called the cruelty of such close confinement, and made it a point when he went out on his daily constitutional to take the dog with him. This duty he continued to perform during his stay in London, notwithstanding the fact that he was often tugged hither and thither by the spirited animal, which rejoiced at its semi-freedom. Every day while in London Wagner bought a supply of French rolls, and went to the small bridge over the ornamental water in Regent's Park, to feed the ducks as well as a regal swan, of which he used to say that it was fit to draw the chariot of Lohengrin. "The childlike happiness, full to overflowing, with which this innocent occupation filled Wagner, was an impressive sight, never to be forgotten. It was Wagner you saw before you, the natural man, affectionate, gentle and mirthful."

In one of his first letters to Präger, when he had returned to Zurich after this season in London, he asked if Präger's cat still had its bad cold. Shortly afterward his dear Peps died in its master's arms, "passing away without a sound quietly and peacefully. I cried incessantly, and since then have felt bitter pain and sorrow for the dear friend of the past thirteen years, who ever worked and walked with me."

Präger relates that Wagner almost came to blows in the London streets with a grocer who had cruelly beaten his horse; and one of the latest literary efforts of his life was an essay against vivisection. Certainly a man who throughout his life showed in so many ways his love for dumb animals must have been innately affectionate and tender; and if he ever showed himself otherwise, it was because of the irritability created by the fierce attacks of which he was constantly a victim.

Though naturally affected with the colossal egotism which seems to be part of the make-up of every intense creative genius, he was not lacking in gratitude. His letters to Liszt teem with expressions of the most affectionate recognition of all that composer had done for him; and I have already quoted his grateful reference to Liszt at the Bayreuth banquet. He fairly worshiped the memory of his stepfather Geyer; and when late in Wagner's life one of Geyer's long-forgotten little comedies was played for him at a private performance, as a birthday surprise, his delight was almost childish. His mother, "lieb' Mütterchen," as he always called her, he adored; and he poured his love for her into the exquisite music of "Siegfried" whenever the young hero of that music-drama alludes to his mother. All Wagner's references to his mother were, according to Präger, "of affection, amounting almost to idolatry."

Nor did Wagner's egotism warp his judgment of the composers of the past. When he was a conductor at the Royal Opera in Dresden, he successfully revived interest in Gluck's and Mozart's operas. The ultimate appreciation of Beethoven's Ninth symphony was largely due to performances of that work under Wagner's baton, and to the analysis of the symphony which he wrote. When he proposed to give it in Dresden opposition was raised on account of the expense. Accordingly he went to all the trouble of borrowing the orchestral parts from Leipzig, learning the symphony by heart to avoid the outlay for an orchestral score, and inducing choir-boys from neighboring churches to assist in the performance.

Nor are there lacking instances of warm-hearted sympathy on Wagner's part toward those who were unfriendly to him. The attitude of Berlioz toward Wagner was decidedly frigid. Yet when Wagner was invited in London to meet a French musical amateur in the confidence of the Emperor—the idea being that something might thus be accomplished toward awakening the latter's interest in Wagner's music—what did Wagner do? He implored the Frenchman to persuade the Emperor to espouse Berlioz's cause.

Wagner was a man of great physical as well as mental activity. I have spoken of the quick manner in which he moved about among the guests at the Bayreuth banquet. It was characteristic of the man. When he was a schoolboy he threw a schoolmate's cap high upon a steep roof. The lad began to cry. This was more than Wagner could stand. At great risk to his life he climbed the roof, threw down the cap to the boy, and then, letting himself down through the manhole into the garret, hid there to escape the reprimands of his teachers, who appeared incensed at his recklessness, though, probably, they secretly admired it.

Präger, who went to visit him in Tribschen in the summer of 1871, tells a capital anecdote of the composer's buoyant, active temperament, which years had not lessened. They were sitting on an ottoman in the drawing-room, when the composer of "The Ring of the Nibelung," "Tristan," and the "Meistersinger" suddenly rose and stood on his head upon the ottoman. Just then the door opened and Madame Wagner entered. Seeing her husband in this curious position, she hastened forward exclaiming, "Aber! lieber Richard! lieber Richard!" Quickly resuming his natural position Wagner explained to her that he was not insane, but was merely proving to his friend Ferdinand that he could stand on his head at sixty.

Coupled with this activity was great determination. When he was in London his crossing of crowded thoroughfares was so intrepid as to border upon the reckless. He would go straight across; leaving it to the drivers of the various vehicles which were bearing down upon him to take care that they did not run over him. This recklessness is interesting as a physical manifestation of his mental attitude toward his art. No man ever dared more in art than Wagner. The energy with which he went to work to produce the Ninth symphony in Dresden as already related, was characteristic. He did everything thoroughly and with the full conviction that he was bound to succeed.

Ill success only seemed to inspire him to greater energy. The return of his scores of "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," and "Tannhäuser," unopened by managers, resulted in his working with redoubled zeal upon "Lohengrin." When he saw no immediate prospect of securing the production of that opera, he began the composition of an art-work even more advanced—"The Ring of the Nibelung." It is a matter of history that nearly a quarter of a century went by before that cycle saw the light of a theater. Meanwhile he composed "Tristan" and "The Meistersinger." There is no greater example of energy in the history of art than Wagner. If some one could be induced to count all the musical notes and words that Wagner wrote during his life, the figures would be found to be simply appalling.

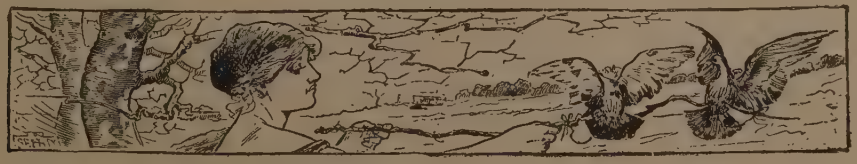
Even when his cause had been espoused by the King of Bavaria the spirit of independence, fostered by his immense creative force, did not forsake him. Once after an interview with the King in which they disagreed, he remarked to a friend, who cautioned him to be more diplomatic, "I have lived before without the King, and I can do so again." He was thoroughly absorbed in his art. Everything seemed to him to center around it. When preparations were under way for the production of his "Ring of the Nibelung" at Bayreuth, he wrote to Präger: "It appears to me that the whole German Empire is created only to aid me in attaining my object."

In view of the length of most of his works, it is interesting to note that even as a boy he planned things on a large scale. While at school his passion for Shakespeare led him to write a drama which, he himself says, was a jumble of "Lear" and "Hamlet," and was so long that, all the characters having died, he was obliged, in the last act, to bring their ghosts on the stage in order to keep the play going. Wagner's unbounded admiration for Shakespeare continued throughout his life. When he first entered Westminster Abbey he immediately sought out the Shakespeare monument; and the first Christmas present he made to Cosima, after she became his wife, was a costly edition of Shakespeare's works, which he imported from London.

When his energy was not expended in his art work, it found vent in many humorous sallies. I have already related how he stood on his head for Präger. That was physical humor. But he was also fond of joking. He once quoted his teacher's remark that he would never learn to play the piano. "But," he added, "I play a great deal better than Berlioz." The waggishness of this remark lies in the fact that Berlioz could not play at all. During a rehearsal of the "Rienzi" overture in Dresden the trombones were too loud. Instead of rebuking them angrily, he said, with a laugh: "Gentlemen, we are in Dresden, not marching around the walls of Jericho." After "Tannhäuser" was brought out a German composer of little note, named Chellard, said that the "Song to the Evening Star" was wrongly harmonized, and suggested certain harmonies which should be substituted for those employed by Wagner. When Wagner was among friends it was one of his favorite diversions to seat himself at the piano and sing the "Song to the Evening Star" *à la* Chellard.

Just as this buoyancy and fondness for amusement were the result of his wonderful activity of mind, so also this fundamental trait of his character made him an enemy to all sham. The Duke of Coburg had composed an opera which he asked Wagner to score for him: offering him a sum equivalent to a thousand dollars, besides two months' residence in his palace. The offer came to Wagner when he was in comparatively needy circumstances, but he promptly declined it. He did not care to clothe another's work in his orchestral garb. To a tailor who expressed surprise that he wanted silk for the back of his waistcoat, because it was not seen, Wagner exclaimed: "Not seen! Sham, sham in everything, is the tendency of the age. Whatever is not seen may be shabby, provided the exterior be richly gilded."

It is pleasant to know that, through many years of strife, Wagner had his indomitable will-power, his love for his friends, and his spirit of humor to fall back upon. It is even more pleasant to reflect that he lived to see the art work of his life triumphant, and to know of a happy home. During those latter years of his life a wonderful sense of peace seems to have pervaded his being. "God make every one happy. Amen!" is a sentence in one of his last letters to Präger. What more fitting answer to the detractors of his personal character?



IX. THE BUSINESS SIDE OF GRAND OPERA

By Gustav Kobbé

Duties of a Manager—Work and Diplomacy—Earnings and Expenditures—A Manager's Trials—Dealings with Singers—Expenses at the Metropolitan—Performances There—The Box Office—Rules for Ticket-sellers—Lost Articles.

BROADLY speaking, the duties of an opera manager are to keep an eye on everybody and everything connected with his company, from the principal prima donna, who receives $1700 a performance, to the "practical" property monkey which opens its jaws and shows its gums in one of the scenes in "The Magic Flute." This statement will perhaps convey some idea of the variety which enters into the life of a manager of grand opera.

The most important representative of this active species in this country is the "managing director" of the company which sings at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

While the leading members of this company appear in perhaps six or eight performances a month, the director may be said to give a continuous performance all the year round. For when the singers are not in a scene before the audience, they are apt to be making a scene in the impresario's office. The plot and situations of these private representations are generally based on the numerous intricacies always to be found in opera singers' contracts.

To an ordinary mortal, a contract of this kind appears like a labyrinth, without a kindly Ariadne to furnish the thread enabling him to find his way out of the maze of conditions. Considering that a grand opera impresario has not one such contract, but a whole stack of them, it is wonderful how he can remember just what he can call upon each of his singers to do. Some idea of the work and diplomacy required to "sign" the leading members of an opera company like that at the Metropolitan may be gathered from a clause in the contract which the director had with the subcompany by which he was employed before the owners of the opera house themselves financed the enterprise and placed the director on a salary. It provided that should he be disabled or die at any time after he had engaged his artists for the ensuing season—even before the season began, and in fact before the artists engaged abroad sailed for this country—his heirs should nevertheless be entitled to draw out his share of the profits during the entire season. In other words, he was considered to have earned his money before the curtain rose on the first performance—in fact, even before the company assembled in this country. Not only had he to exercise the shrewdness necessary to meet the whims and demands of the singers whom he wished to engage, but a large amount of money passed through his hands while he was still closing the contracts. For it is a peculiarity of operatic contracts that they call for advance payments, and an opera director, while engaging his company during the summer, is obliged to pay out about $100,000 in advances.

The public is apt to hear of large earnings on the tours, and of enormous advance sales in New York, but knows little about the expenses of an opera company and the worries of its manager. It sounds very grandiose to say that, including the money taken in on tour and the advance sales in New York, the curtain at a first performance at the Metropolitan Opera House last season rose on over a million dollars. But when it is stated that one season one tenor, Jean de Reszke, was paid in round figures $100,000, that during another season one prima donna, Mme. Calvé, would have earned even more, had it not been for her illness during the tour, and that she was only one of a large number of high-priced artists in the company, it will be seen that the salary list of an impresario, quite aside from the rest of his expense account, is enormous.

Melba receives $3000 a performance and Caruso the same amount. These are the highest honoraria paid on the stage. But in addition Caruso has a guarantee of eighty performances a year, so that his three years' contract will bring him in the sum of $720,000. This contract was made by Heinrich Conried, Maurice Grau's successor, and on Conried's death was taken over by the opera house itself.

Doubtless, however, the impresario would consider the drawing of checks to meet such expenses a comparatively agreeable occupation, especially in the case of a drawing card like Caruso, if it would insure him against the personal trials which are the bane of his life. The late Maurice Grau at one time issued a prospectus of each season. He ceased doing so. The artists nearly worried the life out of him because this one wanted to be first in the list of prima donnas, tenors, barytones, or bassos; this one last with the magic word "and" before his name. That "and" was a great invention. It made the first and last on the list about coequal and enabled the manager to satisfy at least two singers in each branch of his company. But the relief was only temporary. There soon were as many candidates for the "and" as there had been for the head of the list. So Grau got out of the difficulty by abandoning the prospectus altogether. He did, indeed, issue a prospectus for the tour, in which he diplomatically, as he thought, printed the names in their alphabetical order. But this raised a hubbub, compared with which the storm in "Die Walküre" and the crash in the finale of "Götterdämmerung" were as the whispering of spring breezes.

By abandoning the prospectus, a director of opera

rids himself of one worry. But there are others which probably will never cease until opera singers' natures undergo a complete change. To look upon the splendid physical proportions of some of the principal singers you would hardly suppose they were such delicate creatures as they sometimes appear to be. But whether it is "indisposition" or a mere whim prompted, perhaps, by jealousy, there is no going behind a physician's certificate, even if it is not sent to the opera house earlier than an hour or two prior to the performance in which the singer was to have taken the leading rôle. Then perhaps the impresario recalls the scene in his office a day or two before, when the singer, suddenly "indisposed," wanted to know why he let another prima donna sing Aïda when it was her rôle; or why he should have cast Mme. A. for Elisabeth in the first performance of "Tannhäuser" when it had always been her—Mme. B.'s—privilege to sing that rôle in the first representation of the opera. Nor does it add a touch of pleasure to his reflections as he contemplates the physician's certificate, to recall the fact that it was he who made that prima donna's fortune.

To revert again to Grau, who was our most famous opera director, he conducted several tours for Sarah Bernhardt. She appeared about 1500 times under his direction. During that entire period there were only five performances in which she disappointed her audiences. In physique she was almost a shadow compared with some opera singers who disappointed him as often as five times a month. Naturally, he concluded that there is some constitutional difference between actors and singers. One could hardly apply the old quip, "An empty cab drove up and out stepped Sarah Bernhardt," to a Brünnhilde. Yet it has happened that some Brünnhildes are more apt to vanish into thin air on the eve of a performance than the great French actress, whose slender physique furnished so much amusement to the paragraphers.

An opera director not infrequently works the greater part of two days and far into the nights arranging a week's repertoire. For the repertoire must be made up with a view to many conditions. It must be sufficiently varied, so that Mrs. C., who has a certain box on "even nights and odd matinées," is not required to listen too often to the same opera; while similar consideration must be paid to Mrs. D., who has the same box for "odd nights and even matinées."

But this is a trifling matter compared with the guarantees of the singers which the impresario must observe in making out the repertoire. A prima donna will have, for instance, a guarantee that he will give her forty performances in four months, or ten performances a month, at a thousand dollars a performance. This means that he must arrange for her to appear exactly ten times during each month. He cannot crowd twelve or fifteen performances into one month for her, and then let her sing a correspondingly fewer number of times during the remaining months. For every performance above the guaranteed ten which she gives during a month she receives an extra thousand dollars, with the privilege of appearing the regular ten times during the next month. If, however, the impresario should fail to arrange for her to sing more than eight times during a month, he would nevertheless still be obliged to pay her for ten performances. For this reason, unless her guarantees are carefully observed by the manager when he is making out the repertoire, every mistake he makes with regard to this particular prima donna costs him a thousand dollars. There are singers at the Metropolitan Opera House a mistake with whom would cost the impresario from $1000 to $3000. It is no wonder, therefore, that the director makes out a week's repertoire with a sort of checker-board before him divided into squares for each performance in and out of town, and with slips of paper containing the names of the singers for pawns, while before him, for the rules of the game, he has an abstract of his various contracts showing what each singer has been guaranteed as regards rôles and number of performances.

Even after all this work has been gone through with, there is still the question "Will this repertoire stand?" The director has such a dread of physicians' certificates coming in at the last moment, that he does not feel safe until, from his seat in the parquet, he sees the curtain rise. It is bad enough to have to change prima donnas at the last moment, although that is a matter that can generally be arranged over the telephone. But when several principal singers in a cast have become indisposed, and it is found necessary to change the opera, quick work is required. Half a dozen messengers are sent scurrying in all directions. The manager may have thought of putting on "Lohengrin." He must be sure of an Elsa. Therefore, a messenger is sent to each of the prima donnas who have this rôle in their repertoire. Neither of them may be able to sing, and so, although the hour is late, another opera may have to be substituted for "Lohengrin." As many as four changes in the opera for the night may have been made in an afternoon, and at times it has been only by a hair's breadth that the house has not remained dark.

One season, in order to save a performance of "Rheingold," the famous Lilli Lehmann, who had never sung the rôle of Fricka, was obliged to learn it in an afternoon. Fortunately, she was familiar with the music from often having heard the opera. Her sister, Marie Lehmann, who was with her, had sung the rôle many times, but could not step into the breach because, being a pensionaire of the Vienna Opera House, she would forfeit her pension if she sang on any other stage. She was, however, able to assist Mme. Lehmann materially in "swallowing" the rôle, and prompted and coached her from the wings.

Grau had a very large company, and was sometimes considered an extravagant manager because he had so many prima donnas and so many tenors on his list. He was greatly amused at this point of view, for there were many occasions when he found that instead of having too many singers he had too few.

The expenses of an opera company like that at the Metropolitan average from $40,000 to $45,000 a week, or about $1,000,000 a season. How greatly the principal singers figure in the expense list may be judged from the statement that their guarantees amount to about one-half, or $500,000. If all of Caruso's eighty guaranteed appearances occurred here

the figures would be much larger. Quoting the exact figures from a season's balance-sheet, it is found that the prima donnas received $216,800, and the principal men singers $316,000, a total of $532,800. Is it policy to pay such high salaries? The question is answered by the statement that the performances which cost most pay best. The public knows when it is getting a great cast, and is willing to put out money to hear it. It may have cost over $10,000 to raise the curtain on the "seven dollar" performance of "Les Huguenots" with Melba, Nordica, "Jean," "Edouard," Lasalle and Maurel. But the public paid nearly $14,000 to hear it. The record production is "Parsifal." Costing in round figures $100,000 to produce, its ten performances during its first season at the Metropolitan brought in $160,000.

Speaking of the boxes, it is an interesting fact that ownership of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House has proved itself a profitable investment. The parterre boxes which are held by the stockholders represent $35,000 in stock. One of the boxes belonging to an estate could recently have been sold for $75,000; but the estate preferred to keep it. There have been instances of the letting of stockholder boxes for $6000 for the season. This is certainly paying high for the privilege of sitting within the charmed circle of the "glittering horseshoe."

I have referred to the half a million dollars paid during a season to the principal singers. The next largest item is $90,000 for the orchestra, and next to that comes $25,000 for transportation. In speaking of expensive performances, I have mentioned that of "Les Huguenots" when it cost over $10,000 to raise the curtain. At that performance, however, scenery, costumes, and properties were not new. When an opera is produced for the first time the cost of these must be added to the salaries for the night.

To see that the production of the new work is properly prepared for is one of the chief duties of a grand opera manager. Besides "Parsifal," one of the most elaborately mounted series of performances at the Metropolitan was the revival of Mozart's "Magic Flute." With what care it was planned, and with how much expense it was carried out, may be gathered from the fact that the director traveled to Munich and took several of the heads of his departments with him to witness the revival of the work there. It was calculated that the production of the work here cost about $35,000, exclusive of the running expenses of the evening. Various improvements on the Munich production were planned and the manager had to study and approve of these, as well as keep control of the general scheme of production. In the scenic department alone fifteen new scenes and a double panorama over three hundred feet long from "gridiron" to cellar, and representing the passage of the hero and heroine through earth, fire, and water, had to be provided. Here was one instance in which the German production was greatly improved upon. In Germany the panorama moved across the stage; here it worked downward, so that the hero and heroine seemed to ascend. Here, moreover, the panorama was double, the characters standing behind a moving front gauze, adding greatly to the effectiveness of the scene. Another improvement was introduced almost at the outset of the performance, with the quick change of scene at the entrance of the Queen of the Night. Here she descended seated on a moon over a dome of stars. The dome effect was admirably reproduced, and the back drop was studded with no less than a thousand stars, all electrically lighted. While such details are studied out by the scene-painter and the electrician of the opera house, they are submitted to the director and have to be carefully considered by him before receiving his final approval.

The same thing applies to the properties. For "The Magic Flute" a complete menagerie was required. In the property room upstairs, behind the scenes, this operatic zoo was produced. It consisted of five snakes, four lions, one giraffe, one tiger, one elephant, one camel, two alligators, four monkeys, and about one hundred birds. The director found himself, besides a grand opera manager, a Barnum on a small scale, but fortunately the animals in his menagerie did not require to be fed. Speaking of the camel reminds me of a contretemps at the opera house some years ago, which shows how thoroughly a manager has to keep his eyes open while a production is in preparation. An opera was given which had a procession with several camels in it. Each camel was worked by two men concealed in the body and representing the front and hind legs. Through an oversight, the men in these camels kept step like soldiers on parade as they came on the stage, and the result was absolutely ridiculous. The opera was withdrawn after a few performances, but the "pacing camels," as they were called, were long a source of amusement. The stage manager was responsible for the mistake, but the final consequence had to be borne by the director.

Fortunately there is another side to the story of operatic management besides worry and expense. The window of the box office is a wee orifice compared with the size of the house, but through it flows the elixir of life—the money of the public. The receipts of a New York season amount to more than $1,200,000.

If the public could get more than just a peep at the box office, it would learn a number of interesting things. For each performance 3425 tickets are required, and it takes the box-office staff two days to separate the single sale from the subscription tickets for each week, so that the latter shall not be sold in duplicate. All the tickets must be "racked" by Wednesday night, because the sale for the next week begins on Thursday. As a rule, a performance is not sold out until the night itself. But the treasurer, who presides over the box office at the Metropolitan Opera House, remembers a Patti performance when the box office opened at nine o'clock in the morning and the house was sold out by one o'clock in the afternoon. The box-office window at the Metropolitan Opera House drops with the curtain at night. There are two sellers on duty during the week, and three on Sunday night, because a Sunday night concert audience is what is known as a "late audience." It puts off buying tickets until the last moment.

A former treasurer of the Metropolitan has considerable reputation among the theater treasurers of the country as the author of a set of rules for the guidance of ticket-sellers, some of which are as follows:

"You must be a mind-reader."

MEETING OF FAUST AND MARGUERITE

From the Painting by J. J. Tissot

"Never assert your rights."

"When a lady stands an hour or two, selecting a seat, don't suggest to her to bring her sewing and spend the afternoon, as she might be offended."

"When a man comes up to the window smoking a bad cigar and blows the smoke in your face, smile as if you liked it, and ask him where you can buy the same brand."

"When a person leaves a quarter, be sure to call him back, for he will come back later and declare he left a dollar."

Articles lost at the opera house are turned in at the box office, where they are tagged and kept, ready to be delivered to the one who can prove ownership. They form a most heterogenous collection. One season, over one thousand keys were found, and in a closet in the box office there is a stack of umbrellas on one side and a heap of rubbers on the other. A few seasons ago a bracelet of diamonds and emeralds, certainly of over $10,000 in value, was found in one of the boxes. The next morning it was sent up to the house of the boxholder and promptly recognized. The most curious part of the incident was that the bracelet had not been missed by the lady who had worn it. The first she knew of its loss was its return. Among the most remarkable finds have been a set of false teeth, a morphine fiend's outfit, and two silk hats. How two men could have deliberately walked out of the opera house of a winter's night without realizing that they were minus their hats is a mystery. Possibly the charms of music had turned their heads.

Notwithstanding much able assistance, the director himself is the final and responsible head of the opera enterprise. Were it a failure, it would be he who would have to drain the bitter cup to the dregs. He is the nerve-center of the opera season, whether it is regarded from the artistic or the business standpoint. The Metropolitan has been so liberal with the public, and established such a high standard for opera in this country, that it is pleasant to reflect that while an opera company is an enormous hole into which to shovel money, some of it is occasionally found at the end of the season to have stuck to the shovel.

STORIES OF THE OPERA

THE IMPERIAL OPERA, VIENNA

STORIES OF THE OPERAS

The preceding section presents a brief outline of the development of opera from the earliest times to our own day. From this general introduction we proceed to a description of the principal operatic works produced during the modern period of that development.

L'AFRICAINE

Opera in five acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer.
Text by Scribe.

THE first act is laid in Lisbon. Donna Ines, Admiral Diego's daughter, is to give her hand to Don Pedro, a counselor of the King of Portugal. But she has pledged her faith to Vasco da Gama, who has been sent with Dias, the navigator, to double the Cape, in order to seek for a new land, containing treasures similar to those discovered by Columbus. Reports have reached Lisbon that the whole fleet has been destroyed, when suddenly Vasco da Gama appears before the assembled council of state.

He eloquently describes the dangers of the unknown seas near the Cape and gives an account of the shipwreck, from which he alone has escaped. He then places his maps before the council, endeavoring to prove that beyond Africa there is another country, yet to be explored and conquered.

Vasco has on his way home picked up a man and a woman of an unknown race. Those slaves, however, stubbornly refuse to betray the name of their country, and a lively debate ensues between the Grand Inquisitor and the younger, more enlightened members of the council, as to the course which should be adopted with Vasco. At last, owing to the irritation caused by his violent reproaches, fanaticism is victorious, and instead of being furnished with a ship to explore those unknown lands, he is thrown into prison, on the plea of his being a heretic, for having mantained the existence of countries which were not mentioned in the Holy Scriptures.

The second act takes place in a cell of the Inquisition, in which Vasco has been languishing for a month past, in the company of the strange slaves Nelusco and Selica. The latter has lost her heart to the proud Portuguese, who saved her and her companion from a slave-ship. But Vasco is only thinking of Ines, and Nelusco, who honors in Selica not only his Queen, but the woman of his love, tries to stab Vasco—the Christian, whom he hates with a deadly hatred. Selica hinders him and rouses the sleeping Vasco, who has been dreaming of and planning his voyage to the unknown country.

Selica now shows him on the map the way to her native isle, and he vows her eternal gratitude. His liberty is indeed near at hand, for hardly has he given his vow than Ines steps in to announce that Vasco is free. She has paid dearly for her lover's deliverance, however, for she has given her hand to Vasco's rival Don Pedro, who, having got all Vasco's plans and maps, is commissioned by government to set out on the voyage of discovery.

Ines has been told that Vasco has forgotten her for Selica the slave. In order to prove his fidelity, our ungrateful hero immediately presents her with the two slaves, and Don Pedro resolves to make use of them for his exploration.

In the third act we are on board of Don Pedro's ship in the Indian seas. Donna Ines is with her husband and Nelusco has been appointed pilot. Don Alvar, a member of the council and Don Pedro's friend, warns the latter that Nelusco is meditating treason, for they have already lost two ships; but Pedro disregards the warning. A typhoon arises, and Nelusco turns the ship again northward. But Vasco has found means to follow them on a small sailing vessel; he overtakes them and, knowing the spot well where Dias was shipwrecked, he entreats them to change their course, his only thought being Donna Ines's safety. But Pedro, delighted to have his rival in his power, orders him to be bound and shot. Ines, hearing his voice, invokes her husband's mercy. Just then the tempest breaks out, the vessel strikes upon a rock and the cannibals inhabiting the neighboring country leap on board to liberate their Queen Selica and to massacre the whole crew, in the fulfillment of which intention they are, however, arrested by Selica.

In the following acts Selica resides as Queen on the Isle of Madagascar. The people render her homage, but her priests demand the strangers' lives as a sacrifice to their gods, while the women are condemned to inhale the poisoned perfume of the Manzanillo-tree. In order to save Vasco, Selica proclaims him her husband and takes Nelusco as witness, swearing to him that if Vasco is sacrificed she will die with him. Nelusco, whose love for his Queen is greater even than his hatred for Vasco, vouches for their being man and wife, and the people now proceed to celebrate the solemn rites of marriage.

Vasco, at last recognizing Selica's great love, and believing Ines dead, once more vows eternal fidelity to her, but alas! hearing the voice of Ines, who is about to be led to death, he turns pale and Selica but too truly divines the reason.

In the fifth act Selica is resolved to put her rival to death. She sends for her, but perceiving Ines's love, her wrath vanishes, her magnanimity soars above her hatred of the Christians, and she orders Nelusco to bring Ines and Vasco on board of a ship about to sail for Portugal.

Selica herself, unable to endure life without her beloved one, proceeds to the Cape, where the Manzanillo-tree spreads his poisonous shade. Her eyes

fastened on the vast ocean and on the white sail of the retiring vessel, she inhales the sweet but deadly perfume of the blossoms, and the returning Nelusco finds her dying, while an unseen chorus consoles her with the thought that in Love's eternal domain all are equal.

AÏDA

Grand Romantic Opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi.
Text by Ghislanzoni.

THE scene of action is alternately Memphis and Thebes, and the story belongs to the period when the Pharaohs sat on the throne.

In the first act we see the King's palace at Memphis. Ramphis, the high priest of Pharaoh, announces to the Egyptian general Radamès that the Ethiopians are in revolt and that the goddess Isis has decided who shall be leader of the army sent out against them. Radamès secretly hopes to be the elected, in order to win the Ethiopian slave Aïda, whom he loves, not knowing that she is a king's daughter.

Enter Amneris, daughter of Pharaoh. She loves Radamès without his knowledge and so does Aïda. Amneris, suspecting this, swears to avenge herself, should her suspicion prove correct.

The King's messenger announces that Amonasro, the Ethiopian king (Aïda's father), is marching to the capital, and that Radamès is chosen to conquer the foe. Radamès goes to the temple to invoke the benediction of the goddess and to receive the sacred arms.

In the second act Amneris, in order to test Aïda's feelings, tells her that Radamès fell in battle, and finds her doubts confirmed by Aïda's terror. Amneris openly threatens her rival, and both hasten to receive the soldiers, who return victorious. In Radamès's suite walks King Amonasro, who has been taken prisoner, disguised as a simple officer. Aïda recognizes her father, and Amonasro, telling his conqueror that the Ethiopian king has fallen, implores his clemency. Radamès, seeing Aïda in tears, adds his entreaties to those of the Ethiopian; and Pharaoh decides to set the prisoners free, with the exception of Aïda's father, who is to stay with his daughter. Pharaoh then gives Amneris to Radamès as a recompense for his services.

In the third act Amonasro has discovered the mutual love of his daughter and Radamès and resolves to make use of it. While Amneris prays in the temple that her bridegroom may give his whole heart to her, Amonasro bids his daughter discover the secret of the Egyptian war-plans from her lover. Amonasro hides himself, and Aïda has an interview with Radamès, in which he reveals all to her. She persuades him to fly with her, when Amonasro shows himself, telling him that he has heard all and confessing that he is the Ethiopian king. While they are speaking, Amneris overtakes and denounces them. Amonasro escapes with his daughter, Radamès remains in the hands of Ramphis, the high priest.

In the fourth act Radamès is visited in his cell by Amneris, who promises to save him from the awful death of being buried alive, if he renounces Aïda. But Radamès refuses, though she tells him that Aïda has fled into her country, her father being slain on their flight.

Amneris at length regrets her jealousy and repents, but too late! Nothing can save Radamès, and she is obliged to see him led into his living tomb. Amneris curses the priests, who close the subterranean vaults with a rock. Radamès, preparing himself for death, discovers Aïda by his side. She has found means to penetrate into his tomb, resolved to die with her lover.

While she sinks into his arms, Amneris prays outside for Radamès's peace and eternal happiness.

ALCESTE

Opera in three acts by Christoph Willibald Gluck.
Text by Calzabigi.

ADMETOS, King of Pheræ, who is lying dangerously ill, causes an inquiry to be made of the oracle of Apollo as to the issue of his illness, and is told in reply that he will die unless some one can be found who would willingly lay down his life for him. Although the whole country bewails the threatened fate of its sovereign no one comes forward to save him at this terrible price. At length Alceste, the devoted wife of the unhappy King, nobly offers to sacrifice herself for his sake. Admetos in consequence is restored to health, but Alceste, on the evening of the same day, is ordered by the high priest to descend into the underworld. In vain the King implores his beloved wife to give up her resolve. As all his remonstrances prove fruitless, he determines to die with her. The spirits of the underworld have already got possession of their victim and are carrying her off. Admetos strives to gain admittance, but the entrance is barred against him.

At this moment his friend Heracles appears, who is justly celebrated far and near for his prodigious strength, a proof of which he will now give, having heard what has happened. He consoles the despairing King and rushes after the vanishing Alceste. A hot contest ensues, but finally Heracles seizes the god of death in his strong arms and restores the wife to her husband. Apollo, appearing in a cloud, praises the courageous friend and the faithful pair, promising them everlasting honor.

L'AMICO FRITZ

Lyric Comedy in three acts by Pietro Mascagni.
Text after Erckmann-Chatrian's novel.

FRITZ KOBUS, a well-to-do landowner, receives the felicitations of his friends on his fortieth birthday. At the same time his old friend Rabbi David, as consummate a match-maker as Fritz is an inveterate bachelor, receives from the latter a loan of 1200 francs, which is to enable a poor girl to marry her lover. Friend Fritz gives it very graciously, congratulating himself that he is free from marriage bonds.

He treats his friends to a hearty dinner, in which Susel, his tenant's daughter, who comes to present her landlord with a nosegay of violets, joins. Fritz makes her sit beside him, and for the first time remarks the growing loveliness of the young maiden. While they are feasting, a gypsy, Seppel, plays a sere-

nade in honor of the birthday, which makes a deep impression on fair Susel. When the latter has departed, the joviality of the company increases. Hanczo and Friedrich, two friends, laughingly prophesy to the indignant Fritz that he will soon be married, and David even makes a bet which, should he prove right, will make him owner of one of his friend's vineyards. At the end of the first act a procession of orphans hail the landlord as their benefactor.

In the second act we find Friend Fritz as guest in the house of his tenant. Susel is sedulously engaged in selecting flowers and cherries for her landlord, who, coming down into the garden, is presented by her with flowers. Soon she mounts a ladder, and plucking cherries, throws them to Fritz, who is uncertain which are the sweeter, the maiden's red lips or the ripe cherries which she offers him. In the midst of their enjoyment the sound of bells and cracking of whips is heard. Fritz's friends enter. He soon takes them off for a walk; only old David stays behind with Susel, pleading fatigue. Taking occasion of her presenting him with a drink of fresh water, he makes her tell him the old story of Isaac and Rebecca and is quite satisfied to guess at the state of her feelings by the manner in which she relates the simple story. On Fritz's return he archly communicates to him that he has found a suitable husband for Susel, and that he has her father's consent. The disgust and fright which Fritz experiences at this news reveal to him something of his own feelings for the charming maiden. He decides to return home at once, and does not even take farewell of Susel, who weeps in bitter disappointment.

In the third act Fritz, at home again, can find no peace anywhere. When David tells him that Susel's marriage is a decided fact he breaks out, and in his passion forbids the marriage. At this moment Susel appears, bringing her landlord a basket of fruit. She looks pale and sad, and when Fritz sarcastically asks her whether she comes to invite him to her wedding, she bursts into tears. Then the real state of her heart is revealed to him, and with passionate avowal of his own love, Fritz takes her to his heart. So David wins his wager, which he settles on Susel as a dowry, promising at the same time to procure wives before long for the two friends standing by.

ARMIDE

Grand Heroic Opera in five acts by Christoph Willibald Gluck. Text by Quinault.

THE libretto is founded on an episode of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered." The scene is laid in Damascus, where during the crusade of the year 1099, the crusaders have arrived at the palace and gardens of Armide, the Queen and enchantress. Rinaldo, the greatest hero in Godfrey of Bouillon's army, is the only one who not only does not stoop to adore the beautiful Armide, but on the contrary pursues and hates her. He has been banished from Bouillon's presence, charged with the rash deed of another knight, who has not dared to confess his guilt, and he now wanders lonely in the forest.

Warned by a fellow-warrior, Artemidor, to avoid Armide's enchanting presence, he scorns the warning, saying that love for a woman is to him a thing unknown. In reality, however, Armide is already ensnaring him with her sorcery. He presently hears exquisitely sweet and dreamy melodies, and, finding himself in a soft, green valley, he lies down and falls asleep.

Armide's opportunity has come and she means to stab him, but love conquers hatred and the dagger sinks from her hand. She vainly invokes the furies of hate; none can change her passion for the hero, and at last, ceasing to strive against her tender feelings, she surrenders herself entirely to him, and even succeeds by her charms and her devotion in enthralling him. Meanwhile Bouillon has sent two of his knights, Ubalt and a Danish warrior, to recall Rinaldo to his duty. They are detained by Armide's witchery; the Danish knight meets a demon, who has taken his bride's face and tenderly calls him to her, but Ubalt destroys the charm and both succeed in approaching Rinaldo, who, his love-dream dissipated by the call of honor, resolves to return to the army with his companions. In vain Armide tries to change his resolution. In despair she curses him and her love, but being unable to kill the man she loves, she suffers him to go away and turns her beautiful palace and gardens into a desert.

UN BALLO IN MASCHERA

Lyric Drama in five acts by Giuseppe Verdi. Text by Piave.

THE libretto is almost identical with Auber's "Ballo in Maschera," which follows.

Count Richard, governor of Boston, is adored by the people but hated by the noblemen, who resolve upon his death. He loves Amelia, the wife of his secretary and best friend René, who in vain tries to warn him of the plots of his enemies, but who faithfully watches over his safety.

An old sorceress of negro blood, Ulrica, is to be banished by the decree of the high judge, but Richard's page Oscar speaks in her favor, and the Count decides to see her himself and test her tricks. He invites his lords to accompany him to the sibyl's dwelling, and orders Oscar to bring him a fisherman's disguise. His enemies, Samuel and Tom, follow him.

The second act shows Ulrica in her cottage seated at a table, conjuring Satan. A crowd of people are around her, among them Richard in disguise. A sailor, Sylvan, advances first to hear his fate, and while Ulrica is prophesying that better days await him, Richard slips a roll of gold with a scroll into Sylvan's pocket and so makes the witch's words true. Sylvan, searching in his pockets, finds the gold and reads the inscription on the scroll: "Richard to his dear officer Sylvan," and all break out into loud praises of the clever sibyl.

A short while after a servant announces Amelia, and the sorceress, driving the crowd away, ushers her in, while Richard conceals himself. He listens with delight to the confession of her sinful love for himself, against which she asks for a draught, which might enable her to banish it from her heart. Ulrica advises her to pluck a magic herb at midnight, which grows in the fields where the criminals are executed. Amelia shudders but promises to do as she is bidden, while Richard secretly vows to follow and protect her.

Amelia departs and the people flock in again. Richard is the first to ask what is his fate. The sibyl reluctantly tells him that his life is to be destroyed by the first person who shall touch his hand on this very day. Richard vainly offers his hand to the bystanders, they all recoil from him, when suddenly his friend René comes in, and heartily shakes Richard's outstretched hand. This seems to break the spell, for everybody knows René to be the Count's dearest friend, and now believes the oracle to be false. Nevertheless Ulrica, who only now recognizes the Count, warns him once more against his enemies, but he laughs at her, and shows the sorceress the verdict of her banishment, which, however, he has canceled. Full of gratitude Ulrica joins in the universal song of praise, sung by the people to their faithful leader.

The third act opens on the ghostly field where Amelia is to look for the magic herb. She is frozen with horror, believing that she sees a ghost rise before her. Richard now turns up, and breaks out into passionate words, entreating her to acknowledge her love for him. She does so, but implores him at the same time not to approach her, and to remain true to his friend. While they speak René surprises them. He has followed Richard to save him from his enemies, who are waiting to kill him. Richard wraps himself in his friend's cloak, after having taken René's promise to lead the veiled lady to the gates of the town without trying to look at her. René swears, but fate wills it otherwise, for hardly has Richard departed, when the conspirators throng in, and enraged at finding only the friend, try to tear the veil off the lady's face. René guards her with his sword, but Amelia springing between the assailants lets fall her veil, and reveals her face to her husband and to the astonished men, thereby bringing shame and bitter mockery on them both. René, believing himself betrayed by wife and friend, asks the conspirators to meet him in his own house on the following morning, and swears to avenge the supposed treachery.

In the fourth act in his own house René bids his wife prepare herself for death. He disbelieves in her protest of innocence, but at length, touched by her misery, he allows her to take a last farewell of her son. When she is gone, he resolves rather to kill the seducer than his poor weak wife. When the conspirators enter he astonishes them by his knowledge of their dark designs, but they wonder still more when he offers to join them in their evil purpose. As they do not agree who it shall be that is to kill Richard, René makes his wife draw the lot from a vase on the table. The chosen one is her own husband. At this moment Oscar enters with an invitation to a masked ball from the court. René accepts, and the conspirators decide to seize the opportunity to put their foe to death. They are to wear blue dominos with red ribbons. Their password is "death."

The next scene shows a richly decorated ballroom. René vainly tries to find out the Count's disguise, until it is betrayed to him by the page, who believes that René wants to have some fun with his master. Amelia, waylaying Richard, implores him to fly, and when he disbelieves her warnings, shows him her face. When he recognizes her, he tenderly takes her hand, and tells her that he too has resolved to conquer his passion, and that he is sending her away to England with her husband. They are taking a last farewell, but alas! fate overtakes Richard in the shape of René, who runs his dagger through him. The crowd tries to arrest the murderer, but the dying Count waves them back, and with his last breath tells his unhappy friend that his wife is innocent. Drawing forth a document and handing it to René, the unfortunate man reads the Count's order to send them to their native land. Richard pardons his misguided friend and dies with a blessing on his beloved country.

BALLO IN MASCHERA, or GUSTAVUS THE THIRD

Grand Historic Opera in five acts by Daniel F. E. Auber. Text by Scribe.

THIS opera has had a curious fate, its historical background having excited resistance and given rise to scruples. The murder of a king was not thought a fit subject for an opera, and so the libretto was altered and spoiled.

The Italians simply changed the names and the scene of action; Verdi composed a new opera from the same matter and succeeded admirably; nevertheless Auber's composition is preferred in Germany, Scribe's libretto being by far the better, while the music is original and vivacious, as well as full of pleasant harmony and fine instrumentation.

The scene is laid in Stockholm in the year 1792. Gustavus III, King of Sweden, loves the wife of his friend and counselor Ankarström, and is loved in return, both struggling vainly against this sinful passion. Ankarström has detected a plot against the King's life, and warning him, asks that the traitor be punished, but Gustavus refuses to listen, trusting in his people and in his friend's fidelity. His minister Kaulbart desires him to condemn a sorceress named Arvedson, who is said to be able at will by means of certain herbs and potions to cause persons to love or hate each other. The King refuses to banish the woman unheard and decides to visit her. Ankarström tries to dissuade, but the King insists, and accordingly goes to Arvedson in disguise. During the witch's conjuration Malwina, his lady-love, appears, who seeks help from the sorceress against her forbidden passion. The concealed King hears Arvedson tell her to go at midnight and gather a herb, which grows on the graves of criminals, and triumphant in his knowledge of Malwina's confessed love, Gustavus decides to follow her there.

When she has gone, he mockingly orders the witch to tell him his fortune, and hears from her that he shall be killed by the man who first tenders him his hand. Just then Ankarström, who comes to protect the King against his enemy, enters and they shake hands.

In the third act Malwina meets the King on the dismal spot to which she had been directed; but Ankarström, whose watchful fidelity never suffers him to be far from the King, and who is utterly ignorant of the deception being practised upon him, saves the lovers from further guilt. After a severe conflict with himself, Gustavus consents to fly in his friend's cloak, Ankarström having pledged his honor not to ask the veiled lady's secret, and to conduct her safely back to the city. This plan is frustrated by the conspirators, who rush in and are about to attack the King. Mal-

wina throws herself between him and the combatants, and the husband then recognizes in the King's companion his own wife. Full of indignation he turns from her and joins the conspirators, promising to be one of them. He swears to kill his unhappy wife, but not until another has first fallen.

In the fourth act the conspirators have a meeting in Ankarström's house, where they decide to murder the King. The lots being cast, the duty to strike the death-blow falls on Ankarström, and Malwina herself draws the fatal paper. At this moment an invitation to a masked ball is brought by the King's page Oscar, and the conspirators resolve to take advantage of this opportunity for the execution of their design.

In the last act the King, happy to know Malwina safe from discovery, resolves to sacrifice his love to honor and friendship. He is about to give Ankarström the proof of his friendship, by naming him governor of Finland, and the minister is to depart with his wife on the morning after the ball. Meanwhile the King is warned by a missive from an unknown hand not to appear at the ball, but he disregards it. He meets Malwina at the ball. His page, thinking to do the King a service, has betrayed his mask to Ankarström. Malwina warns the prince, but in vain, for while he presents her with the paper which is to send her and her husband to their own beloved country, Ankarström shoots him through the heart. Gustavus dies, pardoning his murderer.

DER BARBIER VON BAGDAD

(The Barber of Bagdad)

Comic Opera in two acts by Peter Cornelius.

THE scene takes place in Bagdad, in the house of a wealthy young Mussulman called Nureddin. He is lying on a couch, surrounded by his servants, who think him dying. But it is only the flame of love which devours his strength and deprives him of all energy. As soon as Bostana, an old relative and companion of his lady-love, appears, in order to tell him that Margiana, his adored, is willing to receive him, Nureddin forgets his illness and only longs for the promised interview. The ensuing duet between him and Bostana, wherein she gives instruction about time and hour of the rendezvous, is delightfully fresh and piquant.

As Nureddin has neglected his personal appearance during his malady, his first wish is for a barber, who is speedily sent to him by Bostana. This old worthy, Abul Hassan Ali Ebe Bekar, the barber, makes him desperate by his vain prattle. Having solemnly saluted to Nureddin, he warns him not to leave the house, as his horoscope tells that his life is in danger. The young man not heeding him, Abul Hassan begins to enumerate all his talents as astrologer, philosopher, etc. When Nureddin orders him to begin his shaving he relates the fate of his six brothers, who all died before him and always of love. At last Nureddin's patience giving away, he calls his servants in to throw the old dotard out of doors, but Abul drives them all back. Nureddin tries to pacify him with flattery and finally succeeds.

Now Abul is curious, as all barbers are, and having heard Nureddin's sighs, he determines to find out all about the young man's love. This scene is most ludicrous, when Abul sings his air "Margiana," which name he has heard from Nureddin's lips, and the latter is in despair at being left with only one side of his head shaved. This great work done at last, Abul wants to accompany the young lover to the house of the cadi Baba Mustapha, Margiana's father. Nureddin again summons his servants, who begin to surround Abul, pretending to doctor him. Nureddin escapes, but Abul, after having shaken off the servants, runs after him.

The second act takes place in the cadi's house. Margiana is full of sweet anticipation, while her father, who has already chosen a husband for his daughter in the person of an old friend of his youth, shows her a large trunk full of gifts from the old bridegroom. Margiana admires them obediently. A musical scene of surpassing beauty follows, where we hear the call of the muezzin summoning the faithful to prayer. It is also the sign for Nureddin to appear. The cadi hurries to the mosque and Bostana introduces the lover. Here ensues a charming love-duet, accompanied, originally enough, by a song from the old barber, who watches before the house. Suddenly they are interrupted by cries of alarm, and with dismay they learn from Bostana that the cadi has returned to punish a slave, who has broken a precious vase.

Nureddin, unable to escape unobserved, is hidden in the big trunk. Meanwhile Abul, having heard the slave's cries and mistaking them for Nureddin's, summons the latter's servants and breaks into the cadi's house to avenge his young friend, whom he believes to be murdered. Bostana angrily bids him carry away the trunk, signifying to him whom she has hidden in it, but the cadi intervenes, believing the servants to be thieves who want to rob his daughter's treasure. The rumor of the murder gradually penetrates the whole town; its inhabitants gather before the house, and the appointed wailing-women mingle their doleful lamentations with the general uproar. At last the Calif himself appears in order to settle the quarrel.

The cadi accuses the barber of theft, while Abul calls the cadi a murderer. To throw light upon the matter, the Calif orders the trunk to be opened, which is done with great hesitation by Margiana. When the lid gives way Nureddin is lying in it in a deep swoon. All are terrified, believing him to be murdered; but Abul, caressing him, declares that his heart still throbs. The Calif bids the barber show his art, and Abul wakens Nureddin by the love-song to Margiana. The young man revives and the truth dawns upon the deceived father's mind. The Calif, a very humane and clement prince, feels great sympathy with the beautiful young couple, and advises the cadi to let his daughter have her treasure, for he had told them himself that it was Margiana's treasure that was kept hidden in the trunk.

The cadi consents, while the Calif bids the funny barber come to his palace to entertain him with stories, and invites all present to the wedding of the betrothed pair, to the great satisfaction of the people. The brilliant finale is full of energy, and is especially noteworthy on account of its melody.

IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA

Comic Opera in two acts by Gioachino Antonio Rossini.
Text by Sterbini.

COUNT ALMAVIVA is enamored of Rosina, the ward of Doctor Bartolo. She is most jealously guarded by the old man, who wishes to make her his own wife. In vain the Count serenades her; she does not appear, and he must needs invent some other means of obtaining his object. Making the acquaintance of the light-hearted and cunning barber Figaro, the latter advises him to get entrance into Bartolo's house in the guise of a soldier possessing a billet of quartering for his lodging. Rosina herself has not failed to hear the sweet love-songs of the Count, known to her only under the simple name of Lindoro; and with southern passion, and the light-heartedness which characterizes all the persons who figure in this opera, but which is not to be mistaken for frivolity, Rosina loves her nice lover and is willing to be his own. Figaro has told her of Almaviva's love and in return she gives him a note, which she has written in secret. But the old Doctor is a sly fox, he has seen the inky little finger, and determines to keep his eyes open.

When the Count appears in the guise of a half-drunken dragoon, the Doctor sends Rosina away, and tries to put the soldier out of the house, pretending to have a license against all billets. The Count resists, and while Bartolo seeks for his license, makes love to Rosina, but after the Doctor's return there arises such an uproar that all the neighbors and finally the guards appear, who counsel the Count to retire for once.

In the second act the Count gains entrance to Bartolo's house as a singing-master, who is deputed to give a lesson instead of the fever-stricken Basilio. Of course the music-lesson is turned into a love-lesson.

When all seems to be going well, the real maestro, Basilio, enters and all but frustrates their plans. With gold and promises Figaro bribes him to retreat, and the lovers agree to flee on the coming night.

Almost at the last moment the cunning of Bartolo hinders the projected elopement. He shows a letter, which Rosina has written, and makes Rosina believe that her lover, whom she only knows as Lindoro, in concert with Figaro is betraying her to the Count. Great is her joy when she detects that Lindoro and Count Almaviva are one and the same person, and that he loves her as truly as ever. They bribe the old notary, who has been sent for by Bartolo to arrange his own (Bartolo's) wedding with Rosina. Bartolo signs the contract of marriage, with Figaro as witness, and detects too late that he has been duped, and that he has himself united the lovers. At last he submits with pretty good grace to the inevitable, and contents himself with Rosina's dowry, which the Count generously transfers to him.

DIE BEIDEN SCHÜTZEN
(The Two Guardsmen)

Comic Opera in three acts by Gustav Albert Lortzing.
Text adapted from the French.

THE scene is in a little country town, where we find Busch, a wealthy innkeeper, making preparations for the arrival of his only son. The young man had entered a grenadier regiment at the age of sixteen, ten years before, so the joyful event of his home-coming is looked forward to with pleasure by his father and sister Süschen, but with anxiety by a friend of hers, Caroline, to whom young Busch had been affianced before joining his regiment.

Enter two young grenadiers from the regiment on leave, the younger of whom falls in love with Süschen at first sight. However, as the elder grenadier, Schwarzbart, dolefully remarks, they are both almost penniless, and he reflects how he can possibly help them in their need. His meditations are interrupted by the arrival of the landlord, who, seeing the two knapsacks and recognizing one of them as that of his son, naturally supposes the owner to be his offspring, in which belief he is confirmed by Schwarzbart, who is induced to practise this deceit, partly by the desire of getting a good dinner and the means of quenching his insatiable thirst, partly by the hope of something turning up in favor of his companion in arms, Wilhelm. As a matter of fact the knapsack does not belong to Wilhelm at all. On leaving the inn at which the banquet following the wedding of one of their comrades had been held, the knapsacks had inadvertently been exchanged much to Wilhelm's dismay, his own containing a lottery ticket which, as he has just learned, had won a great prize. The supposed son is of course received with every demonstration of affection by his fond parent; but, though submitting with a very good grace to the endearments of his supposed sister—the maiden with whom he has fallen in love so suddenly—he resolutely declines being hugged and made much of by the old landlord, this double part being entirely distasteful to his straightforward nature. Nor does his affianced bride, the daughter of the bailiff, fare any better, his affections being placed elsewhere, and their bewilderment is only somewhat appeased by Schwarzbart's explanation that his comrade suffers occasionally from weakness of the brain.

In the next act Peter, a youth of marvelous stupidity, a cousin of the bailiff, presents himself in a woeful plight, to which he has been reduced by some soldiers at the same wedding festivities, and shortly after Gustav, the real son, appears on the scene. He is a manly fellow, full of tender thoughts for his home. Great is his surprise at finding himself repulsed by his own father, who, not recognizing him, believes him to be an impostor. All the young man's protestations are of no avail, for in his knapsack are found the papers of a certain Wilhelm Stark for whom he is now mistaken. When silly Peter perceives him he believes him to be the grenadier who had so ill-treated him at the wedding, though in reality it was Schwarzbart. Gustav is shut up in a large garden-house of his father's; the small town lacking a prison.

In the third act the magistrate has found out that Wilhelm's papers prove him to be the bailiff's son, being the offspring of his first love. He had been with a clergyman, and after the death of the bailiff's wife was vainly sought for by his father. Of course this changes everything for the prisoner, who is suddenly accosted graciously by his gruff guardian Barsch, and does not know what to make of his mysterious hints.

Meanwhile Caroline's heart has spoken for the stranger who had addressed her so courteously and chivalrously; she feels that, far from being an im-

postor, he is a loyal and true-hearted young fellow and therefore decides to liberate him. At the same time enters Wilhelm with Schwarzbart, seeking Süschen; Peter slips in for the same reason, seeking her, for Süschen is to be his bride. Gustav (the prisoner), hearing footsteps, blows out the candle in order to save Caroline from being recognized, and so they all run about in the dark, playing hide-and-seek in an infinitely droll manner. At last the bailiff, having heard that his son has been found, comes up with the innkeeper. The whole mystery is cleared up, and both sons embrace their respective fathers and their brides.

LA BOHÈME

Opera in four acts by Giacomo Puccini.
Text by Giacosa and Illica.

THE first act opens in a garret in Paris, in about 1830, and shows us Marcel the painter and Rudolph the poet, from whose Bohemian mode of life the opera derives its name, at work. Alas! there is no fire in the grate, and the cold is so intense that Marcel is about to break up a chair for firewood.

Rudolph prevents him and kindles a fire with his manuscript instead, crying: "My drama shall warm us." The second act of the manuscript follows the first one, by the blaze of which the artists joyfully warm their half-frozen hands. The paper is quickly burned to ashes, but before they have time to lament this fact the door is opened by two boys bringing food, fuel, wine, and even money. Schaunard, a musician, brings up the rear, to whom neither Marcel nor Rudolph pays the least attention.

It seems that an Englishman engaged Schaunard to sing to his parrot till it dies, but after three days Schaunard becomes so heartily sick of his task that he poisons the bird and runs away.

He suggests that they all go out for supper, it being Christmas eve. They decide to drink some of the wine first, but they are interrupted by the landlord, who demands his quarter's rent. He soon imbibes so much of the wine that he becomes intoxicated and correspondingly jovial. After being joked about his love adventures he finds himself standing outside the door in pitch darkness. The others meanwhile prepare to go out to supper, with the exception of Rudolph, who remains behind to finish a manuscript article.

A pretty young girl soon knocks, carrying a candle and a key. He begs her to come in and be seated, and she swoons while refusing. He revives her with some wine, and she goes off with her relighted candlestick, but forgets her key, which she has dropped in her swoon, and for which she at once comes back. A draft blows out the candle and Rudolph keeps the key, while pretending to look for it. Suddenly he clasps the girl's hand and he and she exchange confidences, while confessing their love for each other.

When Rudolph's friends call him he invites Mimi, who is a flower-girl, to accompany him.

The second act takes place before the well-known Café Momus in the Quartier Latin, where Rudolph and Mimi join Schaunard and Marcel.

Rudolph has bought her a pink bonnet and introduces her to his friends, the fourth of whom is Colline the philosopher.

The party eat and drink amid the noise and bustle of the fair, when Marcel suddenly sees his old love Musette, gorgeously arrayed and leaning upon the arm of an old man. Marcel turns pale, while his friends make fun of the fantastic couple, much to Musette's anger. She at once begins to make overtures to Marcel, who feigns utter indifference. Musette's old admirer orders supper, in the hope of pacifying her, while she addresses Marcel in fond whispers. The others watch the scene with amusement, but Rudolph devotes all his attentions to Mimi. Musette suddenly complains that her shoes hurt her and sends her aged lover off for another pair. Then she proceeds to make friends with Marcel. When the waiter brings the bill, Musette tells him that the old gentleman will settle for everything after his return.

The party profit by the approach of the patrol, who causes a turmoil, in the midst of which they all escape. Alcindor, the old admirer, finds only two bills awaiting him when he returns with the new shoes. Musette has been carried away shoeless by her old friend.

The third act takes place on the outskirts of Paris called "Barrière de l'Enfer" (The Tollgate of Hell). To the left there is a tavern, over which hangs Marcel's picture "The Crossing of the Red Sea," as a signboard. The day is breaking, the customhouse officials are still sleeping around the fire, but the scavengers coming from Chantilly soon awake them.

The gate is opened to admit milk-women, carters, peasants with baskets, and finally Mimi.

She looks wretched and is at once seized with a terrible fit of coughing. As soon as she can speak, she asks the name of the tavern, where she knows Marcel is working. When he emerges from the inn she implores his help, saying Rudolph is killing her by his insane jealousy. Marcel promises to intervene, and when Rudolph comes out of the tavern Mimi hides behind the trees.

She hears Rudolph say she is doomed to die, and coughs and sobs so violently that her presence is revealed.

Rudolph remorsefully takes the poor weak creature in his arms, and they decide to make it up.

Their reconciliation is interrupted by Marcel, who is upbraiding Musette. This flighty damsel has one lover after another, although she really loves Marcel alone.

The fourth and last act takes us back to the garret, where Marcel and Rudolph are alone, Musette and Mimi having left them. They each kiss mementos of their lady-loves, when Schaunard appears with bread and herring. Gaiety is soon restored and a regular frolic takes place. Musette enters in a state of great agitation, to say that Mimi, who is in the last stage of consumption, is there and wants to see Rudolph once more. The latter carries her on the little bed. As there is nothing in the house with which to revive her, Musette decides to sell her earrings in order to procure medicines, a doctor, and a muff, for which Mimi longs.

Schaunard also goes out, so that the lovers are left alone. A touching scene follows, when Rudolph shows Mimi the pink bonnet he has cherished all the time. Musette and Marcel soon return with medicines and a muff, upon which Mimi sinks into the sleep that knows no awakening, with a contented smile.

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

Opera in three acts by Michael William Balfe.
Text by Bunn.

THE opera opens with a scene on Count Arnheim's grounds near Presburg. Count Arnheim's retainers are waiting to accompany him to the hunt. He appears with his foppish nephew Florestein, who is afraid of a gun. He bids farewell to his little daughter Arline, and she goes up a mountain path with Buda, her nurse, and Florestein. Thaddeus, a Polish exile, enters exhausted from pursuit. Gypsies appear, headed by Devilshoof. They attempt to rob Thaddeus, but after some parley he decides to join their band. Devilshoof takes everything he has except his commission, but gives him a ragged gypsy dress in return. He mingles with the gypsies just as a troop of soldiers come to apprehend him. Huntsmen return in excitement; Florestein appears, terrified. Arline has been attacked by a wild animal. Thaddeus rescues her, and the Count in gratitude invites him to a feast, during which he refuses to drink to the Emperor. He is repudiated by all, but Devilshoof comes to his aid. As a reward for the rescue of Arline the Count offers the exile a purse, which he proudly refuses. Thaddeus and Devilshoof are imprisoned, but the latter escapes and carries off Arline. He is seen by the Count and his guests crossing a frail bridge between two rocks with the child in his arms. He breaks down the bridge and disappears.

The second act reveals a street in Presburg twelve years later. We see the tent of the gypsy Queen. Arline sleeps while Thaddeus keeps watch. Devilshoof and others enter with a new project to rob Florestein, who is flushed with wine. They secure his valuables, but the Queen makes them return everything. Florestein is solicitous about a medallion which has disappeared and which is an heirloom of great value. Devilshoof has secreted it. Arline awakens and tells Thaddeus her dream in the aria "I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls." Thaddeus and Arline declare their love. The Queen, through jealousy, is angry, but, ridiculed by Devilshoof, joins their hands according to the gypsy rite.

The scene shifts to another street where a fair is being held. Count Arnheim and Florestein appear. Florestein compliments Arline, which amuses her, until he tries to kiss her, when she slaps him vigorously. The Queen, recognizing him, gives Arline the stolen medallion, so that she will be accused of robbing him. This plan succeeds, but Thaddeus and the gypsies protect Arline. Nevertheless, she and Thaddeus are imprisoned.

The final scene of the act shows Count Arnheim's apartments with a portrait of Arline in her childhood. The Count enters sadly, and gazes at the portrait. He sings "The heart bowed down." The captain of the guard reports Arline's capture. She is brought in and pleads her innocence, but in her humiliation is about to stab herself. The Count, while stopping her, observes a scar by which he recognizes her as his daughter, and Thaddeus, who enters at that moment, as her preserver.

The last act takes place in the Count's castle. Arline, in rich attire, is sad and lonely. She looks with longing at her gypsy dress. Devilshoof boldly enters the room and begs her to rejoin the tribe. Thaddeus appears at the window. He sings "Then you'll remember me." The two men hide themselves as the guests enter. The Queen of the gypsies suddenly appears and tells the Count that Thaddeus is concealed in his daughter's room. The Count denounces his daughter. Thaddeus comes from his hiding-place, and declares Arline innocent. He proclaims his identity as a Polish noble. The Count is reassured, but the Queen tries to kill Thaddeus, and Devilshoof, while attempting to snatch the rifle from her hands, accidentally shoots her. The joy of the lovers is too great to be marred, and all ends happily.

CARMEN

Opera in four acts by Georges Bizet.
Text by Meilhac and Halévy, founded on the story of Prosper Mérimée.

CARMEN, the heroine, is a Spanish gypsy, fickle and wayward, endowed with all the wild graces of her nation. She is adored by her people, and so it is not to be wondered at that she has many of the stronger sex at her feet. She tries to charm Don José, a brigadier of the Spanish army; of course he is one out of many; she soon grows tired of him, and awakens his jealousy by a thousand caprices and cruelties.

Don José is betrothed to the sweet and lovely Micaëla, waiting for him at home, but she is forgotten as soon as he sees the proud gypsy.

Micaëla seeks him out, bringing to him the portrait and the benediction of his mother, aye, even her kiss, which she gives him with blushes. His tenderness is gone, however, so far as Micaëla is concerned, as soon as he casts one look into the lustrous eyes of Carmen. This passionate creature has involved herself in a quarrel and wounded one of her companions, a laborer in a cigarette manufactory. She is to be taken to prison, but Don José lets her off, promising to meet her in the evening at an inn kept by a man named Lillas Pastia, where they are to dance the seguedilla.

In the second act we find them there together, with the whole band of gypsies. Don José, more and more infatuated by Carmen's charms, is willing to join the vagabonds, who are at the same time smugglers. He accompanies them in a dangerous enterprise of this kind, but no sooner has he submitted to sacrifice love and honor for the gypsy than she begins to tire of his attentions. José has pangs of conscience, he belongs to another sphere of society and his feelings are of a softer kind than those of nature's unruly child. She transfers her affections to a bullfighter named Escamillo, another of her suitors, who returns her love more passionately. A quarrel ensues between the two rivals. Escamillo's knife breaks and he is about to be killed by Don José, when Carmen intervenes, holding back his arm. Don José, seeing that she has duped him, now becomes her deadly foe, filled with sudden hatred and longing for revenge.

Micaëla, the tender-hearted maiden, who follows him everywhere like a guardian angel, reminds him of his lonely mother, everybody advises him to let the fickle Carmen alone—Carmen who never loved the same man

for more than six weeks. But in vain, till Micaëla tells him of the dying mother asking incessantly for her son; then at last he consents to go with her, but not without wild imprecations on his rival and his faithless love.

In the fourth act we find ourselves in Madrid. There is to be a bullfight; Escamillo, its hero, has invited the whole company to be present in the circus.

Don José appears there too, trying for the last time to regain his bride. Carmen, though warned by a fellow-gypsy, Frasquita, knows no fear. She meets her old lover outside the arena, where he tries hard to touch her heart. He kneels at her feet, vowing never to forsake her and to be one of her own people, but Carmen, though wayward, is neither a coward nor a liar, and boldly declares that her affections are given to the bullfighter, whose triumphs are borne to their ears on the shouts of the multitude. Almost beside himself with love and rage, José seizes her hand and attempts to drag her away, but she escapes from him, and throwing the ring, José's gift, at his feet, rushes to the door of the arena. He overtakes her, however, and just as the trumpets announce Escamillo's victory, in a perfect fury of despair he stabs her through the heart, and the victorious bullfighter finds his beautiful bride a corpse.

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

(Rustic Chivalry)

Opera in one act by Pietro Mascagni.
Text by Targioni-Tozzetti and Menasci, after Verga's drama.

THE following are the very simple facts of the story, which takes place in a Sicilian village.

Turridu, a young peasant, has loved and wooed Lola before entering military service. At his return he finds the flighty damsel married to the wealthy carrier Alfio, who glories in his pretty wife and treats her very well. Turridu tries to console himself with another young peasant girl, Santuzza, who loves him ardently, and to whom he has promised marriage.

The opera only begins at this point.

Lola, the coquette, cannot bear to know that her former sweetheart should love another woman. She flirts with him, and before the curtain has been raised after the overture Turridu's love-song is heard for Lola, who grants him a rendezvous in her own house.

This excites Santuzza's wildest jealousy. She complains to Turridu's mother, who vainly tries to soothe her. Then she has a last interview with Turridu, who is just entering the church. She reproaches him first with his treachery, then implores him not to forsake her and leave her dishonored.

But Turridu remains deaf to all entreaty, and flings her from him. At last, half mad through her lover's stubbornness, Santuzza betrays him and Lola to Alfio, warning the latter that his wife has proved false. After church Alfio and Turridu meet in mother Lucia's tavern. Alfio refusing to drink of Turridu's wine, the latter divines that the husband knows all. The men and women leave while the two adversaries after Sicilian custom embrace each other, Alfio biting Turridu in the ear, which indicates mortal challenge. Turridu, deeply repenting his folly, as well as his falsehood toward poor Santuzza, recommends her to his mother. He hurries into the garden, where Alfio expects him. A few minutes later his death is announced by the peasants, and Santuzza falls back in a dead swoon; with which the curtain closes over the tragedy.

LE CID

Lyric Drama in three acts by Peter Cornelius.

THE scene is laid in Burgos in Castile in the year 1064. The first act opens with a large concourse of people, assembled to celebrate the victory of Ruy Diaz over the Moors.

In the midst of their rejoicings a funeral march announces Chimene, Countess of Lozan, whose father has been slain by Diaz. While she wildly invokes the King's help against the hero the latter enters, enthusiastically greeted by the people, who adore in him their deliverer from the sword of the infidels.

He justifies himself before King Fernando, relating with quiet dignity how he killed Count Lozan in open duel to avenge his old father, whose honor the Count had grossly attacked. Nevertheless he is ready to defend himself against anybody who is willing to fight for Donna Chimene, and for this purpose he throws down his glove, which is taken up by Alvar Farnez, his friend and companion in arms, who is madly in love with Chimene. While they are preparing for the duel the Bishop Luyn Calvo, an uncle of Diaz, intervenes, entreating his nephew to desist from further bloodshed and to surrender his sword Tizona into the mediator's hands. After a hard struggle with himself the hero, who secretly loves Chimene, yields, and hands his sword to Calvo, who at once offers it to Chimene, thereby giving the defenseless hero into her hands.

Exultingly she swears to take vengeance on Diaz, who stands motionless, looking down with mournful dignity on the woman whom he loves and who seems to hate him so bitterly.

In the midst of this scene the war-cry is heard. The enemy has again broken into the country and has already taken and burned the fortress of Belforad. All crowd around Diaz, beseeching him to save them. While he stands mute and deprived of his invincible sword, Chimene, mastering her own grief at the sight of her country's distress, lays down Tizona at Fernando's feet. Ruy Diaz now receives his sword back from the hands of the King, and brandishing it high above his head he leads the warriors forth to freedom or death.

The second act takes place in Chimene's castle. Her women try to beguile their mistress's sorrow by songs, and when they see her soothed to quiet they retire noiselessly. But hardly does she find herself alone than pain and grief overcome her again. She longs to avenge her father's death on Diaz, and yet deep in her heart there is a feeling of great admiration for him. In vain she wrestles with her feelings, invoking the Almighty's help to do what is right. In this mood Alvar finds her. He once more assures her of his devotion and repeats that he will fight with Diaz as soon as the country is freed from the enemy. He leaves her, and night comes on. In the darkness Diaz steals in, for he cannot resist his heart's desire to see

Chimene once more before the battle. In the uncertain rays of the moonlight she at first mistakes him for her father's ghost, but when he pronounces her name she recognizes him, and violently motions him away, but he falls on his knee and pours out his hopeless love. At last his passion overcomes all obstacles; she forgives him, and at his entreaty she calls him by his name, saying: "Ruy Diaz, be victorious!" Full of joy he blesses her and goes to join his men, who are heard in the distance calling him to lead them to battle.

The third act is played once more in Burgos.

Diaz has been victorious. The whole army of captives defiles before the throne, and a rejoicing assemblage of nobles and people does homage to the King. Even the Moorish kings bend the knee voluntarily; they have been unfortunate, but they have been conquered by the greatest hero of the world; they are conquered by "the Cid"! When the King asks them what the name means, they tell him that its signification is "Master"; full of enthusiasm, all around adopt this name for their hero. The Cid will be his title henceforth, immortal as his glorious star!

The people loudly call for Diaz to appear, but are told that immediately after the battle Alvar had sent the hero a challenge. At the same time Alvar enters unhurt, and Chimene, who stands near the King with her women ready to greet the victor, grows white and faint, believing that Diaz has been killed by Alvar. She impetuously interrupts the latter, who begins to relate the events, and unable to control her feelings any longer she pours out her long pent-up love for Diaz, at the same time bewailing the slain hero and swearing faithfulness to his memory unto death. "He lives," cries Alvar, and at this moment the Cid, as we must now call him, appears, stormily hailed by great and small.

Deeply moved he lays down his victorious sword at the feet of his King, who embraces him, pronouncing him Sire of Saldaja, Cardenja, and Belforad. Then he leads him to his lady, who sinks into his arms supremely happy. The Bishop blesses the noble pair, and all join in his prayer that love may guide them through life and death.

LES CONTES D'HOFFMANN
(Hoffmann's Tales)

Fantastic Opera in three acts by Jacques Offenbach.
Text by Barbier.

THE first scene, a prologue, is laid in Luther's famous wine-cellar in Nuremberg.

The hero of the opera, Hoffmann himself, is there, drinking with a number of gay young students, his friends. He is in a despondent mood, and when urged by his companions to tell them the reason of his depression he declares himself ready to relate the story of his three love adventures, while his friends sit round a bowl of flaming strong punch.

Now the scene changes and the curtain rises on the first act. We find Hoffmann in Spalanzani's house. This man is a famous physiologist, and Hoffmann has entered his house as his pupil in order to make the acquaintance of the professor's beautiful daughter Olympia, whom he has seen at a distance.

This daughter is nothing more than an automaton that has been manufactured by Spalanzani and his friend, the wizard Coppelius. This doll can sing, dance, and speak like a human being. Spalanzani hopes to become rich by means of this clever work of art. As half of Olympia (this is the doll's name) belongs to Coppelius, Spalanzani buys her from him, paying him by a draft on the Jew Elias, though he knows him to be bankrupt. Hoffmann has been persuaded by Coppelius to purchase a pair of spectacles, through which he looks at Olympia, and taking her for a lovely, living maiden, falls violently in love with her.

Spalanzani now gives a grand entertainment at which he presents his daughter Olympia (the automaton), who surprises everybody by her loveliness and fine singing. Hoffmann is completely bewitched, and as soon as he finds himself alone with her he makes her an ardent declaration of love and is not at all discouraged by her sitting stock-still and only answering from time to time a dry little "ja ja." At last he tries to embrace her, but as soon as he touches her she rises and trips away.

Hoffmann's friend Niklas finds him in the seventh heaven of rapture and vainly endeavors to enlighten him as to the reason of the beauty's stiffness and heartlessness.

When the dancing begins Hoffmann engages Olympia, and they dance on, always faster and faster, until Hoffmann sinks down in a swoon, his spectacles being broken by the fall. Olympia spins on alone as fast as ever and presently dances out of the room, Cochenille vainly trying to stop her. Coppelius now enters in a fury, having found out that Spalanzani's draft on Elias is worthless. He rushes to the room into which Olympia has vanished, and when Hoffmann revives he hears a frightful sound of breaking and smashing, and Spalanzani bursts in with the news that Coppelius has broken his valuable automaton. Thus Hoffmann learns that he has been in love with a senseless doll. The guests, who now enter, shout with laughter at his confusion, while Spalanzani and Coppelius load each other with abuse.

The second act takes place in Giulietta's palace in Venice. Everything breathes joy and love. Both Niklas and Hoffmann are courting the beautiful lady. Niklas warns his friend against her, but Hoffmann only laughs at the idea that he is likely to love a courtezan. The latter is entirely in the hand of the wizard Dapertutto, who acts toward Hoffmann as an evil spirit under three different names in each of his three love affairs. Giulietta has already stolen for him the shadow of her former lover Schlemihl; now Dapertutto wounds her vanity by telling her that Hoffmann has spoken disdainfully of her, and makes her promise to win the young man's love and by that means to make him give her his reflection from a looking-glass.

She succeeds easily, and there ensues a charming love-duet during which they are surprised by the jealous Schlemihl. Giulietta tells Hoffmann that her former lover has the key of her apartments in his pocket, she then departs leaving the two lovers and Dapertutto alone. When Hoffmann peremptorily demands the key from Schlemihl the latter refuses to give it up. The result is a duel, for which Dapertutto offers Hoffmann his sword.

After a few passes Schlemihl is killed and Dapertutto disappears. A few moments afterward Giulietta's gondola passes before the balcony and Hoffmann sees her leaning on Dapertutto's arm singing a mocking farewell to the poor deserted lover.

The third act takes place in Rath Krespel's house. His daughter Antonia has inherited her mother's gift of a beautiful voice, but also her tendency to consumption. The greatest joy of her life is singing, which, however, her father has forbidden, knowing this exertion to be fatal to his darling.

She is engaged to be married to Hoffmann, but Krespel is averse to the marriage, seeing in it another danger for his daughter's health, as Hoffmann is musical and encourages Antonia to sing. Krespel has forbidden his servant Franz to let anybody see Antonia while he goes out of the house, but Franz, who is very deaf, misunderstands his master's orders and joyously welcomes his mistress's suitor. A delicate love-scene follows, during which Antonia shows her lover that her voice is as fine as ever. When they hear Krespel returning, Antonia retires to her own room, but Hoffmann hides himself in an alcove, determined to learn why Antonia is so closely hidden from the world.

Immediately after the father's return Doctor Mirakel enters. Krespel is mortally afraid of this mysterious man, as he believes him to have killed his wife with drugs, and that now he aims at his daughter's life.

This Mirakel is a demon who acts as in the two former instances as Hoffmann's evil genius. From the conversation of the two men Hoffmann learns the secret of his bride's dangerous inheritance, and when Mirakel has at last been driven out of the room and Krespel has left it too, the lovers both come back again. Hoffmann by earnest entreaty succeeds in gaining Antonia's promise never to sing any more. But when he has left, Mirakel returns and by invoking the spirit of her mother he goads her on to break her promise. She begins to sing and he urges her on, until she sinks back exhausted. It is thus that her father and her lover find her, and after a few sweet words of farewell she dies in their arms.

The epilogue takes us back to Luther's cellar, where Hoffmann's companions are still sitting over their punch, the steam of which forms clouds over their heads, while they thank their poor, heart-broken friend for his three stories with ringing cheers.

COSI FAN TUTTE

Comic Opera in two acts by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Text by Da Ponte, newly arranged by Schneider and Devrient.

DON FERNANDO and Don Alvar are betrothed to two Andalusian ladies, Rosaura and Isabella.

They loudly praise their ladies' fidelity, when an old bachelor, named Onofrio, pretends that their sweethearts are not better than other women and accessible to temptation. The lovers agree to make the trial and promise to do everything which Onofrio dictates. Thereupon they announce to the ladies that they are ordered to Havana with their regiment, and after a tender leave-taking, they depart to appear again in another guise, as officers of a strange regiment. Onofrio has won the ladies' maid, Dolores, to aid in the furtherance of his schemes, and the officers enter, beginning at once to make love to Isabella and Rosaura, but each, as was before agreed, to the other's affianced.

Of course the ladies reject them, and the lovers begin to triumph, when Onofrio prompts them to try another temptation. The strangers, mad with love, pretend to drink poison in the young ladies' presence. Of course these tender-hearted maidens are much aggrieved; they call Dolores, who bids her mistresses hold the patients in their arms; then coming disguised as a physician, she gives them an antidote. By this clumsy subterfuge they excite the ladies' pity and are nearly successful in their foolish endeavors, when Dolores, pitying the cruelly tested women, reveals the whole plot to them.

Isabella and Rosaura now resolve to enter into the play. They accept the disguised suitors, and even consent to a marriage. Dolores appears in the shape of a notary, without being recognized by the men. The marriage contract is signed, and the lovers disappear to return in their true characters, full of righteous contempt. Isabella and Rosaura make believe to be conscience-stricken, and for a long while torment and deceive their angry bridegrooms. But at last they grow tired of teasing, present the disguised Dolores, and put their lovers to shame by showing that all was a farce. Of course the gentlemen humbly ask their pardon, and old Onofrio is obliged to own himself beaten.

CZAR UND ZIMMERMANN

(Czar and Carpenter)

Comic Opera in three acts by Gustav Albert Lortzing.

PETER THE GREAT of Russia has taken service on the wharfs of Saardam as simple ship-carpenter under the assumed name of Peter Michaelov. Among his companions is another Peter, named Ivanov, a Russian renegade, who has fallen in love with Marie, the niece of the burgomaster Van Bett.

The two Peters being countrymen and fearing discovery, have become friendly, but Ivanov, instinctively feeling his friend's superiority, is jealous of him, and Marie, a little coquette, nourishes his passion.

Meanwhile the ambassadors of France and England, each of whom wishes for a special connection with the Czar of Russia, have discovered where he must be, and both bribe the conceited simpleton Van Bett, who tries to find out the real Peter.

He assembles the people, but there are many Peters among them, though only two strangers. He asks them whence they come, then takes aside Peter Ivanov, cross-questioning him in vain as to what he wishes to know.

At last, being aware of Peter's love for Marie, he gives him some hope of gaining her hand, and obtains in exchange a promise from the young man to confess his secret in presence of the foreign nobleman. The cunning French ambassador, the Marquis de Châteauneuf, has easily found out the Czar and gained his purpose, while the phlegmatic English lord, falsely directed by the burgomaster, is still in transaction with Ivanov. All this takes place during a rural festivity, where the Marquis, notwithstanding the claims upon

his attention, finds time to court pretty Marie, exciting Ivanov's hate and jealousy.

Ivanov with difficulty plays the rôle of Czar, which personage he is supposed to be both by Lord Syndham and Van Bett. He well knows that he deserves punishment if he is found out on either side. The burgomaster, getting more and more confused, and fearing himself surrounded by spies and cheats, examines one of the strangers after the other, and is of course confounded to hear their highflown names; at last he seizes the two Peters, but is deterred from his purpose by the two ambassadors. They are now joined by a third, the Russian General Lefort, who comes to call back his sovereign to his own country. In the third act Van Bett has prepared a solemn demonstration of fealty for the supposed Czar whom he still mistakes for the real one, while the real Czar has found means to go on board of his ship with the Marquis and Lefort.

Before taking farewell Czar Peter promises a passport to Ivanov, who is very dubious as to what will become of him. Meanwhile Van Bett approaches the Czar with his procession to do homage, but during his long and confused speech cannon-shots are heard and an usher announces that Peter Michaelov is about to sail away with a large crew. The background opens and shows the port with the Czar's ship. Everybody shouts "Long live the Czar!" and Ivanov, opening the paper which his high-born friend left to him, reads that the Czar grants him pardon for his desertion and bestows upon him a considerable sum of money.

LA DAME BLANCHE

Comic Opera in three acts by François Adrien Boieldieu. Text by Scribe.

THE scene is laid in Scotland, the plot being taken from two of Sir Walter Scott's novels, "The Monastery" and "Guy Mannering."

George Brown, the hero of the opera, a young lieutenant in the English service, visits Scotland. He is hospitably received by a tenant of the late Count Avenel, who has been dead for some years. When he arrives the baptism of the tenant's youngest child is just being celebrated, and seeing that they lack a godfather, he good-naturedly consents to take the vacant place.

Seeing the old castle of the Avenels, he asks for its history, and the young wife Jenny tells him that according to the traditions of the place it is haunted by a ghost, as is the case in almost every old castle. This apparition is called the White Lady, but unlike other ghosts she is good, protecting her sex against fickle men. All the people around believe firmly in her and pretend to have seen her themselves. In the castle is a statue which bears the name of this benevolent genius, and in it the old lord has hidden treasures. His steward Gaveston, a rogue, who has taken away the only son of the Count in the child's earliest days, brings the castle with all its acres to public sale, hoping to gain it for himself.

He has a charming ward, named Anna. It is she who sometimes plays the part of the White Lady. She has summoned the young tenant Dickson, who is sincerely devoted to her, into the castle, and the young man, though full of fear, yet dares not disobey the ghostly commands.

George Brown, thirsting for a good adventure, and disbelieving in the ghost story, declares that he will go in Dickson's place.

In the second act George, who has found entrance into the castle, calls for the White Lady, who appears in the shape of Anna. She believes that Dickson is before her and she reveals her secret to him, imploring his help against her false guardian Gaveston, who means to rob the true and only heir of his property. She knows that the missing son of the Avenels is living, and she has given a promise to the dying Countess to defend his rights against the rapacious Gaveston. George gives his hand to the pretended ghost in token of fidelity, and the warm and soft hand which clasps his awakes tender feelings in him. On the following morning Dickson and his wife, Jenny, are full of curiosity about George's visit, but he does not breathe a word of his secret.

The sale of the castle, as previously announced, is to begin, and Dickson has been empowered beforehand by all the neighboring farmers to bid the highest price, in order not to let it fall into the hands of the hateful Gaveston. They bid higher and higher, but at length Dickson stops, unable to go further. Gaveston feels assured of his triumph, when George Brown, recalling his vow to the White Lady, advances boldly, bidding one thousand pounds more. Anna is beside him, in the shape of the specter, and George obediently bids on, till the castle is his for the price of £300,000. Gaveston, in a perfect fury, swears to avenge himself on the adventurer, who is to pay the sum in the afternoon. Should he prove unable to do so, he shall be put into prison. George, who firmly believes in the help of his genius, is quietly confident, and meanwhile makes an inspection of the castle. Wandering through the vast rooms, dim recollections arise in him, and hearing the minstrel's song of the Avenels, he all at once remembers and finishes the romance which he heard in his childhood.

The afternoon comes and with it MacIrton, the justice of peace. He wants the money, and George begs to await the White Lady, who promised her help. Anna appears, bringing the treasure of the Avenels hidden in the statue, and with it some documents which prove the just claims of Edwin, Count Avenel. This long-lost Count she recognizes in George Brown, whose identity with the playmate of her youth she had found out the night before. Gaveston approaches full of wrath to tear aside the ghost's white veil, and see his own ward, Anna.

The happy owner of castle and country holds firm to the promise which he gave the White Lady, and offers hand and heart to the faithful Anna, who has loved him from her childhood.

LA DAMNATION DE FAUST

(The Damnation of Faust)

Opera in four parts by Hector Berlioz.

IN the first part Faust, the learned philosopher, wanders in the fields, near a German village, at sunrise, meditating upon nature. He observes a crowd of peasants who dance and sing, jesting rudely. The Hungarian troops approach to martial music. Great excite-

SCENE FROM "LE NOZZE DI FIGARO"

From the Painting by Karl Becker

ment prevails among the peasants. Faust alone remains cold and unmoved.

The second part opens with Faust in his study, deploring his unhappy lot. Neither in nature, nor in books, nor in old memories has he found solace. He decides to take poison; but as he raises the cup to drink, the strains of an Easter hymn turn his thoughts toward good. Even then the fiend Mephisto is at his elbow, tempting him with promises of earthly joys. He succumbs and goes forth with the fiend in search of pleasure. They enter a wine-cellar in which a number of boon companions are carousing. Mephisto joins them, but Faust is disgusted by their uproarious ribaldry. Led by Mephisto to a garden on the banks of the Elbe, he falls asleep amid the music of a chorus of sylphs, and dreams of Marguerite, a fair unknown peasant girl. As the sylphs dance about him he awakens, still thinking of Marguerite and desiring to find her. A troop of soldiers march by, returning from war and eager for pleasure. They are joined by a band of students, who proclaim in song the joys of wine and love.

Part third begins with distant drums and trumpets sounding the retreat. Faust impatiently awaits Marguerite in her dwelling. Mephisto warns him of her coming, and he conceals himself in her room. Marguerite enters, musing upon a strange dream of an unknown lover. She braids her hair, singing dreamily of the faithful King of Thule. Mephisto invokes the powers of evil and begins a mocking serenade, while in the garden without the will-o'-the-wisps dance. Faust appears before Marguerite, who is startled, but in an ardent love-scene they declare their mutual passion, and Marguerite at last is persuaded to give herself to her lover. The entrance of Mephisto, to tell them that the villagers are coming to warn Marguerite's mother of her danger, terrifies the bewildered girl. She and Faust part reluctantly, while Mephisto exults over the enslavement of his victim. The villagers approach muttering threats, as Mephisto forces Faust to depart.

In part fourth Marguerite, heavy-hearted, sits alone, thinking of her lover, who comes not. Soldiers march by singing of the glories of war. Faust, alone in his study, has found solace in nature, but Mephisto disturbs him with the news that Marguerite is in prison, condemned to death for the murder of her mother, Marthe, to whom the fiend had given too powerful a sleeping potion. Faust signs a paper which he believes will free Marguerite, but which really gives over his own soul to perdition. Faust and the fiend then set forth on a wild ride through the darkness. As they gallop along they hear women and children praying. Strange shapes close around them presaging death. The horses tremble and snort with fear. Faust imagines that it rains blood. Everywhere he sees horrible visions, and at last he is hurled into the abyss to which the fiend has craftily led him, and is forever lost. The Prince of Darkness appears attended by infernal spirits, who exult over his downfall.

With a change of scene a celestial chorus is heard, and the spirit of Marguerite, saved by faith and repentance, is received into heaven. With her apotheosis the drama ends. This opera is noteworthy as being among those in which Berlioz introduced some of his most astonishing technical effects.

DINORAH

Comic Opera in three acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer.
Text by Barbier and Carré.

DINORAH, the heroine, is a poor peasant girl and the betrothed of a goatherd named Hoël. They are about to be married in the church at Auray, when a terrible thunderstorm suddenly interrupts the ceremony.

The cottage of Dinorah's father is destroyed, and Hoël gives up all his property to enable him to rebuild his house. Hoël is told by a sorcerer that he could gain great wealth if he would only consent to hide himself for a year in the forest. He follows this advice, and Dinorah, who thinks she is forsaken by her lover, loses her reason. After the year has expired, Hoël is informed that a vast treasure is buried in a certain spot. His joy at this news turns into dismay when he hears that the first person who moves the stone placed over the treasure will die within a year. He therefore induces Corentin, an avaricious fellow, to do this in his stead by promising him a share of the booty. When Corentin is on the point of removing the stone, a voice is heard, which reveals to him the legend of the treasure, and the fatal conditions imposed upon the finder.

Corentin, though enraged at the cunning trick Hoël has played on him, still cannot forego all hope of gaining the treasure. He discovers that the singer whose voice had warned him is no other than the mad girl Dinorah, and he resolves to make use of her, as formerly Hoël had made use of him, by persuading her to move the fatal stone. This she is about to do when the bell on her favorite goat diverts her attention, and causes her to fly this accursed place. In her flight, she is in danger of being carried away by an inundation, but is saved from drowning by Hoël. The sound of his beloved voice acts like a talisman, she recovers her reason, and there is now no drawback to their marriage. The union of the lovers closes the opera.

LE DOMINO NOIR
(The Black Domino)

Comic Opera in three acts by Daniel F. E. Auber.
Text by Scribe.

THE scene is laid in Madrid in the last century. The Queen of Spain gives a masked ball, at which our heroine, Angela, is present, accompanied by her companion, Brigitta. There she is seen by Horatio di Massarena, a young nobleman, who met her a year before at one of these balls and fell in love with her, without knowing her.

This time he detains her, but is again unable to discover her real name, and confessing his love for her he receives the answer that she can be no more than a friend to him. Massarena detains her so long that the clock strikes the midnight hour as Angela prepares to seek her companion. Massarena confesses to having removed Brigitta under some pretext, and Angela in despair cries out that she is lost. She is in reality a member of a convent, and destined to be lady abbess, though she has not yet taken the vows. She is very

highly connected, and has secretly helped Massarena to advance in his career as a diplomatist. Great is her anxiety to return to her convent after midnight, but she declines all escort, and walking alone through the streets, she comes by chance into the house of Count Juliano, a gentleman of somewhat uncertain character, and Massarena's friend. Juliano is just giving a supper to his gay friends, and Angela bribes his housekeeper, Claudia, to keep her for the night. She appears before the guests disguised as an Aragonese waiting-maid, and charms them all, and particularly Massarena, with her grace and coquetry. But as the young gentlemen begin to be insolent, she disappears, feeling herself in danger of being recognized. Massarena, discovering in her the charming black domino, is very unhappy to see her in such company. Meanwhile Angela succeeds in getting the keys of the convent from Gil Perez, the porter, who had also left his post, seduced by his love of gormandizing, and had come to pay court to Claudia. Angela troubles his conscience, frightens him with her black mask, and flees. When she has gone the housekeeper confesses that her pretended Aragonese was a stranger, by all appearance a noble lady, who sought refuge in Juliano's house.

In the third act Angela reaches the convent, but not without more adventures. Thanks to Brigitta's cleverness, her absence has not been discovered. At length the day has come when she is to be made lady abbess, and she is arrayed in the attire suited to her future high office, when Massarena is announced to her. He comes to ask to be relieved from a marriage with Ursula, Lord Elfort's daughter, who is destined for him, and who is also an inmate of the convent, but whom he cannot love. Notwithstanding her disguise he recognizes his beloved domino, who, happily for both, is released by the Queen from her high mission and permitted to choose a husband. Of course it is no other than the happy Massarena; while Ursula is consoled by being made lady abbess, a position which well suits her ambitious temper.

DON GIOVANNI

Opera in two acts by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.
Text by Da Ponte.

THE hero, spoiled by fortune, and blasé, is ever growing more reckless. He even dares to attack the virtue of Donna Anna, one of the first ladies of a city in Spain, of which her father, an old Spanish grandee, as noble and as strict in virtue as Don Giovanni is satiated and frivolous, is governor. The old father, coming forward to help his beloved daughter, with drawn dagger attacks Don Giovanni, who, compelled to defend himself, has the misfortune to stab his assailant.

Donna Anna, a lady not only noble and virtuous, but proud and high-spirited, vows to avenge her father's death. Though betrothed to a nobleman named Octavio, she will never know any peace until her father, of whose death she feels herself the innocent cause, is avenged. Her only hope is death, and in that she offers the liveliest contrast to her betrothed, who shows himself a gentleman of good temper and qualities, but of a mind too weak for his lady's high-flown courage and truly tragic character. Though Octavio wants to avenge Donna Anna's father, he would do it only to please her. His one aim is marriage with her. Her passionate feelings he does not understand.

Don Giovanni, pursued not only by Donna Anna, but also by his own neglected bride, Donna Elvira, tries to forget himself in debauches and extravagances. His servant Leporello, in every manner the real counterpart of his master, is his aider and abettor. A more witty, a more amusing figure does not exist. His fine sarcasm brings Don Giovanni's character into bold relief; they complement and explain each other.

But Don Giovanni, passing from one extravagance to another, sinks deeper; everything he tries begins to fail him, and his doom approaches. He begins to amuse himself with Zerlina, the young bride of a peasant named Masetto, but each time, when he seems all but successful with the little coquette, his enemies, who have united against him, interfere and present a new foe in the person of the bridegroom, the plump and rustic Masetto. At last Don Giovanni is obliged to take refuge from the hatred of his pursuers. His flight brings him to the grave of the dead governor, in whose memory a life-size statue has been erected in his own park. Excited to the highest pitch and almost beside himself, Don Giovanni even mocks the dead; he invites him to a supper. The statue moves its head in acceptance of the dreadful invitation of the murderer.

Toward evening Donna Elvira comes to see him, willing to pardon everything if only her lover will repent. She fears for him and for his fate. She does not ask for his love, only for the repentance of his follies; but all is in vain. The half-drunken Don Giovanni laughs at her, and so she leaves him alone. Then the ghostly guest, the statue of the governor, enters. He too tries to move his host's conscience. He fain would save him in the last hour. Don Giovanni remains deaf to those warnings of a better self, and so he incurs his doom. The statue vanishes, the earth opens, and the demons of hell devour Don Giovanni and his splendid palace.

DON PASQUALE

Comic Opera in three acts by Gaetano Donizetti.
Text after "Ser Marcantonio" by Cammerano.

THE wealthy old bachelor Don Pasquale desires to marry his only nephew to a rich and noble lady; but finding a hindrance in Ernesto's love for another, he decides to punish his headstrong nephew by entering himself into marriage and thus disinheriting Ernesto.

His physician Malatesta, Ernesto's friend, pretends to have discovered a suitable partner for him in the person of his (Malatesta's) sister, an "ingénue," educated in a convent and utterly ignorant of the ways of the world.

Don Pasquale maliciously communicates his intentions to the young widow Norina, telling her to distrust Malatesta. The latter, however, has been beforehand with him, and easily persuades Norina to play the part of his (Malatesta's) sister, and to endeavor, by the beauty of her person and the modesty of her demeanor, to gain the old man's affections. Should she succeed in doing so, Don Pasquale and Norina are

to go through a mock form of marriage—a notary, in the person of a cousin, named Carlo, has already been gained for the purpose—after which Norina, by her obstinacy, extravagance, capriciousness, and coquetry, is to make the old man repent of his infatuation and ready to comply with their wishes.

Urged on by her love for Ernesto, Norina consents to play the part assigned to her, and the charming simplicity of her manners, her modesty and loveliness so captivate the old man that he falls into the trap and makes her an offer of his hand. The marriage takes place, and one witness failing to appear, Ernesto, who happens to be near, and who is aware of the plot, is requested to take his place. Besides appointing Norina heiress of half his wealth, Don Pasquale at once makes her absolute mistress of his fortune. Having succeeded in attaining her aim, Norina throws aside her mask, and by her self-will, prodigality, and waywardness drives her would-be husband to despair. She squanders his money, visits the theater on the very day of their marriage, ignoring the presence of her husband in such a manner that he wishes himself in his grave, or rid of the termagant, who has destroyed the peace of his life. The climax is reached on his discovery among the accounts, all giving proof of his wife's reckless extravagance, a billet-doux pleading for a clandestine meeting in his own garden. Malatesta is summoned and cannot help feeling remorse on beholding the wan and haggard appearance of his friend. He recommends prudence, advises Don Pasquale to assist, himself unseen, at the proposed interview, and then to drive the guilty wife from the house. The jealous husband, though frankly confessing the folly he had committed in taking so young a wife, at first refuses to listen to Malatesta's counsel, and determines to surprise the lovers and have them brought before the judge. Finally, however, he suffers himself to be dissuaded and leaves the matter in Malatesta's hands.

In the last scene the lovers meet, but Ernesto escapes on his uncle's approach, who is sorely disappointed at having to listen to the bitter reproaches of his supposed wife, instead of being able to turn her out of doors.

Meanwhile Malatesta arrives, summons Ernesto, and in his uncle's name gives his (Don Pasquale's) consent to Ernesto's marriage with Norina, promising her a splendid dowry.

Don Pasquale's wife, true to the part she has undertaken to play, of course opposes this arrangement; and Don Pasquale, too happy to be able to thwart his wife, hastens to give his consent, telling Ernesto to bring his bride. His dismay on discovering that his own wife, whom he has only known under the name of Sophronia, and his nephew's bride are one and the same person, may be easily imagined. His rage and disappointment are, however, somewhat diminished by the reflection that he will no longer have to suffer from the whims of the young wife who had inveigled him into the ill-assorted marriage, and he at length consents, giving the happy couple his blessing.

Considered as representative of the modern Italian opera, this work, one of Donizetti's latest compositions, properly takes a high rank among those of its class. It affords excellent opportunities for vocal artists, and its bright music and witty text render it particularly enjoyable when well performed.

LES DRAGONS DE VILLARS
(The Hermit's Bell)

Comic Opera in three acts by Louis Aimé Maillart. Text after the French by Ernst.

THE scene is laid in a French mountain village near the frontier of Savoy toward the close of the war in the Cévennes in 1704.

In the first act peasant women in the service of Thibaut, a rich country squire, are collecting fruit. Georgette, Thibaut's young wife, controls their work. In compliance with a general request she treats them to a favorite provençal song, in which a young girl, forgetting her first vows, made to a young soldier, gives her hand to another suitor. She is interrupted by the sound of trumpets. Thibaut, hurrying up in great distress, asks the women to hide themselves at once, because soldiers are marching into the village. He conceals his own wife in the pigeon-house. A detachment of dragoons arrive, and Belamy, their corporal, asks for food and wine at Thibaut's house. He learns that there is nothing to be had and in particular that all the women have fled, fearing the unprincipled soldiers of King Louis XIV, sent to persecute the poor Huguenots or Camisards, who are hiding in the mountains—further that the "Dragons de Villars" are said to be an especially wild and dissolute set.

Belamy is greatly disgusted, and after having had his dinner and a sleep in Thibaut's own bed, decides to march on. The squire gladly offers to accompany the soldiers to St. Gratien's grotto near the hermitage, where they have orders to search for the Huguenot refugees.

While Belamy is sleeping, Thibaut calls his servant Silvain and scolds him because, though best of servants, he has now repeatedly been absent overlong on his errands; finally he orders him to saddle the mules.

Stammering, Silvain owns that they have gone astray in the mountains, but that he is sure of their being found in due time. While Thibaut expresses his fear that they may be stolen by the fugitives, Rose Friquet, an orphan girl, brings the mules, riding on the back of one of them. Thibaut loads her with reproaches, but Silvain thanks her warmly, and though she mockingly repudiates his thanks, he discovers that she has taken the mules in order not to let the provost into Silvain's secret. The fact is that Silvain carries food every day to the refugees, and Rose Friquet, the poor goat-keeper, who is despised and supposed to be wicked and malicious, protects him in her poor way, because he once intercepted a stone which was meant for her head.

While the soldiers are dining, Belamy, who has found Georgette's bonnet, demands an explanation.

Thibaut, confused, finds a pretext for going out, but Rose betrays to Belamy first the wine-cellar and then Georgette's hiding-place. The young wife cries for help and Rose runs in to bring Thibaut. Belamy is delighted with the pretty Georgette, but she tells him rather anxiously that all the wives of the village must needs remain entirely true to their husbands, for the hermit of St. Gratien, though dead for two hundred years, is keeping rigid watch, and betrays every case of infidelity by ringing a little bell, which is heard far and wide.

Belamy is somewhat desirous to try the experiment with Georgette, and asks her to accompany him to the hermitage instead of her husband.

After having found the other women in the village, the soldiers, to Thibaut's great vexation, decide to stay and amuse themselves. Silvain rejoices, and after a secret sign from Rose resolves to warn the refugees in the evening.

In the second act Rose and Silvain meet near St. Gratien. Rose, after telling him that all the paths are occupied by sentries, promises to show him a way for the refugees which she and her goat alone know. Silvain, thanking her warmly, endeavors to induce her to care more for her outward appearance, praising her pretty features. Rose is delighted to hear for the first time that she is pretty, and the duet ensuing is one of the most charming things in the opera. Silvain promises to be her friend henceforth, and then leaves in order to seek the Camisards. After this Thibaut appears seeking his wife, whom he has seen going away with Belamy. Finding Rose he imagines he has mistaken her for his wife, but she laughingly corrects him, and he proceeds to search for Georgette. Belamy now comes and courts Thibaut's wife. But Rose, seeing them, resolves to free the path for the others. No sooner has Belamy tried to snatch a kiss from his companion than Rose draws the rope of the hermit's bell, and she repeats the proceeding until Georgette takes flight, while Thibaut rushes up at the sound of the bell. Belamy reassures him, intimating that the bell may have rung for Rose (though it never rings for girls), and accompanies him to the village. But he soon returns to look for the supposed hermit who has played him this trick and finds Rose instead, who does not perceive him. To his great surprise, Silvain comes up with the whole troop of refugees, leading the aged clergyman, who had been a father to him in his childhood. Silvain presents Rose to them as their deliverer and vows to make her his wife. Rose leads them to the secret path, while Silvain returns to the village, leaving Belamy triumphant at his discovery.

In the third act we find the people on the following morning speaking of nothing but Silvain's wedding with Rose and of the hermit's bell. Nobody knows who has been the culprit, but Thibaut slyly calculates that the hermit has rung beforehand when Rose the bride kissed the dragoon. Having learned that the soldiers had been commanded to saddle their horses in the midst of the dancing the night before, and that Belamy, sure of his prey, has come back, he believes that Rose has betrayed the poor Camisards in order to win the price set on their heads, and this opinion he now communicates to Silvain.

To keep Belamy away from Georgette, the sly squire has conducted him to the wine-cellar, and the officer, now half-drunk, admits having had a rendezvous with Rose. When Thibaut has retired, Belamy again kisses Georgette, and lo, the bell does not ring this time!

Meanwhile Rose comes down the hill, neatly clad and glowing with joy and pride, and Georgette, disregarding Thibaut's reproofs, offers her the wedding garland. The whole village is assembled to see the wedding, but Silvain appears with dark brow, and when Rose radiantly greets him he pushes her back fiercely, believing that she betrayed the refugees, who are, as he has heard, caught. Rose is too proud to defend herself, but when Georgette tries to console her she silently draws from her bosom a paper containing the information that the refugees have safely crossed the frontier. Great is Silvain's shame and heartfelt his repentance. Suddenly Belamy enters, beside himself with rage, for his prey has escaped and he has lost his patent as lieutenant, together with the remuneration of two hundred pistoles, and he at once orders Silvain to be shot. But Rose bravely defends her lover, threatening to reveal the dragoon's neglect of duty. When, therefore, Belamy's superior appears to hear the important news of which the messenger told him, his corporal is only able to stammer out that nothing in particular has happened; and so, after all, Georgette is saved from discovery and Rose becomes Silvain's happy bride.

ELEKTRA

Opera in one act by Richard Strauss.
Text by Hofmannsthal.

LIKE nearly all the works of this composer in larger form, "Elektra" gave rise to a merry war among the critics. It was roundly abused and ardently praised, but both friendly and adverse reviews have merely served to extend its fame, and although the first performance only took place in the Royal Dresden Opera House on January 25, 1909, it was billed for production within a year in both Americas, as well as in the principal music centers of Europe.

Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides all based tragedies on the story of Elektra, but it may be conceded that while the characters in the old Greek plays are merely puppets in the hands of the Olympian gods, Hofmannsthal preferred to base his book on the primitive passions of humanity.

Klytemnestra, with the aid of her lover Ægisthus, murders her royal husband, Agamemnon. Then, believing that if allowed to grow to manhood, Orestes will in turn slay her to avenge his father's death, she plans the destruction of her own son. A pilgrim steals him away from the palace, however, and removes him to a place of safety. Elektra, one of the daughters of Agamemnon and Klytemnestra, cherishes hope that this brother may survive as an instrument of destruction, but failing this, determines to be the avenger herself. Chrysosthemis, her sister, accepts conditions as they are, and becomes the favorite in the wretched household, where Elektra is the drudge. Tortured by an evil dream, Klytemnestra asks Elektra to interpret it for her. She replies that "the dreams will only cease when the blood of a certain person has been shed," meaning her mother.

Wishing to know Elektra's precise feelings toward her, Klytemnestra causes the girl to be informed that Orestes is dead—killed by a fall from his horse.

Klytemnestra and Ægisthus are convinced from Elektra's attitude under this great grief that she too is dangerous, but before they can destroy her, their plot is revealed by Chrysosthemis. Thus Elektra, already bent on murder, must either slay or be slain.

Orestes, now grown into manhood, returns to carry out the vengeance which has been the one object of his life. Elektra does not know him, but when he

has convinced her, by means of a ring, that he is indeed her brother, she is overjoyed. She digs up the hatchet with which their father was slain, gives it to Orestes, and almost forces him into the castle where the guilty mother and her paramour are asleep. The death of Klytemnestra is announced a moment later by a frightful shriek. Then Ægisthus runs forth, closely followed by Orestes, who strikes him down. Elektra, drunk with blood, dances in mad exultation until she falls dead.

DIE ENTFÜHRUNG AUS DEM SERAIL
(The Abduction from the Seraglio)

Opera in three acts by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.
Text after Bretzner by Stephanie.

CONSTANZE, the betrothed bride of Belmonte, with her maid Blondchen and Pedrillo, Belmonte's servant, is captured by pirates. All three are sold as slaves to Selim Pasha, who keeps the ladies in his harem, taking Constanze for himself, and giving Blondchen to his overseer Osmin. Pedrillo has found means to inform his master of their misfortune, and Belmonte comes seeking entrance to the Pasha's villa, in the guise of an artist. Osmin, who is much in love with Blondchen, though she treats him haughtily, distrusts the artist and tries to interfere. But Pedrillo, who is gardener in the Pasha's service, frustrates Osmin's purpose and Belmonte is engaged. The worthy Pasha is quite infatuated with Constanze and tries hard to gain her affections. But Constanze has sworn to be faithful till death to Belmonte, and great is her rapture when Blondchen brings the news that her lover is near.

With the help of Pedrillo, who manages to intoxicate Osmin, they try to escape, but Osmin overtakes them and brings them back to the Pasha, who at once orders that they be brought before him. Constanze advancing with noble courage, explains that the pretended artist is her lover, and that she will rather die with him than leave him. Selim Pasha, overwhelmed by this discovery, retires to think about what he shall do, and his prisoners prepare for death, Belmonte and Constanze with renewed tender protestations of love, Pedrillo and Blondchen without either fear or trembling.

Great is their happiness and Osmin's wrath when the noble Pasha, touched by their constancy, sets them free, and asks for their friendship, bidding them remember him kindly after their return into their own country.

ERNANI

Opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi.
Text adapted from Victor Hugo's "Hernani" by Piave.

ERNANI, an Italian rebel of obscure parentage, is the accepted lover of Donna Elvira, the high-born niece of Don Ruy Gomez de Silva, grandee of Spain.

Donna Elvira is also coveted by Don Carlos, King of Spain, and by her old uncle Silva, who is about to wed her, much against her will.

Ernani comes to Silva's castle in the garb of a pilgrim and finds the King in Donna Elvira's room trying to lure her away. Here they are surprised by Silva, who, failing to recognize his sovereign, challenges both men to mortal combat. When he recognizes the King in one of his foes he is in despair and humbly craves his pardon, which is granted to him. At the same time Don Carlos sends Ernani away on a distant errand, hoping to rid himself of him once for all; but Donna Elvira vows to kill herself rather than belong either to the King or to her uncle, and promises unwavering constancy to her lover Ernani.

Nevertheless, the second act shows Elvira on the eve of her wedding with her uncle Silva.

Ernani, once more proclaimed an outlaw, seeks refuge in Silva's castle, again disguised as a pilgrim. But when Ernani hears of Donna Elvira's approaching marriage with Silva, he reveals his identity and offers his head to the old man, telling him that his life is forfeited and that a reward is offered for his capture. Silva is too generous to betray his rival; he orders the gates of the castle to be barred at once. While this is being done Ernani violently reproaches Elvira for having played him false. She answers that she has been led to believe him dead. Dissolved in tears, they embrace tenderly. Thus they are surprised by Silva, who, though for the time being bound by the laws of hospitality, swears to destroy Ernani wherever he may find him.

For the moment, however, he conceals his foe so well that Don Carlos's followers cannot find him. Though the King threatens to take the old man's life, the nobleman remains true to his word, and even makes the greatest sacrifice by delivering Elvira as a hostage into the King's hands.

Left alone, he opens Ernani's hiding-place and challenges him to fight, but when the latter proves to him that Don Carlos is his rival and wants to seduce Elvira, Silva's wrath turns against the King.

He accepts Ernani's offer to help him in frustrating the King's designs, but at the same time he reminds him that his life is forfeited. Ernani declares himself satisfied and gives Silva a bugle, the sound of which is to proclaim that the hour of reckoning between the two foes has come.

The third act takes place at Aix-la-Chapelle.

The King has heard of the conspiracy against his life. While the conspirators assemble in the imperial vaults he is concealed behind the monument of Charlemagne, and frustrates their designs by advancing from his hiding-place and proclaiming himself emperor.

At the same moment the people rush in and do homage to Charles V. Ernani surrenders to his foes, but Elvira implores the Emperor's pardon, which is granted; and Charles crowns his gracious act by uniting the lovers and creating Ernani Duke of Segorbia.

Both Elvira and Ernani go to Seville to celebrate their nuptials. But in the midst of their bliss Ernani hears the sound of his bugle, and Silva appears and claims his rival's life. In vain the lovers implore his mercy; Silva is inexorable, and relentlessly gives Ernani the choice between a poisoned draught and a dagger. Seizing the latter, Ernani stabs himself, while Donna Elvira sinks senseless beside his corpse, leaving the aged Silva to enjoy his revenge alone. So ends this very dramatic work of Verdi's, which has been more appreciated lately than when first produced.

ESMERALDA

Opera in four acts by Arthur Goring Thomas.

THE first act takes place in the Court of Miracles in Paris, where the beggars are assembled and discuss the edict condemning the poet Gringoire to death unless some girl will accept him as her husband. Only Esmeralda, a gypsy, is willing to rescue Gringoire at such a sacrifice. When she has saved the poet, however, guards seize her, at the instigation of Archdeacon Frollo, who is madly in love with her. Esmeralda escapes.

The second act takes place in the home of Fleur de Lys, a room opening into a garden. Seeing a girl dancing in the court, the ladies demand that she be brought before them, and when she enters they are astonished at her beauty. Fleur de Lys recognizes in Esmeralda the dancing girl who has presumed to become her rival in the affections of Captain Phœbus, and finds her in possession of a scarf which she had herself embroidered and presented to the gallant captain. She then denounces Phœbus for his infidelity, and threatens Esmeralda, who throws herself on the protection of Phœbus and compels the acknowledgment of their love.

In the third act Esmeralda's garret is shown. Gringoire finds that though Esmeralda has saved his life, she intends to be his wife in name only, so he philosophically goes to bed, leaving her *tête-à-tête* with Captain Phœbus. While the lovers are thus occupied, Frollo and Quasimodo enter through a window. Frollo pledges himself not to injure the girl, and thereupon Quasimodo retires, as Frollo hides behind a curtain. Phœbus and Esmeralda sing an impassioned duet, which is abruptly ended by Frollo. The unfortunate priest is overcome by insane jealousy, and stabs Phœbus, then escapes through the window. The guards arrive, and Esmeralda is arrested for attempting the murder of Phœbus.

In the fourth act Esmeralda, who has been condemned to death, is visited by Frollo. He assures her of his great love, and promises to save her life if she will return his affection. At this juncture Gringoire arrives, followed by Captain Phœbus. Enraged at the sight of Phœbus, Frollo again tries to kill him, but Quasimodo throws himself between them, and receives the fatal blow intended for the captain. Frollo is imprisoned as a murderer, and Phœbus and Esmeralda are united.

EUGEN ONEGIN

Opera in three acts by Peter Ilyitch Tchaikovsky.
Text adapted from Pushkin's tale.

THE first act shows a garden, in which Frau Larina, owner of a country estate, is preserving fruit and listening to the song of her daughters. It has been familiar to her since youth, when she loved a careless officer, but was compelled to marry an unloved husband. She has gradually accustomed herself to her fate, however, and has found happiness in the love of a good man. The peasants bring in the harvest wreath. Larina's daughter Tatjana grows pensive with the music, while her lively sister, Olga, prefers to dance. All are astonished at the pallor of Tatjana, and believe she is affected by the contents of a book she is reading. Lenski arrives in a wagon, accompanied by his neighbor Onegin. It soon appears that Tatjana loves Onegin, while Lenski is attracted to Olga. The latter soon comes to an agreement, while Onegin remains stiffly polite to Tatjana.

The scene changes to Tatjana's room. She is about to retire, and begs the nurse Filipjewna to tell her stories. While listening she tries to conceal her emotion. At last she confesses to the old nurse that she is in love, and sends her away. Instead of sleeping, she writes letters, but tears them up when written. At last she finishes one and seals it. She remains at the window the rest of the night, and when Filipjewna arrives in the morning, she sends the latter secretly to Onegin.

Again we are taken to the garden. A number of maids gather berries and sing. Tatjana arrives, running in excitement, and throws herself on the sward, followed by Onegin, who has received her letter. He explains to her coldly that he honors the candor of her confession, but cannot fulfill her hopes, as he is a profligate and not suited to the marriage state. A maiden's love is only fantasy, and she must overcome it. Deeply hurt, Tatjana departs.

The second act begins in a room in Larina's house, filled with a merry crowd. Lenski dances with Olga, Onegin with Tatjana. They are compelled to endure the tattling of the older dames. Notwithstanding the protest of Lenski, Onegin asks Olga to dance. Lenski is angry with Olga because she is flirting with Onegin, and becomes so jealous that the girl, to punish him, says that she will dance the quadrille with Onegin. Before it begins, the Frenchman Triquet sings a song of doubtful character to the praise of Tatjana, which is received with applause. Onegin dances with Olga, a captain with Tatjana, and Lenski stands moodily apart. When Onegin asks him what is wrong, he answers angrily; a quarrel ensues, and the dance is interrupted. Amid general consternation Lenski asks his friend to fight a duel.

Now follows a change of scene to a mill. It is early in the morning. Lenski and his second, Saretzki, are impatiently awaiting their opponents. At last Onegin arrives, accompanied only by his servant, who is to act as second. While he arranges with Saretzki, the erstwhile friends regret that they are now enemies. Lenski falls dead, struck by the bullet of Onegin, and Onegin, overwhelmed with grief, falls upon the body of his friend.

The third act, six years later, discloses a hall in the palace of Prince Gremin, where company is gathered. The hostess is Princess Gremina (Tatjana). Onegin is among her guests. He has found no peace, and is constantly troubled with pangs of conscience. He learns that the Princess is Tatjana, and she is profoundly agitated when she meets him. The Prince tells Onegin that he loves his wife passionately, and introduces him to her. She addresses a few indifferent words to him, and is led away by her husband. Onegin gazes after her. He feels that he loves her, laments his former conduct, and resolves to gain her affection.

The closing scene takes place in the reception-room

in the palace of the Prince. Tatjana has received a message from Onegin that he will visit her. She still loves him, but she wishes to retain her peace of mind, and when he appears she reminds him with deep emotion of the conversation in the garden. She has pardoned him and acknowledges that he had acted rightly, but declares it to be his duty to leave and never return. Notwithstanding his outbreak of passion, she remains firm and leaves him. Completely cast down, he stands silent, and then rushes away in despair.

FALSTAFF

Lyric Comedy in three acts by Giuseppe Verdi.
Text by Boito.

THE first scene is laid in the Garter Inn at Windsor, England. After a quarrel with the French physician Dr. Caius, who has been robbed while drunk by Falstaff's servants Bardolph and Pistol, the servants are ordered off by Falstaff with two love-letters for Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page. The knaves refusing indignantly to take the parts of go-betweens, Falstaff sends them to the devil and gives the letters to his page Robin.

In the second act the two ladies having shown each other the love-letters, decide to avenge themselves on the old fat fool. Meanwhile Falstaff's servants betray their master's intentions toward Mrs. Ford to her husband, who swears to guard his wife, and to keep a sharp eye on Sir John. Then ensues a love-scene between Fenton and Mrs. Ford's daughter Anne, who is destined by her father to marry the rich Dr. Caius, but who by far prefers her poor suitor Fenton.

After a while the Merry Wives assemble again, in order to entice Falstaff into a trap. Mrs. Quickly brings him an invitation to Mrs. Ford's house in the absence of the lady's husband, which Sir John accepts triumphantly.

Sir John is visited by Ford, who assumes the name of Brook, and Falstaff is nothing loath to drink the old Cyprus wine which the other has brought with him. Brook also produces a purse filled with sovereigns, and entreats Falstaff to use it in order to get admittance to a certain Mrs. Ford, whose favor Brook vainly sought. Falstaff gleefully reveals the rendezvous which he is to have with the lady, and thereby leaves poor disguised Ford a prey to violent jealousy.

The next scene contains Falstaff's interview with mischievous Alice Ford, which is interrupted by Mrs. Page's announcement of the husband.

Falstaff is packed into a clothes-basket, while husband and neighbors search for him in vain. This scene, in which Falstaff, half suffocated, alternately sighs and begs to be let out, while the women tranquilly sit on the basket and enjoy their trick, is extremely comic. The basket, with Falstaff, soiled clothes and all, is turned over into a canal, while the fat knight hears the women's laughter.

In the third act Mrs. Quickly succeeds once more in enticing the old fool. She orders him to another rendezvous in the park at midnight, and advises him to come in the disguise of Herne the Black Huntsman. The others hear of the joke, and all decide to punish him thoroughly for his fatuity. Ford, who has promised Dr. Caius to unite Anne to him that very night, tells him to wear a monk's garb, and also reveals to him that Anne is to wear a white dress with roses. But his wife, overhearing this, frustrates his designs. She gives a black monk's garb to Fenton, while Anne chooses the costume of a fairy queen. When Falstaff appears in his disguise he is attacked on all sides by fairies, wasps, flies, and mosquitos, and they torment him until he cries for mercy. Meanwhile Caius, in a gray monk's garb, looks for his bride everywhere until a tall veiled female in flowing white robes (Bardolph) falls into his arms; on the other side Anne appears with Fenton. Both couples are wedded, and only when they unveil is the mistake discovered. With bitter shame the men see how they have all been duped by merry and clever women, but they have to make the best of a bad case, and so Ford grants his benediction to the happy lovers, and embraces his wife, only too glad to find her true and faithful.

FAUST

Opera in five acts by Charles François Gounod.
Text by Barbier and Carré, founded on Goethe's drama.

FAUST, a celebrated old doctor, is consumed by an insatiable thirst for knowledge; but having already lived through a long life devoted to the acquirement of learning and to hard work as a scholar, without having his soul-hunger appreciably relieved, he is dissatisfied, and in his disappointment wishes to be released from this life, which has grown to be a burden to him. At this moment Mephisto, the fiend, appears and persuades him to try life in a new shape. The old and learned doctor has only known it in theory, Mephisto will now show it to him in practice and in all the splendor of youth and freshness. Faust agrees and Mephisto endows him with youth and beauty. In this guise he sees earth anew. It is Easter-time, when all is budding and aglow with freshness and young life, and on such a bright spring day he first sees Marguerite and at once offers her his arm.

But this lovely maiden, pure and innocent, and well guarded by a jealous brother named Valentin, refuses his company somewhat sharply. Nevertheless she cannot help seeing the grace and good bearing of the fine cavalier, and the simple village maiden is inwardly pleased with his flattery. A bad fate wills it that her brother Valentin, who is a soldier, has to leave on active service, and after giving many good advices and warnings for his beautiful sister's welfare, he goes, and so Mephisto is able to introduce Faust to the unprotected girl by means of a message which he is supposed to have received for Martha, an old aunt of Marguerite's. This old gossip, hearing from Mephisto that her husband has been killed in battle, lends a willing ear to the flatteries of the cunning fiend; and Marguerite is left to Faust, who wins her by his love and easy manners. She is only a simple maiden, knowing nothing of the world's ways and wiles, and she accepts her lover's precious gifts with childish delight.

By and by her brother Valentin returns victorious from the war, but too late! He challenges his sister's seducer; Mephisto, however, directs Faust's sword, and the faithful brother, much against Faust's own will, is slain, cursing his sister with his last breath.

Now Marguerite awakes to the awful reality of her situation and she shrinks from her brother's murderer. Everybody shuns her, and she finds herself alone and forsaken. In despair she seeks refuge in church, but her own conscience is not silenced; it accuses her more loudly than all the pious songs and prayers. Persecuted by evil spirits, forsaken and forlorn, Marguerite's reason gives way and she drowns her new-born child.

Meanwhile Mephisto has done everything to stifle in Faust the pangs of conscience. Faust never wills the evil, he loves Marguerite sincerely, but the bad spirit urges him onward. He shows him all the joys and splendors of earth, and antiquity in its most perfect form in the person of Helena, but in the midst of all his orgies Faust sees Marguerite. He beholds her, pale, unlike her former self, in the white dress of the condemned, with a blood-red circle round the neck. Then he knows no rest, he feels that she is in danger and he bids Mephisto save her.

Marguerite has actually been thrown into prison for her deed of madness, and now the executioner's axe awaits her. She sits on the damp straw, rocking a bundle which she takes for her baby, and across her poor, wrecked brain there flit once more pictures of all the scenes of her short-lived happiness. Then Faust enters with Mephisto and tries to persuade her to escape with them. But she instinctively shrinks from her lover, loudly imploring God's and the saints' pardon. God has mercy on her, for, just as the bells are tolling for her execution, she expires, and her soul is carried to heaven by angels, there to pray for her erring lover. Mephisto disappears into the earth.

FEUERSNOT

(The Fire Famine)

Lyric Poem in one act by Richard Strauss.
Text by Wolzogen.

IT is proof of the versatility of Richard Strauss, if proof were needed, that the man whose choice of material in "Salome" and "Elektra" in itself sufficed to provoke controversy of the most acrimonious kind, should have attained no less success in his musical setting of "Feuersnot."

Here is a folk-tale, modernized as to poetic and musical treatment, and made serve as the legends of the meistersingers of Nuremberg served Wagner, to confound the enemies and critics of the composer.

In the hero of this opera Strauss is portraying himself. Perhaps for this reason it caused less of a sensation in the world than his other works, but it continues to make its way in the permanent repertoire of the world's great opera houses, in which alone it can be rightly performed. In Germany it has always been well received since the original production in Dresden, November 21, 1901.

The action takes place in Munich in a "fabulous no-time." Children are gathering wood for the bonfires which are to make part of the celebration that night. The burgomaster has given a liberal donation, and they now clamor at the Wizard's house, disturbing the meditations of Kunrad, the student who dwells there. Once aroused, however, Kunrad gleefully joins the children in their labors, and helps them to tear off the shutters of his old house to add to their stock of fuel.

In the throng is Diemut, the burgomaster's daughter, with whom the student instantly falls in love. Kunrad takes her in his arms and kisses her passionately. Naturally the girl is mortified and indignant, and her friends are about to avenge what they can only interpret as an insult, when Diemut begs to be allowed to punish the youth in her own way. That evening, when the burgomaster invites his daughter to join him in a stroll about the town, she refuses. A moment later Diemut is seen combing her long hair in her balcony. Kunrad renews his protestations of affection, and begs the maiden to grant an interview. To this she finally consents, and Kunrad steps into a basket in which wood had been lowered to the children, Diemut promising to draw him up. Three of her girl friends, who have been watching Diemut's efforts to ensnare her too ardent lover, voice their delight in song, for when the basket is halfway between the balcony and the ground, Diemut pretends that her strength has failed, and when Kunrad tries to seize her long hair, she draws away with a little scream, leaving Kunrad hanging in mid-air.

The townspeople gather about to deride Kunrad, and congratulate Diemut on the success of her plan, but their triumph is brief. Invoking the aid of the Wizard, who is at once his friend and master, Kunrad plunges the entire city into darkness. The women and children are weeping with fright, and the burghers are threatening vengeance, when the moon shines forth clear and full, and Kunrad, now standing on the balcony, addresses the people. First he upbraids them for having driven from his home the great master, Richard Wagner. Then he adds that, as Wagner's successor, he is determined to carry on his chosen work, despite all opposition. Even Diemut, whom he has chosen as his helpmate, has failed to understand, and so he has put out their lights and fires to show them how cold and dark the world can be without love.

Diemut now opens her door, admitting Kunrad. The citizens have been convinced by his eloquence, and sound his praises. And Diemut too has been convinced, for again the windows glow with lights, the bonfires give forth a cheerful glare—sure token of the happiness of the lovers within.

FIDELIO

Opera in two acts by Ludwig van Beethoven.
Text from the French of Bouilly by Sonnleithner.

FLORESTAN, a Spanish nobleman, has dared to blame Don Pizarro, the governor of the state prison, a man as cruel as he is powerful. Pizarro, thus become Florestan's deadly foe, has seized him secretly and thrown him into a dungeon, reporting his death to the minister, Don Fernando.

But this poor prisoner has a wife, Leonore, who is as courageous as she is faithful. She never believes in the false reports, but disguising herself in male attire, resolves not to rest until she has found her husband.

In this disguise, calling herself Fidelio, she has contrived to get entrance into the fortress where she supposes her husband imprisoned, and by her gentle

and courteous behavior and readiness for service of all kinds has won not only the heart of Rocco, the jailer, but that of his daughter Marcelline, who falls in love with the gentle youth and neglects her former lover Jaquino. Fidelio persuades Rocco to let her help him in his office with the prisoners. Quivering with mingled hope and fear, she opens the prison gates to let the state prisoners out into the court, where they may for once have air and sunshine.

But seek as she may she cannot find her husband, and in silent despair she deems herself baffled.

Meanwhile Pizarro has received a letter from Sevilla announcing the minister's forthcoming visit to the fortress. Pizarro, frightened at the consequences of such a call, resolves to silence Florestan forever. He orders the jailer to kill him, but the old man will not burden his soul with a murder, and refuses firmly. Then Pizarro himself determines to kill Florestan, and summons Rocco to dig a grave in the dungeon in order to hide all traces of the crime.

Rocco, already looking upon the gentle and diligent Fidelio as his future son-in-law, confides to him his dreadful secret, and with fearful forebodings she entreats him to accept her help in the heavy work. Pizarro gives his permission, Rocco being too old and feeble to do the work quickly enough if alone. Pizarro has been rendered furious by the indulgence granted to the prisoners at Fidelio's entreaty, but a feeling of triumph overcomes every other when he sees Rocco depart for the dungeon with his assistant.

Here we find poor Florestan chained to a stone. He is wasted to a skeleton, as his food has been reduced in quantity week by week by the cruel orders of his tormentor. He is gradually losing his reason; he has visions and in each one beholds his beloved wife.

When Leonore recognizes him she well-nigh faints, but with a superhuman effort she rallies and begins her work. She has a piece of bread with her which she gives to the prisoner, and with it the remainder of Rocco's wine. Rocco, mild at heart, pities his victim sincerely, but he dares not act against the orders of his superior, fearing to lose his position, or even his life.

While Leonore refreshes the sick man, Rocco gives a sign to Pizarro that the work is done, and bids Fidelio leave: but she only hides herself behind a stone pillar, waiting with deadly fear for the coming event, and decides to save her husband or to die with him.

Pizarro enters, secretly resolved to kill not only his foe but also both witnesses of his crime. He will not kill Florestan, however, without letting him know who his assailant is. So he loudly shouts his own much-feared name; but while he raises his dagger Leonore throws herself between him and Florestan, shielding the latter with her breast. Pizarro, stupefied like Florestan, loses his presence of mind. Leonore profits by it and presents a pistol at him, with which she threatens his life should he attempt another attack. At this critical moment the trumpets sound, announcing the arrival of the minister, and Pizarro, in impotent wrath, is compelled to retreat. They are all summoned before the minister, who is shocked at seeing his old friend Florestan in this sad state, but not the less delighted with the noble courage of Leonore.

Pizarro is conducted away in chains; and the faithful wife with her own hands removes the fetters which still bind the husband for whom she has just won freedom and happiness.

Marcelline, feeling inclined to be ashamed of her mistake, returns to her faithful lover Jaquino.

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO

(The Daughter of the Regiment)

Comic Opera in two acts by Gaetano Donizetti.
Text by St. George and Bayard.

THE scene in the first act is laid near Bologna in the year 1815; the second act in the castle of the Marchesa di Maggiorivoglio.

Mary, a vivandière, has been found and educated by a French sergeant, named Sulpice, and therefore belongs in a sense to his regiment, which is on a campaign in Italy. She is called the "daughter" of the regiment, which has adopted her, and she has grown up a bright and merry girl, full of pluck and spirit, the pet and delight of the whole regiment.

Tonio, a young Swiss, who has fallen in love with Mary, is believed by the grenadiers to be a spy, and is about to be hanged. But Mary, knowing that he has only come to see her, tells them that he lately saved her life when she was in danger of falling over a precipice.

This changes everything, and on his expressing a desire to become one of them the grenadiers suffer the Swiss to enlist into their company. After the soldiers' departure he confesses his love to Mary, who returns it heartily. The soldiers agree to give their consent, when the Marchesa di Maggiorivoglio appears, and by a letter once affixed to the foundling Mary, addressed to a marchesa of the same name and carefully kept by Sulpice, it is proved that Mary is the Marchesa's niece. Of course this noble lady refuses her consent to a marriage with the low-born Swiss and claims Mary from her guardian. With tears and laments Mary takes leave of her regiment and her lover, who at once decides to follow her. But he has enlisted as a soldier and is forbidden to leave the ranks. Sulpice and his whole regiment curse the Marchesa, who thus carries away their joy.

In the second act Mary is in her aunt's castle. She has masters of every kind for her education, in order that she may become an accomplished lady; but she cannot forget her freedom and her dear soldiers, and instead of singing solfeggios and cavatinas, she is caught warbling her "rataplan," to the Marchesa's grief and sorrow. Nor can she cease to think of Tonio, and only after a great struggle has she been induced to promise her hand to a nobleman, when she suddenly hears the well-beloved sound of drums and trumpets. It is her own regiment, with Tonio as their leader, for he has been made an officer on account of his brave behavior. Hoping that his altered position may turn the Marchesa's heart in his favor, he again asks for Mary, but his suit is once more rejected. Then he proposes flight, but the Marchesa, detecting his plan, reveals to Mary that she is not her niece, but her own daughter, born in early wedlock with an officer far beneath her in rank, who soon after died in battle. This fact she has concealed from her family, but as it is now evident that she has closer

ties with Mary, the poor girl dares not disobey her, and, though broken-hearted, consents to renounce Tonio.

The Marchesa invites a large company of guests to celebrate her daughter's betrothal to the son of a neighboring duchess. But Mary's faithful grenadiers suddenly appear to rescue her from those hateful ties, and astonish the whole company by their recital of Mary's early history. The obedient maiden, however, submissive to her fate, is about to sign the marriage contract, when at last the Marchesa, touched by her obedience and her sufferings, conquers her own pride and consents to the union of her daughter with Tonio. Sulpice and his soldiers burst out into loud shouts of approbation, and the high-born guests retire silently and in disgust.

DIE FLEDERMAUS
(The Bat)

Comic Operetta in three acts by Johann Strauss.
Text by Haffner and Genée.

A SERENADE, which is listened to by Adèle, Rosalind Eisenstein's maid, but is intended for her mistress, begins the first act. Adèle has just received an invitation from her sister Ida to a grand entertainment to be given by a Russian prince, Orlovsky by name. She is longing to accept it, and attempts to get leave of absence for the evening from her mistress, when the latter enters, by telling her that an aunt of hers is ill, and wishes to see her. Rosalind, however, refuses to let Adèle go out, and the maid disappears, pouting. While Rosalind is alone, her former singing-master and admirer Alfred suddenly turns up. He it was who had been serenading her, and Rosalind, succumbing to her old weakness for tenors, promises to let Alfred return later, when her husband is not at home. Herr Eisenstein, a banker, has just been sentenced to five days' imprisonment, a misfortune which his hot temper has brought upon him. The sentence has been prolonged to eight days through the stupidity of his lawyer, Dr. Blind, who follows Eisenstein on to the stage. The banker finally turns Dr. Blind out of the house, after upbraiding him violently. Rosalind tries to console Eisenstein, and finally decides to see what a good supper will do toward soothing his ruffled spirits. While she is thus occupied Eisenstein's friend Dr. Falck appears, bringing his unlucky friend an invitation to an elegant soirée which Prince Orlovsky is about to give. Eisenstein is quite ready to enjoy himself before going to prison, and when Rosalind reënters she finds her husband in excellent spirits. He does not, however, partake of the delicious supper she sets before him with any great zest. But he takes a tender, although almost joyful, leave of his wife, after donning his best dress-suit. Rosalind then gives Adèle leave to go out, much to the maid's surprise. After Adèle has gone, Alfred again puts in an appearance. Rosalind only wishes to hear him sing again, and is both shocked and frightened when Alfred goes into Herr Eisenstein's dressing-room, and returns clad in the banker's dressing-gown and cap. The tenor then proceeds to partake of what is left of the supper, and makes himself altogether at home. But a sudden ring at the door announces the arrival of Franck, the governor of the prison, who has come with a cab to fetch Eisenstein. Rosalind is so terrified at being found tête-à-tête with Alfred that she introduces him as her husband. After a tender farewell Alfred good-naturedly follows the governor to prison.

The second act opens in the garden of a café, where the guests of Prince Orlovsky are assembled. Adèle enters, dressed in her mistress's best gown and looking very smart. Eisenstein, who is also present, at once recognizes her, as well as his wife's finery. But Adèle and the whole party pretend to be very indignant at his mistaking a fine lady for a maid. Prince Orlovsky proceeds to make Eisenstein most uncomfortable, by telling him that Dr. Falck has promised to afford him great amusement, by playing some practical joke at Eisenstein's expense. The last guest who enters is Rosalind, whom nobody recognizes, because she is masked. Dr. Falck introduces her as a Hungarian countess, who has consented to be present at the soirée only on condition that her incognito be respected. She catches just a glimpse of Eisenstein, who is flirting violently with Adèle instead of being in prison, and determines to punish him. Noticing the magnificent attire and fine form of the supposed countess, Eisenstein at once devotes himself to the newcomer. He even counts her heart-beats with the aid of a watch which he keeps for that purpose, without, however, giving it away as he always promises to do. But Rosalind suddenly takes possession of the watch, and slips away with it. The whole party finally assembles at supper, where Eisenstein becomes very jovial, and tells how he once attended a masquerade ball with his friend Falck, who was disguised as a bat. Eisenstein, it appears, induced his friend to drink so heavily that he fell asleep in the street, where Eisenstein left him. Falck did not wake up till morning, when he had to go home amid the jeers of a street crowd, by whom he was nicknamed "Dr. Fledermaus." Eisenstein's story creates much amusement, but Dr. Falck only smiles, saying that he who laughs last, laughs best.

After a champagne supper and some dancing, Eisenstein remembers, when the clock strikes six, that he ought to be in prison. Both he and Dr. Falck take a merry leave of the boisterous party.

The third act begins with Franck's return to his own room, where he is received by the jailer. Frosch has taken advantage of his master's absence to get drunk, while Franck himself has likewise become somewhat intoxicated. He grows drowsy while recalling the incidents of Prince Orlovsky's fête, and finally falls fast asleep.

Adèle and her sister Ida interrupt his slumbers, in order to ask the supposed marquis to use his influence in the former's behalf. Adèle confesses that she is in reality a lady's maid, but tries to convince Franck, the supposed marquis, and her sister (who is a ballet dancer), of her talents by showing them what she can do in that line. A loud ring soon puts an end to the performance. While the jailer conducts Adèle and Ida to No. 13, Eisenstein arrives and gives himself up. Franck and he are much surprised to find themselves face to face with each other in prison, after each had been led to suppose the other a marquis, at the fête.

They are naturally much amused to learn each other's identity. Meanwhile Dr. Blind enters, to undertake the defense of the impostor Eisenstein. He proves to be the genuine Eisenstein, who again turns Blind out of doors, and possesses himself of his cap and gown and of his spectacles, in which he interviews his double. Alfred has been brought in from his cell, when Rosalind also enters, carrying her husband's watch, and prepared for revenge. Both Alfred and she alternately state their grievances to the supposed lawyer, who quite loses his temper when he learns of Alfred's tête-à-tête with his wife, and how completely she has fooled him. Throwing off his disguise, he reveals his identity, only to be reviled by his wife for his treachery. He in turn vows to revenge himself on Rosalind and on her admirer, but the entrance of Dr. Falck, followed by all the guests who were at Prince Orlovsky's fête, clears up matters for all concerned. While making fun of the discomfited Eisenstein, he explains that the whole thing is a huge practical joke of his invention which he has played on Eisenstein in return for the trick Eisenstein played on him years ago, which he related at the fête. All the guests had been bidden to the fête by Dr. Falck with the consent of the prince in order to deceive Eisenstein. The latter, when convinced of his wife's innocence, embraces her. All toast one another in champagne, which they declare to be the king of wines.

DER FLIEGENDE HOLLÄNDER

(The Flying Dutchman)

Romantic Opera in three acts by Richard Wagner.

THE Flying Dutchman is a sort of Wandering Jew, condemned to sail forever on the seas until he has found a woman whose love to him is faithful unto death.

In the first act we find ourselves by the high seas. Daland, a Norwegian skipper, has met with several misfortunes on his way home, and is compelled to anchor on a deserted shore. There he finds the Flying Dutchman, who vainly roves from sea to sea to find death and with it peace. His only hope is doomsday. He has never found a maiden faithful to him, and he knows not how often and how long he has vainly tried to be released from his doom. Once in every seven years he is allowed to go on shore and seek a wife. This time has now come again, and hearing from Daland that he has a daughter, sweet and pure, he begins to hope once more, and offers all his wealth to the father for a shelter under the Norwegian's roof and for the hand of his daughter Senta. Daland is only too glad to accept for his child what to him seems an immense fortune, and so they sail home together.

In the second act we find Senta in the spinning-room. The servants of the house are together spinning and singing. Senta is among them, but her wheel does not turn; she is dreamily regarding an old picture. It is that of the Flying Dutchman, whose legend so deeply touches her that she has grown to love its hero without having in reality seen him.

Senta has a wooer already in the person of Erik the hunter, but she does not care much for him. With deep feeling she sings to the spinning maidens the ballad of the doomed man as she has heard it from Mary, her nurse:

An old captain wanted to sail round the Cape of Good Hope, and as the wind was against him, he swore a terrible oath that he never would leave off trying. The devil heard him and doomed him to sail on to eternity, but God's angel had pity on him, and showed him how he could find deliverance through a wife faithful unto the grave.

All the maidens pray to God to let the maiden be found at last, when Senta ecstatically exclaims, "I will be his wife!" At this moment her father's ship is announced. Senta is about to run away to welcome him, but is detained by Erik, who tries to win her for himself. She answers evasively; then Daland enters and with him a dark and gloomy stranger. Senta stands spellbound: she recognizes the hero of her picture. The Dutchman is not less impressed, seeing in her the angel of his dreams and as it were his deliverer; and so, meeting by the guidance of a superior power, they seem created for each other, and Senta, accepting the offer of his hand, swears to him eternal fidelity.

In the third act we see the Flying Dutchman's ship; everybody recognizes it by its black mast and its blood-red sail. The Norwegian sailors call loudly to the mariners of the strange ship, but nothing stirs, everything seems dead and haunted. At last the unearthly inhabitants of the Dutch ship awake; they are old and gray and wrinkled, all doomed to the fate of their captain. They begin a wild and gloomy song, which sends a chill into the hearts of the stout Norwegians.

Meanwhile Erik, beholding in Senta the betrothed of the Dutchman, is in despair. Imploring her to turn back, he calls up old memories and at last charges her with infidelity to him.

As soon as the Dutchman hears this accusation he turns from Senta, feeling that he is again lost. But Senta will not break her faith. Seeing the Dutchman fly from her, ready to sail away, she swiftly runs after him and throws herself from the cliff into the waves.

By this sacrifice the spell is broken, the ghostly ship sinks forever into the ocean, and an angel bears the poor wanderer to eternal rest, where he is reunited to the bride who has proved faithful unto death.

FRA DIAVOLO

(Brother Devil)

Comic Opera in three acts by Daniel F. E. Auber. Text by Scribe.

THE scene is laid at Terracina in Italy. Fra Diavolo is a celebrated and much-feared chief of brigands. The Roman court of justice has set a price of 10,000 piasters on his head. In the first act we meet with the Roman soldiers, who undertake to win the money. Their captain Lorenzo has a double aim in trying to catch the brigand. He is Zerline's lover, but having no money, Zerline's father Matteo, the owner of a hotel, threatens to give her to a rich farmer's son. Meanwhile Fra Diavolo has forced his society on a rich English lord, Cockburn by name, who is on his wedding tour with his fair young wife Pamela. Lord Cockburn looks jealously at Fra Diavolo, though he does not recognize in him a brigand. The English are robbed by Diavolo's band. Disgusted with the inse-

curity of "la bella Italia," they reach the inn at Terracina, where the dragoons, hearing the account of this new robbery, believe that it was Fra Diavolo with his band, and at once decide to pursue him.

Shortly afterward Fra Diavolo arrives at the inn disguised as the Marquis of San Marco, under which name the English lord has already made his acquaintance. He is not enchanted by the arrival of this marquis; he fears a new flirtation with his own fair wife. Pamela wears most valuable diamonds, and these strike the eye of Fra Diavolo.

He sees that the English have been clever enough to conceal the greater part of their wealth and resolves to put himself speedily into possession of it.

He is flirting desperately with Pamela, and looking tenderly at the pretty Zerline, when the soldiers return, having captured twenty of the brigands and retaken the greater part of Lord Cockburn's money and jewels. Lorenzo, the captain of the dragoons, is rewarded by the magnanimous lord with 10,000 lire, and may now hope to win Zerline's hand. But Fra Diavolo vows to avenge the death of his comrades on Lorenzo.

In the second act he conceals himself behind the curtains in Zerline's sleeping-room, and during the night he admits his two companions Beppo and Giacomo. Zerline enters and is about to retire to rest after praying to the Holy Virgin for protection. During her sleep Giacomo is to stab her, while the two others are to rob the English lord.

But Zerline's prayer and her innocence touch even the robbers. The deed is delayed, and this delay brings Lorenzo upon them. Fra Diavolo's two companions hide themselves, and the false marquis alone is found in Zerline's room. He assures Lorenzo that he had a rendezvous with his bride, and at the same time whispers into the lord's ear that he came by appointment with his lady, showing her portrait, of which he had robbed her the day before, as proof. The consequence of these lies is a challenge from Lorenzo, and a meeting with Diavolo is fixed. The latter is full of triumphant glee; he has arranged a deep-laid plan with the surviving members of his band and hopes to ensnare not only Lorenzo but his whole company. Ordinarily Diavolo is a noble brigand; he never troubles women, and he loads poor people with gifts, taking the gold out of rich men's purses only; but now he is full of ire and his one thought is of vengeance.

Finally he is betrayed by the carelessness of his own helpmates. Beppo and Giacomo, seeing Zerline, recognize in her their fair prey of the evening before and betray themselves by repeating some of the words which she had given utterance to. Zerline, hearing them, is now able to comprehend the wicked plot which was woven to destroy her happiness. The two banditti are captured and compelled to lure their captain into a trap. Diavolo appears, not in his disguise as a marquis, but in his own well-known dress with the red plume waving from his bonnet, and being assured by Beppo that all is secure, is easily captured. Now all the false imputations are cleared up. Milord is reconciled to his wife and Lorenzo obtains the hand of the lovely Zerline.

Scribe's text, which is full of life and witty passages, largely shares in the qualities that make this opera the most popular of Auber's works.

DER FREISCHÜTZ

(The Free Shot)

Romantic Opera in three acts by Karl M. von Weber. Text by Kind.

A YOUNG huntsman, Max, is in love with Agathe, daughter of Kuno, the chief ranger of Prince Ottokar of Bohemia. Max woos her; but their union depends on a master-shot which he is to deliver on the following morning.

During the village festival he has all day been unlucky in shooting, and we see him, full of anger and sorrow, being mocked at by peasants more lucky than he.

His comrade, Caspar, one of the ranger's older huntsmen, is his evil genius. He has sold himself to the devil, is a gloomy, mysterious fellow, and hopes to save his soul by delivering some other victim to the demon. He wants to tempt Max to try enchanted bullets, to be obtained at the cross-roads during the midnight hour by drawing a magic circle with a bloody sword and invoking the name of the mysterious huntsman. Father Kuno, hearing him, drives him away, begging Max to think of his bride and to pray to God for success.

But Max cannot forget the railleries of the peasants; he broods over his misfortunes, and when he is well-nigh despairing, Caspar, who meanwhile calls Samiel (the devil in person) to help, encourages him to take refuge in stimulants. He tries to intoxicate the unhappy lover by pouring drops from a vial into his wine. When Max has grown more and more excited, Caspar begins to tell him of nature's secret powers, which might help him. Max first struggles against the evil influence, but when Caspar, handing him his gun, lets him shoot an eagle soaring high in the air, his huntsman's heart is elated and he wishes to become possessed of such a bullet. Caspar tells him that they are enchanted and persuades him to a meeting in the Wolf's Glen at midnight, where the bullets may be molded.

In the second act Agathe is with her cousin Aennchen. Agathe is the true German maiden, serious and thoughtful almost to melancholy. She presents a marked contrast to her light-hearted cousin, who tries to brighten Agathe with fun and frolic. They adorn themselves with roses which Agathe received from a holy hermit, who blessed her but warned her of impending evil. So Agathe is full of dread forebodings, and after Aennchen's departure she fervently prays to Heaven for her beloved. When she sees him come to her through the forest with flowers on his hat, her fears vanish and she greets him joyously. But Max only answers hurriedly that, having killed a stag in the Wolf's Glen, he is obliged to return there. Agathe, filled with terror at the mention of this ill-famed name, wants to keep him back, but ere she can detain him he has fled. With hurried steps Max approaches the Wolf's Glen, where Caspar is already occupied in forming circles of black stones, in the midst of which he places a skull, an eagle's wing, a crucible, and a bullet-mold. Caspar then calls on Samiel, invoking him to allow him a few more years on earth. Tomorrow is the day appointed for Satan to take his soul, but Caspar promises to surrender Max in exchange. Samiel, who appears through the cleft of a

rock, agrees to let him have six of the fatal balls, reserving only the seventh for himself.

Caspar then proceeds to make the bullets, Max only looking on, stunned and remorseful at what he sees. His mother's spirit appears to him, but he is already under the influence of the charm; he cannot move. The proceeding goes forward amid hellish noise. A hurricane arises, flames and devilish forms flicker about, wild and horrible creatures rush by and others follow in hot pursuit. The noise grows worse, the earth seems to quake, until at length, after Caspar's reiterated invocations, Samiel shows himself at the word "seven." Max and Caspar both make the sign of the cross, and fall on their knees more dead than alive.

In the third act we find Agathe waiting for her bridesmaids. She is perturbed and sad, having had frightful dreams and not knowing what has become of Max. Aennchen consoles her, diverting her with a merry song, until the bridesmaids enter, bringing flowers and gifts. They prepare to crown her with the bridal wreath, when, instead of the myrtle there lies in the box a wreath of white roses, the ornament of the dead.

Meanwhile everybody is assembled on the lawn near Prince Ottokar's tent to be present at the firing of the master-shot. The Prince points out to Max a white dove as an object at which to aim. At this critical moment Agathe appears, crying out: "Don't shoot, Max, I am the white dove!" But it was too late; Max has fired, and Agathe sinks down at the same time as Caspar, who has been waiting behind a tree and who now falls heavily to the ground, while the dove flies away unhurt. Everybody believes that Max has shot his bride, but she is only in a swoon; the bullet has really killed the villain Caspar. It was the seventh, the direction of which Samiel reserved for himself, and Satan, having no power over the pious maiden, directed it on Caspar, already forfeited to him. Max confesses his sin with deep remorse. The Prince scornfully bids him leave his dominions forever. But Agathe prays for him, and at last the Prince follows the hermit's advice, giving the unhappy youth a year of probation, during which to prove his repentance and grow worthy of his virtuous bride.

GENOVEVA

Opera in four acts by Robert Schumann.
Text after Hebbel and Tieck.

SIEGFRIED, Count of the Palatinate, is ordered by Charles Martel to join him in the war with the infidels, who broke out of Spain under Abdurrahman. The noble Count recommends his wife Genoveva and all he possesses to the protection of his friend Golo, who is, however, secretly in love with his master's wife. After Siegfried has said farewell she falls into a swoon, which Golo takes advantage of to kiss her, thereby still further exciting his flaming passion. Genoveva finally awakes and goes away to mourn in silence for her husband.

Golo being alone, an old hag, Margarethe, whom he takes for his nurse, comes to console him. She is in reality his mother and has great schemes for her son's future happiness. She insinuates to him that Genoveva, being alone, needs consolation and will easily be led on to accept more tender attentions, and she promises him her assistance. The second act shows Genoveva's room. She longs sadly for her husband and sees with pain and disgust the insolent behavior of the servants, whose wild songs penetrate into her silent chamber.

Golo enters to bring her the news of a great victory over Abdurrahman, which fills her heart with joy. She bids Golo sing, and sweetly accompanies his song, which so fires his passion that he falls upon his knees and frightens her by glowing words. Vainly she bids him leave her; he only grows more excited, till she repulses him with the word "bastard." Now his love turns into hatred, and when Drago, the faithful steward, comes to announce that the servants begin to be more and more insolent, daring even to insult the good name of the Countess, Golo asserts that they speak the truth about her. He persuades the incredulous Drago to hide himself in Genoveva's room, the latter having retired for the night's rest.

Margarethe, listening at the door, hears everything. She tells Golo that Count Siegfried lies wounded at Strasburg; she has intercepted his letter to the Countess and prepares to leave for that town, in order to nurse the Count and kill him slowly by some deadly poison. Then Golo calls quickly for the servants, who all assemble to penetrate into their mistress's room. Full of wounded pride, she repulses them, but at last she yields, and herself taking the candle to light the room, proceeds to search, when Drago is found behind the curtains and at once silenced by Golo, who runs his dagger through his heart. Genoveva is led into the prison of the castle.

The third act takes place at Strasburg, where Siegfried is being nursed by Margarethe. His strength defies her perfidy, and he is full of impatience to return to his loving wife, when Golo enters bringing him the news of her faithlessness.

Siegfried, in despair, bids Golo kill her with his own sword. He decides to fly into the wilderness, but before fulfilling his design, he goes once more to Margarethe, who has promised to show him all that passed at home during his absence. He sees Genoveva in a magic looking-glass, exchanging kindly words with Drago, but there is no appearance of guilt in their intercourse. The third image shows Genoveva sleeping on her couch, and Drago approaching her. With an imprecation Siegfried starts up, bidding Golo avenge him, but at the same instant the glass flies in pieces with a terrible crash, and Drago's ghost stands before Margarethe, commanding her to tell Siegfried the truth.

In the fourth act Genoveva is being led into the wilderness by two ruffians, who have orders to murder her. Before this is done, Golo approaches her once more, showing her Siegfried's ring and sword, with which he has been told to kill her. He tries hard to win her, but she turns from him with scorn and loathing, preferring death to dishonor. At length, relinquishing his attempts, he beckons to the murderers to do their work and hands them Count Siegfried's weapon. Genoveva in her extreme need seizes the cross of the Sa-

viour, praying fervently, and detains the ruffians till, at the last moment, Siegfried appears, led by the repentant Margarethe. There ensues a touching scene of forgiveness, while Golo rushes away to meet his fate by falling over a precipice.

GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG
(Twilight of the Gods)

Third Day of the Nibelungen Ring by Richard Wagner.

THE third day in Wagner's great tetralogy opens with a prelude showing the three Norns weaving the world's fate. When the cord breaks, they fly; the dawn of another world is upon them.

In the first act Siegfried bids Brünnhilde farewell. His active soul thirsts for deeds, and Brünnhilde, having taught him all she knows, does not detain him. He gives her the fatal ring in token of remembrance, confiding her to the care of Loge. Then we are transported to the Gibichungs' hall on the Rhine. Gunther and his sister Gutrune sit there together with their gloomy half-brother Hagen. The latter advises his brother to marry, telling him of the beautiful woman guarded by the flames. When he has sufficiently excited Gunther's longing, he suggests that, as Siegfried is the only one able to gain Brünnhilde, Gunther should attach him to his person by giving him Gutrune as wife. This is to be achieved by a draught which has the power of causing oblivion. Whoever drinks it forgets that ever a woman has existed besides the one who has tendered the potion. Hagen well knows of Siegfried's union with Brünnhilde, but Gunther and Gutrune are both ignorant of it.

Siegfried arrives and is heartily welcomed. All turns out as Hagen has foretold. By the fatal potion Siegfried falls passionately in love with Gutrune so that he completely forgets Brünnhilde. He swears blood-brothership to Gunther, and promises to win Brünnhilde for him. Then the two depart on their errand.

Meanwhile the Valkyr Waltraute comes to Brünnhilde and beseeches her to render Siegfried's ring to the Rhine-daughters in order to save the gods from destruction. Brünnhilde refuses to part with the token of her husband's love; and hardly has Waltraute departed than fate overtakes her in the person of Siegfried, who ventures through the flames in Gunther's shape. She vainly struggles against him, he snatches the ring from her, and so she is conquered. Siegfried holds vigil through the night, his sword separating him and the woman he wooed; and in the early dawn he leads her away to her bridegroom, who takes Siegfried's place unawares.

In the second act Alberich appears to Hagen. He tells his son of the story of the ring and bids him kill Siegfried and recover the stolen treasure for its owner. Siegfried appears announcing Gunther's and Brünnhilde's arrival. The bridal pair are received by all their men, but the joy is soon damped by Brünnhilde recognizing in the bridegroom of Gutrune her own husband. Siegfried does not know her, but she discovers her ring on his hand, and as she asserts that Gunther won it from her, this hero is obliged to acknowledge the shameful rôle he played. Though Siegfried swears that his sword Nothung guarded him from any contact with Gunther's bride, Brünnhilde responds in a most startling manner, and both swear on Hagen's spear that it may pierce them should their words prove false. All this makes a dreadful impression on the weak mind of Gunther.

When Siegfried has withdrawn in high spirits with his bride Gutrune, Hagen, hoping to gain the ring, offers to avenge Brünnhilde on the faithless Siegfried. Brünnhilde, in her deadly wrath, betrays to him the only vulnerable spot beneath Siegfried's shoulder. Gunther consents reluctantly to their schemes.

The third act opens with a scene on the Rhine. The Rhine-daughters try to persuade Siegfried to render them the ring. He is about to throw it into the water when they warn him of the evil which will befall him should he refuse their request. This awakens his pride. Laughing, he turns from them, he, the fearless hero. His fellow-hunters overtake him, and while he relates to them the story of his life Hagen mixes an herb with his wine, which enables him to remember all he has forgotten. Hagen then treacherously drives his spear into Siegfried's back, killing him. He dies with Brünnhilde's praise on his lips. The funeral march, which here follows, is one of the most beautiful ever written. When the dead hero is brought to the Gibichungs' hall, Gutrune bewails him loudly. A dispute arises between Hagen and Gunther about the ring, which ends by Hagen slaying Gunther. But when Hagen tries to strip the ring off the dead hand the fingers close themselves and the hand raises itself, bearing testimony against the murderer. Brünnhilde appears to mourn for the dead; she drives away Gutrune, who sees too late that under the influence of the fatal draught Siegfried forgot his lawful wife, whom she now recognizes in Brünnhilde. The latter, taking a long farewell of her dead husband, orders a funeral pile to be erected. As soon as Siegfried's body is placed on it, she lights it with a firebrand, and when it is in full blaze she mounts her faithful steed, leaping with it into the flames.

When the fire sinks the Rhine-daughters are seen to snatch the ring, which is now purified from its curse by Brünnhilde's death.

Hagen, trying to wrench it from them, is drawn into the waves and so dies.

A dusky light, like that of a new dawn, spreads over heaven, and through a mist Valhalla, with all the gods passing away, may be perceived, in flames.

GUILLAUME TELL

Grand Opera in three acts by Gioachino Antonio Rossini. Text by Bis and Jouoy.

THE text is founded on the well-known story of William Tell, who, according to tradition, delivered his fatherland from one of its most cruel despots, the Austrian governor Gessler.

The first act opens with a charming introductory chorus by peasants, who are celebrating a nuptial fête. Tell joins in their pleasures, though he cannot help giving utterance to the pain which the Austrian tyranny causes him. Arnold von Melchthal, son of an old Swiss, has conceived an unhappy passion for Mathilda,

Princess of Hapsburg, whose life he once saved; but he is Swiss and resolves to be true to his country. He promises Tell to join in his efforts to liberate it. Meanwhile, Leuthold, a Swiss peasant, comes up. He is a fugitive, having killed an Austrian soldier to revenge an intended abduction of his daughter. His only safety lies in crossing the lake, but no fisherman dares to row out in the face of the coming storm. Tell steps forth, and seizing the oars brings Leuthold safely to the opposite shore. When Rudolf von Harras appears with his soldiers, his prey has escaped, and nobody being willing to betray the deliverer, old father Melchthal is imprisoned.

In the second act we find the Princess Mathilda returning from a hunt. She meets Arnold and they betray their mutual passion. Arnold does not yet know his father's fate, but presently Tell enters with Walther Fürst, who informs Arnold that his father has fallen a victim to the Austrian tyranny. Arnold, cruelly roused from his love-dream, awakes to duty, and the three men vow bloody vengeance. This is the famous oath taken on the Rütli. The deputies of the three cantons arrive, one after the other, and Tell makes them swear solemnly to establish Switzerland's independence. Excited by Arnold's dreadful account of his father's murder, they all unite in the fierce cry "To arms!" which is to be their signal of combat.

In the third act Gessler arrives at the market-place of Altdorf, where he has placed his hat on a pole to be greeted instead of himself by the Swiss who pass by.

They grumble at this new proof of arrogance, but dare not disobey the order, till Tell, passing by with his son, disregards it. Refusing to salute the hat, he is instantly taken and commanded by Gessler to shoot an apple off his little boy's head. After a dreadful inward struggle, Tell submits. Fervently praying to God and embracing his fearless son, he shoots with steady hand, hitting the apple right in the center. But Gessler has seen a second arrow, which Tell has hidden in his breast, and he asks its purpose. Tell freely confesses that he would have shot the tyrant had he missed his aim. Tell is fettered, Mathilda vainly appealing for mercy. But Gessler's time has come. The Swiss begin to revolt. Mathilda herself begs to be admitted into their alliance of free citizens, and offers her hand to Arnold. The fortresses of the oppressors fall; Tell enters free and victorious, having himself killed Gessler; and in a chorus at once majestic and grand the Swiss celebrate the day of their liberation.

HANS HEILING

Romantic Opera in three acts, with a prelude, by Heinrich Marschner. Text by Devrient.

HANS HEILING, King of the gnomes, has fallen in love with a daughter of the earth, the charming Anna. This maiden, a poor country girl in the first freshness of youth, has been induced by her mother to consent to a betrothal with the rich stranger, whom Anna esteems, but nothing more, her heart not yet having been touched by love.

In the prelude we are introduced into the depths of earth, where the gnomes work and toil incessantly carrying glittering stones, gold and silver, and accumulating all the treasures on which men's hearts are set.

Their King announces to them that he will no longer be one of theirs; he loves, and therefore he resigns his crown. All the passionate entreatings of his mother and of the gnomes are of no avail. At the Queen's bidding he takes with him a magic book, without which he would lose his power over the gnomes. After giving him a set of luminous diamonds, the mother parts with her son—Heiling rejoicing in his heart, the Queen in tears and sorrow.

In the first act Heiling arises from the earth, forever closing the entrance to the gnomes. Anna greets him joyously and Gertrud, her mother, heartily seconds the welcome. Heiling gives his bride a golden chain, and Anna, adorning herself, thinks with pleasure how much she will be looked at and envied by her companions. She fain would show herself at once, and begs Heiling to visit a public festival with her. But Heiling, by nature serious and almost taciturn, refuses her request. Anna pouts, but she forgets her grief when she sees the curious signs of erudition in her lover's room. As she looks over the magic book, the leaves turn by themselves, quicker and quicker; the strange signs seem to grow, to threaten her, until, stricken with horrible fear, she cries out, and Heiling, turning to her, sees too late what she has done. Angry at her curiosity, he pushes her away, but she clings to him with fervent entreaties to destroy the dreadful book. His love conquers his reason, and he throws the last link which connects him with his past into the fire. A deep thunder-peal is heard. Anna thanks him heartily, but from this hour the seed of fear and distrust grows in her heart.

Heiling, seeing her still uneasy, agrees to visit the festival with her upon condition that she refrains from dancing. She gladly promises, but as soon as they come to the festival Anna is surrounded by the village lads, who entreat her to dance. They dislike the stranger, who has won the fairest maiden of the village, and Conrad the hunter, who has long loved Anna, is particularly hard on his rival. He mocks him, feeling that Heiling is not what he seems, and tries to lure Anna away from his side. At last Heiling grows angry, forbidding Anna once more to dance. She is wounded by his words and, telling him abruptly that she is not married yet, and that she never will be his slave, she leaves him. In despair Heiling sees her go away with Conrad, dancing and frolicking.

In the second act we find Anna in the forest. She is in a deep reverie; her heart has spoken, but alas! not for her bridegroom, whom she now fears; it beats only for Conrad, who has owned his love to her. Darkness comes on, and the gnomes appear with their Queen, who reveals to the frightened girl the origin of her bridegroom and entreats her to give back the son to his poor bereft mother. When the gnomes have disappeared, Conrad overtakes Anna, and she tells him all, asking his help against her mysterious bridegroom. Conrad, seeing that she returns his love, is happy. He has just obtained a good situation and will now be able to wed her.

He accompanies her home, where Gertrud welcomes them joyously, having feared that Anna had met with an accident in the forest.

While the lovers are together, Heiling enters, bringing the bridal jewels. Mother Gertrud is dazzled, but Anna shrinks from her bridegroom. When he asks for an explanation, she tells him that she knows of his origin. Then all his hopes die within him; but, determined that his rival shall not be happy at his cost, he hurls his dagger at Conrad and takes flight.

In the last act Heiling is alone in a ravine in the mountains. He has sacrificed everything and gained nothing. Sadly he decides to return to the gnomes. They appear at his bidding, but they make him feel that he no longer has any power over them, and by way of adding still further to his sorrows they tell him that his rival lives and is about to wed Anna. Then indeed all seems lost to the poor dethroned King. In despair and repentance he casts himself to the earth. But the gnomes, seeing that he really has abandoned all earthly hopes, swear fealty to him once more and return with him to their Queen, by whom he is received with open arms.

Meanwhile Conrad, who only received a slight wound from Heiling's dagger and has speedily recovered, has fixed his wedding day and we see Anna, the happy bride, in the midst of her companions, prepared to go to church with her lover. But when she looks about her, Heiling is at her side, come to take revenge. Conrad would fain aid her, but his sword breaks before it touches Heiling, who invokes the help of his gnomes. They appear, but at the same moment the Queen is seen, exhorting her son to pardon and to forget. He willingly follows her away into his kingdom of night and darkness, never to see earth's surface again. The anxious peasants once more breathe freely and join in common thanks to God.

HÄNSEL UND GRETEL

Fairy Opera in three acts by Engelbert Humperdinck. Text by Wette.

THE first act represents the miserable little hut of a broom-maker. Hänsel is occupied in binding brooms, Gretel is knitting and singing old nursery-songs, such as "Susy, dear Susy, what rattles in the straw?" Both children are very hungry, and wait impatiently for the arrival of their parents. Hänsel is particularly bad-tempered, but the merry and practical Gretel, finding some milk in a pot, soon soothes his ruffled feelings by the promise of a nice rice-pap in the evening. Forgetting work and hunger, they begin to dance and frolic until they roll on the ground together. At this moment their mother enters, and seeing the children idle, her wrath is kindled and she rushes at them with the intention of giving them a sound whipping. Alas! instead of Hänsel, she strikes the pot and upsets the milk. The mother's vexation cools and only sorrow remains, but she quickly puts a little basket into Gretel's hands and drives the children away, bidding them look for strawberries in the woods. Then, sinking on a chair utterly exhausted, she falls asleep.

She is awakened by her husband, who comes in singing and very gay. She sees that he has had a drop too much, and is about to reproach him, but the words die on her lips when she sees him unfold his treasure, consisting of eggs, sausages, coffee, etc. He tells her that he has been very fortunate at the church-ale (kermess), and bids her prepare supper at once. Alas! the pot is broken, and the mother relates that, finding the children idle, anger got the better of her and the pot was smashed to pieces. He good-naturedly laughs at her discomfiture, but his merriment is changed to grief when he hears that their children are still in the forest, perhaps even near the Ilsenstein, where the wicked fairy lives who entices children in order to bake and devour them. This thought so alarms the parents that they rush off to seek the children in the forest.

The second act is laid near the ill-famed Ilsenstein. Hänsel has filled his basket with strawberries and Gretel is winding a garland of red hips, with which Hänsel crowns her. He presents her also with a bunch of wild flowers and playfully does homage to this queen of the woods. Gretel, enjoying the play, pops one berry after another into her brother's mouth; then they both eat while listening to the cuckoo. Before they are aware of it they have eaten the whole contents of the basket and observe with terror that it has grown too dark either to look for a fresh supply or to find their way home. Gretel begins to weep and to call for her parents, but Hänsel, rallying his courage, takes her in his arms and soothes her until they both grow sleepy. The sandman comes, throwing his sand into their eyes, but before their lids close they say their evening prayer; then they fall asleep and the fourteen guardian angels, whose protection they invoked, are seen stepping down the heavenly ladder to guard their slumber.

In the third act the morning dawns. Crystal drops are showered on the children by the angel of the dew; Gretel opens her eyes first and wakes her brother with a song. They are still entranced by the beautiful angel-dream they have had, when suddenly their attention is aroused by the sight of a little house made entirely of cake and sugar. Approaching it on tiptoe they begin to break off little bits, but a voice within calls out, "Tip, tap, tip, tap, who raps at my house?" "The wind, the wind, the heavenly child," they answer, continuing to eat and to laugh, nothing daunted. But the door opens softly and out glides the witch, who quickly throws a rope around Hänsel's throat. Urging the children to enter her house she tells her name, Rosina Sweet-tooth. The frightened children try to escape, but the fairy raises her staff and by a magic charm keeps them spellbound. She imprisons Hänsel in a small stable with a lattice door and gives him almonds and currants to eat, then turning to Gretel, who has stood rooted to the spot, she breaks the charm with a juniper-bough and compels her to enter the house and make herself useful.

Believing Hänsel to be asleep, she turns to the oven and kindles the fire; then, breaking into wild glee, she seizes a broom and rides on it round the house singing, Gretel all the while observing her keenly. Tired with her exertions the witch awakes Hänsel and bids him show his finger, at which command Hänsel stretches out a small piece of wood. Seeing him so thin, the witch calls for more food, and while she turns her back Gretel quickly takes up the juniper-bough and, speaking the formula, disenchants her brother. Mean-

WOTAN'S FAREWELL TO BRÜNNHILDE

("Die Walküre")

From the Painting by Konrad Dielitz

while the witch, turning to the oven, tells Gretel to creep into it in order to see if the honey-cakes are ready, but the little girl, affecting stupidity, begs her to show how she is to get in. The witch impatiently bends forward, and at the same moment Gretel, assisted by Hänsel, who has escaped from his prison, pushes her into the hot oven and slams the iron door. The wicked witch burns to ashes, while the oven cracks and roars and finally falls to pieces. With astonishment the brother and sister see a long row of children, from whom the honey-crust has fallen off, standing stiff and stark. Gretel tenderly caresses one of them, who opens his eyes and smiles. She now touches them all, and Hänsel, seizing the juniper-bough, works the charm and recalls them to new life. The cake-children thank them warmly, and they all proceed to inspect the treasures of the house, when Hänsel hears their parents calling them. Great is the joy of father and mother at finding their beloved ones safe and in the possession of a sweet little house. The old sorceress is drawn out of the ruins of the oven in the form of an immense honey-cake, whereupon they all thank Heaven for having so visibly helped and protected them.

DAS HEIMCHEN AM HERD

(The Cricket on the Hearth)

Opera in three acts by Karl Goldmark.
Text after Dickens's tale by Willner.

THE scene is laid in an English village. The cricket, a little fairy, lives with a postilion, John, and his wife Dot. They are a happy couple, the only thing wanting to their complete happiness being children, and even this ardent wish Dot knows will be fulfilled before long.

A young doll-maker, May, visits Dot to unburden her heavy heart. The young girl is to marry her old and rich employer Tackleton, in order to save her foster-father from want, but she cannot forget her old sweetheart, a sailor named Edward, who left her years ago, never to come back. Dot tries to console her, and gives her food for her old father. When May has taken leave, Dot's husband John enters, bringing a strange guest with him.

It is Edward, who has, however, so disguised himself that nobody recognizes him. Dot receives him hospitably, and while he follows her in another room, a very lively scene ensues, all the village people flocking in to receive their letters and parcels at John's hands.

In the second act John rests from his labor in his garden, while Dot, who finds her husband, who is considerably older than herself, somewhat too self-confident and phlegmatic, tries to make him appreciate her more by arousing his jealousy. While they thus talk and jest May enters, followed by her old suitor, who has already chosen the wedding ring for her. Edward listens to his wooing with ill-concealed anxiety, and Tackleton, not pleased to find a stranger in his friend's house, gruffly asks his name. The strange sailor tells him that he left his father and his sweetheart to seek his fortune elsewhere, and that he has come back rich and independent, only to find his father dead and his sweetheart lost to him. His voice moves May strangely, but Tackleton wants to see his riches. Edward shows them some fine jewels, which so delight Dot that she begins to adorn herself with them and to dance about the room. Edward presents her with a beautiful cross, and seizes the opportunity to reveal to her his identity, entreating her not to betray him. Then he turns to May, begging her to choose one of the trinkets, but Tackleton interferes, saying that his promised bride does not need any jewels from strange people. Dot is greatly embarrassed, and Tackleton, mistaking her agitation, believes that she has fallen in love with the sailor, and insinuates as much to her husband, whom he invites to have a glass of beer with him.

This unusual generosity on the part of the avaricious old man excites the clever little wife's suspicion. May having withdrawn, she greets the friend of her youth with great ostentation (knowing herself secretly watched by John and Tackleton), and promises to help him to regain his sweetheart. John and his friend, who suddenly return, see them together, and poor old John gets wildly jealous. But when he is alone, he falls asleep and the faithful cricket prophetically shows him his wife fast asleep in a dream, while a little boy in miniature postilion's dress plays merrily in the background.

In the third act Dot adorns May with the bridal wreath, but the girl is in a very sad mood. All at once she hears the sailor sing. Dot steals away, and May, vividly reminded of her old love by the song, decides to refuse old Tackleton at the last moment, and to remain true to Edward till the end of her life. The sailor, hearing her resolve, rushes in tearing off his false gray beard, and catches May, who at last recognizes him, in his arms. Meanwhile Tackleton arrives gorgeously attired. He brings a necklace of false pearls and invites May to drive with him to the wedding ceremony in the church at once. A whole chorus of people interrupt this scene; they greet him, saying they are his wedding guests, exciting the miser's wrath. At last May, who had retired to put on her bridal attire, reappears, but instead of taking Tackleton's arm she walks up to Edward, who courteously thanks the old lover for the carriage standing at the door, and suddenly disappears with May. The chorus detains the furious old Tackleton until the lovers are well out of the way.

Meanwhile Dot has explained her behavior to John, and whispering her sweet secret into his ear, makes him the happiest man on earth. The cricket, the good fairy of the house, chirps sweetly, and the last scene shows once more a picture of faithfulness and love.

LES HUGUENOTS

Opera in five acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer.
Text by Scribe.

THE scene is laid in France at the time of the bloody persecutions of the Protestants or Huguenots by the Catholics. The Duke of Guise has apparently made peace with Admiral Coligny, the greatest and most famous of the Huguenots, and we are introduced into the castle of Count Nevers, where the Catholic

noblemen receive Raoul de Nangis, a Protestant, who has lately been promoted to the rank of captain. During their meal they speak of love and its pleasures and everybody is called on to give the name of his sweetheart. Raoul begins by telling them that once when taking a walk he surprised a band of students molesting a lady in a litter. He rescued her, and as she graciously thanked him for his gallant service he thought her more beautiful than any maiden he had ever before seen. His heart burned with love for her, though he did not know her name. While Raoul drinks with the noblemen, Marcel, his old servant, warns him of the danger of doing so.

Marcel, who is a strict old Protestant, sings a ballad of the Huguenots to the young people, a song wild and fanatic. They laugh at his impotent wrath, when a lady is announced to Count Nevers. In her Raoul recognizes the lady of his dreams.

Of course he believes her false and bad, while as a matter of fact she only comes to beseech Nevers, her destined bridegroom, to set her free. Nevers does so, though not without pain. When he returns to his companions he conceals the result of the interview and presently Urbain, a page, enters with a little note for Raoul de Nangis in which he is ordered to attend a lady, unknown to him. The others recognize the seal of Queen Marguerite of Valois, and finding him so worthy at once seek to gain his friendship.

In the second act we find Raoul with the beautiful Queen, who is trying to reconcile the Catholics with the Protestants. To this end the Queen has resolved to unite Raoul with Valentine, her lady of honor and daughter of the Count of St. Bris, a staunch Catholic. Valentine tells her heart's secret to her mistress, for to her it was that Raoul brought assistance, and she loves him. The noble Raoul, seeing Marguerite's beauty and kindness, vows himself her knight, when suddenly the whole court enters to render her homage. Recognizing her at last to be the Queen, Raoul is all the more willing to fulfill her wishes and offers his hand in reconciliation to the proud St. Bris, promising to wed his daughter. But when he perceives in her the unknown lady whom he believes to be so unworthy he takes back his word. All are surprised, and the offended father vows bloody vengeance.

In the third act Marcel brings a challenge to St. Bris, which the latter accepts, but Maurevert, a fanatical Catholic nobleman, tells him of other ways in which to annihilate his foe. Valentine, though deadly offended with her lover, resolves to save him. Seeing Marcel, she bids him tell his master not to meet his enemy alone. Meanwhile Raoul is already on the spot, and so is St. Bris with four witnesses. While they fight, a quarrel arises between the Catholic and the Protestant citizens, which is stopped by Queen Marguerite. The enemies accuse each other, and when the Queen is in doubt as to whom she shall believe, Valentine appears to bear witness. Then Raoul hears that her interview with Nevers had been but a farewell, sought for but to loosen forever the ties which her father had formed for her against her will; but the knowledge of his error comes too late, for St. Bris has once more promised his daughter to Nevers, who at this moment arrives with many guests, invited for the wedding. The presence of the Queen preserves peace between the different parties, but Raoul leaves the spot with death in his heart.

In the fourth act the dreadful night of St. Bartholomew is already beginning.

We find Valentine in her room despairing. Raoul comes to take a last farewell, but almost immediately St. Bris enters with a party of Catholics and Raoul is obliged to hide in the adjoining room. There he hears the whole conspiracy for the destruction of the Protestants, beginning with their leader, Admiral Coligny. The Catholics all assent to this diabolical plot; Nevers alone refuses to soil his honor and swears only to fight in open battle. The others, fearing treason, decide to bind him and keep him prisoner until the next morning. Raoul prepares to save his brethren or die with them. Vain are Valentine's entreaties; though she confesses to her love for him, he yet leaves her, though with a great effort, to follow the path of duty.

In the last act Raoul rushes pale and bloody into the hall where Queen Marguerite sits with her husband Henry, surrounded by the court.

He tells them of the terrific events which are going on outside and beseeches their help. It is too late, however; Coligny has already fallen and with him most of the Huguenots.

Raoul meets Valentine once more; she promises to save him if he will go over to her faith. But Marcel reminds him of his oath, and Valentine, seeing that nothing can move her lover's fortitude and firmness, decides to remain with him. She accepts his creed and so they meet death together, Valentine falling by the side of her deadly wounded lover, both praising God with their last breath.

IPHIGÈNIE EN AULIDE

(Iphigenia in Aulis)

Grand Opera in three acts by Christoph Willibald Gluck. Text of the original rearranged by Wagner.

THIS opera may be called the first part of the tragedy, and "Iphigénie en Tauride" very beautifully completes it. The music is sure to be highly relished by a cultivated hearer, characterized as it is by a simplicity which often rises into grandeur and nobility of utterance.

The first scene represents Agamemnon rent by a conflict between his duty and his fatherly love; the former of which demands the sacrifice of his daughter, for only then will a favorable wind conduct the Greeks safely to Ilion. Kalchas, the high priest of Artemis, appears to announce her dreadful sentence. Alone with the King, Kalchas vainly tries to induce the unhappy father to consent to the sacrifice.

Meanwhile Iphigenia, who has not received Agamemnon's message which ought to have prevented her undertaking the fatal journey, arrives with her mother Klytemnestra. They are received with joy by the people. Agamemnon secretly informs his spouse that Achilles, Iphigenia's betrothed, has proved unworthy of her and that she is to return to Argos at once. Iphigenia gives way to her feelings. Achilles appears, the lovers are soon reconciled and prepare to celebrate their nuptials.

In the second act Iphigenia is adorned for her wed-

ding and Achilles comes to lead her to the altar, when Arkas, Agamemnon's messenger, informs them that death awaits Iphigenia.

Klytemnestra in despair appeals to Achilles and the bridegroom swears to protect Iphigenia. She alone is resigned in the belief that it is her father's will that she should face this dreadful duty. Achilles reproaches Agamemnon wildly and leaves the unhappy father a prey to mental torture. At last he decides to send Arkas at once to Mykene with mother and daughter and to hide them there until the wrath of the goddess be appeased. But it is too late.

In the third act the people assemble before the royal tent and with much shouting and noise demand the sacrifice. Achilles in vain implores Iphigenia to follow him. She is ready to be sacrificed, while he determines to kill any one who dares touch his bride. Klytemnestra then tries everything in her power to save her. She offers herself in her daughter's stead, and finding it of no avail, at last sinks down in a swoon. The daughter, having bade her an eternal farewell, with quiet dignity allows herself to be led to the altar. When her mother awakes she rages in impotent fury; then she hears the people's hymn to the goddess, and rushes out to die with her child. The scene changes. The high priest at the altar of Artemis is ready to pierce the innocent victim. A great tumult arises. Achilles, with his native Thessalians, makes his way through the crowd in order to save Iphigenia, who loudly invokes the help of the goddess. But at this moment a loud thunder peal arrests the contending parties, and when the mist, which has blinded all, has passed, Artemis herself is seen in a cloud with Iphigenia kneeling before her.

The goddess announces that it is Iphigenia's high mind which she demands and not her blood; she wishes to take her into a foreign land, where she may be her priestess and atone for the sins of the blood of Atreus.

A wind favorable to the fleet has risen, and the people, filled with gratitude and admiration, behold the vanishing cloud and praise the goddess.

IPHIGÈNIE EN TAURIDE
(Iphigenia in Tauris)

Opera in four acts by Christoph Willibald Gluck.
Text by Guillard.

THE libretto follows pretty exactly the Greek original. Iphigenia, King Agamemnon's daughter, who has been saved by the goddess Diana (or Artemis) from death at the altar of Aulis, has been carried in a cloud to Tauris, where she is compelled to be high priestess in the temple of the barbarous Scythians. There we find her after having performed her cruel service for fifteen years. Human sacrifices are required, but more than once she has saved a poor stranger from this awful lot.

Iphigenia is much troubled by a dream, in which she saw her father deadly wounded by her mother, and herself about to kill her brother Orestes. She bewails her fate in having at the behest of Thoas, King of the Scythians, to sacrifice two strangers who have been thrown on his shores. Orestes and his friend Pylades, for these are the strangers, are led to death loaded with chains.

Iphigenia, hearing that they are her countrymen, resolves to save at least one of them in order to send him home to her sister Elektra. She does not know her brother Orestes, who, having slain his mother, has fled, pursued by the Furies, but an inner voice makes her choose him as a messenger to Greece. A lively dispute arises between the two friends; at last Orestes prevails upon Iphigenia to spare his friend by threatening to destroy himself with his own hands, his life being a burden to him. Iphigenia reluctantly complies with his request, giving the message for her sister to Pylades.

In the third act Iphigenia vainly tries to steel her heart against her victim. At last she seizes the knife, but Orestes cries, "So you also were pierced by the sacrificial steel, O my sister Iphigenia!" and the knife falls from her hands. A touching scene of recognition ensues.

Meanwhile Thoas, who has heard that one of the strangers was about to depart, enters the temple with his bodyguard, and, though Iphigenia tells him that Orestes is her brother and entreats him to spare Agamemnon's son, Thoas determines to sacrifice him and his sister Iphigenia as well. But his evil designs are frustrated by Pylades, who, returning with several of his countrymen, stabs the King of Tauris. The goddess Diana herself appears and, helping the Greeks in their fight, gains for them the victory. Diana declares herself appeased by the repentance of Orestes and allows him to return to his country with his sister, his friend, and all his followers.

LE JONGLEUR DE NOTRE-DAME
(The Juggler of Notre-Dame)

Opera in three acts by Jules Massenet.
Text by Léna.

IN Cluny, on a market-day (the first of May), the juggler Jean wanders hungry and miserable through the countryside, but rejoices in his freedom. It does not satisfy his wants, however, and he is unsuccessful in gaining the attention of the people, who deride his performance. They care nothing for his globes, his hoops, his old songs and dances. They do applaud a ribald song, "Alleluia to wine," and although in his heart Jean is a good Christian, his stomach remains egotistical, and he sings a parody on the mass. The prior appears, and the crowd disperses, leaving Jean to his fate. The juggler is about to be excommunicated for his blasphemy, when he confesses his guilt, and is received among the monks. Hunger overcomes him, and he relinquishes his freedom, sorely tempted by the rich food of the abbey.

In the second act, in the study at the abbey, musicians, poets, painters, and sculptors labor for the feast of the Holy Mother, but Jean takes no part—he knows no Latin. Brother Boniface, the cook, consoles him, and Jean resolves to serve the Holy Mother in his own way.

The last act takes place in the chapel of the abbey, in which stands the image of the Blessed Virgin. Jean slowly approaches. He puts off his monastic garb,

and appears in his juggler's dress. He offers to Mary the only gift he possesses, his songs and dances. In his ecstasy, he fails to notice the entrance of the monks, and dances on unheeding. The prior in horror is about to throw himself upon Jean, when the Holy Mother interferes; a miracle takes place, for the image raises its hands, and places them in benediction upon the head of the juggler. The monks now acclaim him a saint, and as they sing, led by Boniface, "Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis," Jean declares in softly childish tones, "Oh, dear, I understand Latin now!" Overcome with joy at the favor of the Holy Mother, the juggler sinks to the ground and dies.

JOSEPH

Opera in three acts by Etienne Nicolas Méhul.
Text after Duval.

JOSEPH, the son of Jacob, who was sold by his brothers, has by his wisdom saved Egypt from threatening famine; he resides as governor in Memphis under the name of Cleophas. But though much honored by the King and all the people, he never ceases to long for his old father, whose favorite child he was.

Driven from Palestine by famine, Jacob's sons are sent to Egypt to ask for food and hospitality. They are tormented by pangs of conscience, which Simeon is hardly able to conceal, when they are received by the governor, who at once recognizes them. Seeing their sorrow and repentance, he pities them, and promises to treat them with all hospitality. He does not reveal himself, but goes to meet his youngest brother, Benjamin, and his blind father, whose mourning for his lost son has not been diminished by the long years. Joseph induces his father and brother to partake of the honors which the people render to him. The whole family is received in the governor's palace, where Simeon, consumed by grief and conscience-stricken, at last confesses to his father the selling of Joseph. Full of horror, Jacob curses and disowns his ten sons. But Joseph intervenes. Making himself known, he grants full pardon and entreats his father to do the same. The old man yields, and together they praise God's providence and omnipotence.

LA JUIVE
(The Jewess)

Opera in five acts by Jacques Halévy.
Text by Scribe.

THE scene of action is laid in Constance, in the year 1414, during the Council.

In the first act the opening of the Council is celebrated with great pomp. The Catholics, having gained a victory over the Hussites, Huss is to be burned, and the Jews, equally disliked, are oppressed and put down still more than before. All the shops are closed, only Eleazar, a rich Jewish jeweler, has kept his open and is, therefore, about to be imprisoned and put to death when Cardinal de Brogni intervenes and saves the Jew and his daughter Recha from the people's fury. The Cardinal has a secret liking for Eleazar, though he once banished him from Rome. He hopes to gain news from him of his daughter, who was lost in early childhood. But Eleazar hates the Cardinal bitterly. When the mob is dispersed Prince Leopold, the imperial commander-in-chief, approaches Recha. Under the assumed name of Samuel he has gained her affections, and she begs him to be present at a religious feast which is to take place that evening at her father's house. The act closes with a splendid procession of the Emperor and all his dignitaries. Ruggiero, the chief judge in Constance, seeing the hated Jew and his daughter among the spectators, is about to seize them once more, when Prince Leopold steps between and delivers them, to Recha's great astonishment.

In the second act we are introduced to a great assembly of Jews, men and women, assisting at a religious ceremony. Samuel is there with them. The holy act is, however, interrupted by the Emperor's niece Princess Eudora, who comes to purchase a golden chain which once belonged to the Emperor Constantine, which she destines for her bridegroom Prince Leopold. Eleazar is to bring it himself on the following day. Samuel, overhearing this, is full of trouble. When the assembly is broken up and all have gone he returns once more to Recha and, finding her alone, confesses that he is a Christian. Love prevails over Recha's filial devotion and she consents to fly with her lover, but they are surprised by Eleazar. Hearing of Samuel's falseness, be first swears vengeance, but, mollified by his daughter's entreaties, he only bids him marry Recha. Samuel refuses and has to leave, the father cursing him, Recha bewailing her lover's falseness.

In the third act we assist at the imperial banquet. Eleazar brings the chain and is accompanied by Recha, who at once recognizes in Eudora's bridegroom her lover Samuel. She denounces the traitor, accusing him of living in unlawful wedlock with a Jewess, a crime punishable by death.

Leopold (alias Samuel) is outlawed, the Cardinal pronounces the anathema upon all three, and they are put in prison.

In the fourth act Eudora visits Recha in prison and by her prayers not only overcomes Recha's hate but persuades her to save Leopold by declaring him innocent. Recha, in her noble-mindedness, pardons Leopold and Eudora and resolves to die alone.

Meanwhile the Cardinal has an interview with Eleazar, who tells him that he knows the Jew who once saved the Cardinal's little daughter from the flames. Brogni vainly entreats him to reveal the name. He promises to save Recha should Eleazar be willing to abjure his faith, but the latter remains firm, fully prepared to die.

In the fifth act we hear the clamors of the people, who furiously demand the Jew's death.

Ruggiero announces to father and daughter the verdict of death by fire. Leopold is set free through Recha's testimony. When in view of the funeral pile Eleazar asks Recha if she would prefer to live in joy and splendor and to accept the Christian faith, but she firmly answers in the negative. Then she is led on to death, and she is just plunged into the glowing furnace when Eleazar, pointing to her, informs the Cardinal that the poor victim is his long-lost daughter; then Eleazar follows Recha into the flames, while Brogni falls back senseless.

DIE KÖNIGIN VON SABA

(The Queen of Sheba)

Grand Opera in four acts by Karl Goldmark.
Text by Mosenthal.

A MAGNIFICENT wedding is to be celebrated in King Solomon's palace at Jerusalem. The high priest's daughter, Sulamith, is to marry Assad, King Solomon's favorite. But the lover, who in a foreign country has seen a most beautiful and haughty woman bathing in a forest pool, is now in love with the stranger and has forgotten his destined bride.

Returning home, Assad confesses his error to the wise King, and Solomon bids him wed Sulamith and forget the heathen. Assad gives his promise, praying to God to restore peace to his breast.

Then enters the Queen of Sheba in all her glory, followed by a procession of slaves and suitors. Next to her litter walks her principal slave, Astaroth.

The Queen comes to offer her homage to the great Solomon with all the gifts of her rich kingdom. She is veiled, and nobody has seen her yet, as only before the King will she unveil herself.

When she draws back the veil, shining in all her perfect beauty, Assad starts forward; he recognizes her; she is his nymph of the forest. But the proud Queen seems to know him not, she ignores him altogether. Solomon and Sulamith try to reassure themselves, to console Assad, and the Queen hears Solomon's words: "To-morrow shall find you united to your bride!" She starts and casts a passionate look on the unfortunate Assad.

The Queen is full of raging jealousy of the young bride. But though she claims Assad's love for herself, she is yet too proud to resign her crown, and so, hesitating between love and pride, she swears vengeance on her rival. Under the shade of night Astaroth allures Assad to the fountain, where he finds the Queen, who employs all her arts again to captivate him, succeeding only too well.

Morning dawns, and with it the day of Assad's marriage with Sulamith. Solomon and the high priest conduct the youth to the altar, but just as he is taking the ring, offered to him by the bride's father, the Queen of Sheba appears, bringing as wedding gift a golden cup filled with pearls.

Assad, again overcome by the Queen's dazzling beauty, throws the ring away and precipitates himself at her feet. The Levites detain him, but Solomon, guessing at the truth, implores the Queen to speak. Assad invokes all the sweet memories of their past, the Queen hesitates, but her pride conquers. For the second time she disowns him. Now everybody believes Assad possessed by an evil spirit, and the priests at once begin to exorcise it; it is all but done, when one word of the Queen's, who sweetly calls him "Assad," spoils everything. He is in her bands: falling on his knees before her he prays to her as to his goddess. Wrathful at this blasphemy in the temple, the priests demand his death.

Assad asks no better, Sulamith despairs, and the Queen repents having gone so far. In the great tumult Solomon alone is unmoved. He detains the priests with dignity, for he alone will judge Assad.

Now follows a charming ballet, given in honor of the Queen of Sheba. At the end of the meal the Queen demands Assad's pardon from Solomon. He refuses her request. She now tries to ensnare the King with her charms as she did Assad, but in vain. Solomon sees her in her true light and treats her with cold politeness. Almost beside herself with rage, the Queen threatens to take vengeance on the King and to free Assad at any risk.

Solomon, well understanding the vile tricks of the Queen, has changed the verdict of death into that of exile. Sulamith, faithful and gentle, entreats for her lover, and has only one wish: to sweeten life to her Assad, or to die with him.

We find Assad in the desert. He is broken down and deeply repents his folly, when the Queen appears once more, hoping to lure him with soft words and tears. But this time her beauty is lost upon him: he has at last recognized her false soul; with noble pride he scorns her, preferring to expiate his follies by dying in the desert. He curses her, praying to God to save him from the temptress. Henceforth he thinks only of Sulamith and invokes Heaven's benediction on her. He is dying in the dreadful heat of the desert, when Sulamith appears, the faithful one who without resting has sought her bridegroom till now. But in vain she kneels beside him couching his head on her bosom; his life is fast ebbing away. Heaven has granted his last wish; he sees Sulamith before his death, and with the sigh, "Liberation!" he sinks back and expires.

LOHENGRIN

Romantic Opera in three acts by Richard Wagner.

THE scene is laid near Antwerp where "Heinrich der Vogler," King of Germany, is just levying troops among his vassals of Brabant to repulse the Hungarian invaders. The King finds the people in a state of great commotion, for Count Frederick Telramund accuses Elsa of Brabant of having killed her young brother Godfrey, heir to the Duke of Brabant, who died a short time before, leaving his children to the care of Telramund. Elsa was to be Telramund's wife, but he wedded Ortrud of Friesland and now claims the deserted duchy of Brabant.

As Elsa declares her innocence, not knowing what has become of her brother, who was taken from her during her sleep, the King resolves to decide by a tourney in which the whole matter shall be left to the judgment of God. Telramund, sure of his rights, is willing to fight with any champion who may defend Elsa. All the noblemen of Brabant refuse to do so and even the King, though struck by Elsa's innocent appearance, does not want to oppose his valiant and trustworthy warrior.

Elsa alone is calm; she trusts in the help of the heavenly knight who has appeared to her in a dream, and publicly declares her intention of offering to her defender the crown and her hand. While she prays a knight arrives in silver armor; a swan draws his boat. He lands, Elsa recognizes the knight of her dream, and he at once offers to fight for the accused maiden on two conditions: first, that she shall become his wife; and

second, that she never will ask for his name and his descent.

Elsa solemnly promises and the combat begins. The strange knight is victorious, and Telramund, whose life the stranger spares, is with his wife Ortrud outlawed.

The latter is a sorceress; she has deceived her husband, who really believes in the murder of Godfrey, while as a matter of fact she has abducted the child. In the second act we see her at the door of the ducal palace, where preparations for the wedding are already being made. She plans vengeance. Her husband, full of remorse and feeling that his wife has led him on to a shameful deed, curses her as the cause of his dishonor. She derides him and rouses his pride by calling him a coward. Then she pacifies him with the assurance that she will induce Elsa to break her promise and ask for the name of her husband, being sure that then all the power of this mysterious champion will vanish.

When Elsa steps on the balcony to confide her happiness to the stars, she hears her name spoken in accents so sad that her tender heart is moved. Ortrud bewails her lot, invoking Elsa's pity. The Princess opens her door, urging the false woman to share her palace and her fortune. Ortrud at once tries to sow distrust in Elsa's innocent heart.

As the morning dawns a rich procession of men and women throng to the church where Elsa is to be united to her protector. Telramund tries vainly to accuse the stranger; he is pushed back and silenced. As Elsa is about to enter the church Ortrud steps forward claiming the right of precedence. Elsa, frightened, repents too late having protected her. Ortrud upbraids her with not even having asked her husband's name and descent. All are taken aback, but Elsa defends her husband, winning everybody by her quiet dignity.

She turns to Lohengrin for protection, but the venom rankles in her heart.

When they again turn to enter the church Telramund once more steps forth, accusing Lohengrin and demanding from the King to know the stranger's name. Lohengrin declares that his name may not be told unless his wife asks it. Elsa is in great trouble, but once more her love conquers and she does not put the fatal question.

But in the third act, when the two lovers are alone, she knows no rest. Although her husband asks her to trust him, she fears that he may leave her as mysteriously as he came, and at last she cannot refrain from asking the luckless question. From this moment all happiness is lost to her. Telramund enters to slay his enemy, but Lohengrin, taking his sword, kills him with one stroke. Then he leads Elsa before the King and loudly announces his secret. He tells the astounded hearers that he is the keeper of the Holy Grail. Sacred and invulnerable to the villain, a defender of right and virtue, he may stay with mankind as long as his name is unknown. But now he is obliged to reveal it. He is Lohengrin, son of Parsifal, King of the Grail, and is now compelled to leave his wife and return to his home. The swan appears, from whose neck Lohengrin takes a golden ring, giving it to Elsa, together with his sword and golden horn.

Just as Lohengrin is about to depart Ortrud appears triumphantly declaring that it was she who changed young Godfrey into a swan and that Lohengrin would have freed him too had Elsa not mistrusted her husband. Lohengrin, hearing this, sends a fervent prayer to Heaven, and loosens the swan's golden chain. The animal dips under water and in his stead rises Godfrey, the lawful heir of Brabant. A white dove descends to draw the boat in which Lohengrin glides away, and Elsa falls senseless in her brother's arms.

LOUISE

Opera in four acts by Gustave Charpentier.

CHARPENTIER has taken for his subject the romance of the everyday working-girl, just such a tale as one may find in the popular story-papers, or in the so-called melodrama of the cheaper theaters. But to this commonplace text he has wedded a truly Wagnerian musical setting, elaborate in orchestration, full of the "recitative which is aria, and the aria which is recitative," and with an ever-recurring *Leitmotiv* typical of the joy of Paris. First performed February 2, 1900, at the Opéra Comique in Paris, "Louise" rapidly passed into the repertoire of the world's principal lyric theaters.

The first act opens in a working-man's home in Paris. The attic is scantily furnished, but clean, and Louise, at the open window, is listening to the ardent pleadings of Julien, her lover. The girl's mother enters in time to hear Julien tell Louise that, since her parents will not permit them to wed, they must elope. The mother pulls her daughter from the window, dismisses the lover, then lectures the girl on the bad character of her suitor. The father enters, and greets his family affectionately. He has received a letter from Julien, who begs to be accepted as a son-in-law. But while the father is rather favorably impressed by the young man's letter, his wife is not, and with the antipathy of her class for artists, she repeats all the gossip she has heard to Julien's discredit. The father then exacts a promise from Louise that she will see Julien no more.

An allegory portraying Paris introduces the second act. A night-walker, a ragpicker, and the rabble of a great city in the early dawn are shown. Julien enters with a party of friends, to whom he describes his plans for the abduction of Louise. He hides as the working-girls come by on their way to the shops. Louise enters with her mother, and the moment they part, Julien approaches the girl, and again begs her to elope with him. She refuses and he turns sadly away. The scene now shifts to the interior of a dressmaking shop, where Louise is at work with her companions. The girls chatter as they work, and the noises of the street are heard through open windows in the back. Presently Julien is heard singing to the accompaniment of his guitar. The girls flock to the windows. Julien, not seeing Louise, sings in sadder vein, and the girls lose interest —all but Louise. Unable longer to resist her lover's pleadings, she pretends to be ill, and dons her coat and hat as though going home. A moment later the girls at the window cry out in excitement. Louise has gone off with the singer.

The third act takes place in the garden of a house on Montmartre overlooking Paris. Louise tells Julien

that she regrets nothing, that she is happy. Julien speaks of her parents as Mother Routine and Father Prejudice, and tells her that the selfishness of her parents must be met with selfishness. The city lights up, and the lovers sing the praise of Paris, of life, of love. When night has fallen, a crowd of Julien's Bohemian associates come to celebrate the happy union. They crown Louise "Queen of Montmartre," but the festivities are interrupted by the arrival of Louise's mother. The father has fallen ill, and she begs Louise to go home with her. Julien consents, on the promise of Louise that she will return.

In the last act we return to the humble home in Paris, where the father, broken in health, is declaiming against the ingratitude of children. Louise makes no reply, but looks longingly out into the night. Called to help her mother in the kitchen, Louise is treated to another tirade against her lover. The girl recalls the promise that she should be free. The mother refuses to let her go. The father draws her to his knee, and sings her a lullaby, promising that the child shall have whatever she wants if she will be good. Louise answers that she can be happy only by returning to her lover. Then the songs in the streets excite her to the verge of hysteria. Finally, in a fit of rage, the father drives her from home. He immediately repents and calls her back, but it is too late. She has gone to rejoin Julien. "Oh, Paris!" cries the father, shaking his fist in impotent anger at the city.

LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR

(The Bride of Lammermoor)

Tragic Opera in three acts by Gaetano Donizetti.
Text from Scott's romance by Cammerano.

HENRY ASHTON, lord of Lammermoor, has discovered that his sister Lucia loves his mortal enemy Sir Edgar of Ravenswood. He confides to Lucia's tutor Raymond that he is lost if Lucia does not marry another suitor of his (her brother's) choice.

Lucia and Edgar meet in the park. Edgar tells her that he is about to leave Scotland for France in the service of his country. He wishes to be reconciled to his enemy Lord Ashton, for, though the latter has done him all kinds of evil, though he has slain his father and burned his castle, Edgar is willing to sacrifice his oath of vengeance to his love for Lucia. But the lady, full of evil forebodings, entreats him to wait and swears eternal fidelity to him. After having bound himself by a solemn oath, he leaves her half-distracted with grief.

In the second act Lord Ashton shows a forged letter to his sister, which goes to prove that her lover is false. Her brother now presses her more and more to wed his friend Arthur, Lord Bucklaw, declaring that he and his party are lost and that Arthur alone can save him from the executioner's axe. At last, when even her tutor Raymond beseeches her to forget Edgar, and, like the others, believes him to be faithless, Lucia consents to the sacrifice. The wedding takes place in great haste, but just as Lucia has finished signing the marriage contract, Edgar enters to claim her as his own.

With grief and unbounded passion he now sees in his bride a traitress, and tearing his ring of betrothal from her finger, he throws it at her feet.

Henry, Arthur, and Raymond order the raving lover to leave the castle, and the act closes in the midst of confusion and despair.

The third act opens with Raymond's announcement that Lucia has lost her reason and has killed her husband in the bridal room. Lucia herself enters to confirm his awful news; she is still in bridal attire, and in her demented condition believes that Arthur will presently appear for the nuptial ceremony. Everybody is full of pity for her, and her brother repents his harshness too late—Lucia is fast dying, and Eliza leads her away amid the lamentations of all present.

Edgar, hearing of these things while wandering amid the tombs of his ancestors, resolves to see Lucia once more. When dying she asks for him, but he comes too late. The funeral bells toll, and he stabs himself, praying to be united to his bride in heaven.

LUCREZIA BORGIA

Tragic Opera in three acts by Gaetano Donizetti.
Text by Romani after Victor Hugo's drama.

THE heroine, whose part is by far the best and most interesting, is the celebrated poisoner and murderess, Lucrezia Borgia. At the same time she gives evidence, in her dealings with her son Gennaro, of possessing a very tender and motherly heart, and the songs in which she pours out her love for him are really fine as well as touching.

Lucrezia, wife of Don Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, goes to Venice in disguise to see the son of her first marriage, Gennaro. In his earliest youth he was given to a fisherman, who brought him up as his own son. Gennaro feels himself attracted toward the strange and beautiful woman who visits him, but hearing from his companions, who recognize her and charge her with all sorts of crimes, that she is Lucrezia Borgia, he abhors her. Don Alfonso, not knowing the existence of this son of an early marriage, is jealous, and when Gennaro comes to Ferrara and in order to prove his hatred of the Borgias tears off Lucrezia's name and scutcheon from the palace-gates, Rustighello, the Duke's confidant, is ordered to imprison him. Lucrezia, hearing from her servant Gubella of the outrage to her name and honor, complains to the Duke, who promises immediate punishment of the malefactor.

Gennaro enters, and Lucrezia, terror-stricken, recognizes her son. Vainly does she implore the Duke to spare the youth. With exquisite cruelty he forces her to hand the poisoned golden cup to the culprit herself, and, departing, bids her accompany her prisoner to the door. This order gives her an opportunity to administer an antidote by which she saves Gennaro's life, and she implores him to fly. But Gennaro does not immediately follow her advice, being induced by his friend Orsini to assist at a grand festival at Prince Negroni's.

Unhappily all those young men who formerly reproached and offended Lucrezia so mortally in presence of her son are assembled there by Lucrezia's orders. She has mixed their wine with poison, and her-

self appears to announce their death. Horror-stricken, she sees Gennaro, who was not invited, among them. He has partaken of the wine like the others, but on her offering him an antidote he refuses to take it; its quantity is insufficient for his friends, and he threatens to kill the murderess. Then she reveals the secret of his birth to him, but he only turns from this mother, for whom he had vainly longed his whole life, and dies. The Duke, coming up to witness his wife's horrible victory, finds all either dead or dying, and Lucrezia herself expires, stricken down by deadly remorse and pain.

DIE LUSTIGEN WEIBER VON WINDSOR
(The Merry Wives of Windsor)

Comic Opera in three acts by Otto Nicolai.
Text by Mosenthal.

THIS admirable opera is, it need hardly be said, taken from Shakespeare's famous comedy. Falstaff has written love-letters to the wives of two citizens of Windsor, Mrs. Fluth and Mrs. Reich. They discover his duplicity and decide to punish the infatuated old fool.

Meanwhile Mr. Fenton, a nice but poor young man, asks for the hand of Anna Reich. But her father has already chosen a richer suitor for his daughter in the person of the silly young squire Spärlich.

In the following scene Sir John Falstaff is amiably received by Mrs. Fluth, when suddenly Mrs. Reich arrives, telling them that Mr. Fluth will be with them at once, having received notice of his wife's doings. Falstaff is packed into a clothes-basket and carried away from under Mr. Fluth's nose by two men, who are bidden to put the contents in a canal near the Thames, and the jealous husband, finding nobody, receives sundry lectures from his offended wife.

In the second act Mr. Fluth, mistrusting his wife, makes Falstaff's acquaintance, under the assumed name of Bach, and is obliged to hear an account of the worthy fat knight's gallant adventure with his wife and its disagreeable issue. Fluth persuades Falstaff to give him a rendezvous, swearing inwardly to punish the old coxcomb for his impudence.

In the evening Anna meets her lover Fenton in the garden, and ridiculing her two suitors, Spärlich and Dr. Caius, a Frenchman, she promises to remain faithful to her love. The two others, who are hidden behind trees, must perforce listen to their own dispraise.

When the time has come for Falstaff's next visit to Mrs. Fluth, who of course knows of her husband's renewed suspicion, Mr. Fluth surprises his wife and reproaches her violently with her conduct. During this controversy Falstaff is disguised as an old woman, and when the neighbors come to help the husband in his search, they find only an old deaf cousin of Mrs. Fluth's who has come from the country to visit her. Nevertheless the hag gets a good thrashing from the duped and angry husband.

In the last act everybody is in the forest, preparing for the festival of Herne the hunter. All are masked, and Sir John Falstaff, being led on by the two merry wives, is surprised by Herne (Fluth), who sends the whole chorus of wasps, flies, and mosquitos on to his broad back. They torment and punish him, till he loudly cries for mercy. Fenton, in the mask of Oberon, has found his Anna in Queen Titania, while Dr. Caius and Spärlich, mistaking their masks for Anna's, sink into each other's arms, much to their mutual discomfiture.

Mr. Fluth and Mr. Reich, seeing that their wives are innocent and that they only made fun of Falstaff, are quite happy, and the whole scene ends with a general pardon.

THE MACCABEES

Opera in three acts by Anton Rubinstein.
Text by Mosenthal, taken from Otto Ludwig's drama.

THE hero is the famous warrior of the Old Testament. The scene takes place one hundred and sixty years before Christ, partly at Modin, a city in the mountains of Judah, and partly in Jerusalem and its environs.

The first act shows Leah with three of her sons, Eleazar, Joarim, and Benjamin. Eleazar is envious of Judah, the eldest son, whose courage and strength are on everybody's lips, but his mother consoles him by a prophecy that Eleazar shall one day be high priest and king of the Jews.

The fête of the sheep-shearing is being celebrated, and Noëmi, Judah's wife, approaches Leah with garlands of flowers asking for her benediction. But she is repulsed by her mother-in-law, who is too proud to recognize the low-born maid as her equal and slights her son Judah for his love. She tries to incite him into rebellion against the Syrians, when Jojakim, a priest, appears. He announces the death of Osias, high priest of Zion, and calls one of Leah's sons to the important office. As Judah feels no vocation for such a burden, Eleazar, his mother's favorite, is chosen, and so Leah sees her dream already fulfilled. They are about to depart when the approaching army of the Syrians is announced. Terror seizes the people as Gorgias, the leader of the enemy, marches up with his soldiers and loudly proclaims that the Jews are to erect an altar to Pallas Athene, to whom they must pray henceforth. Leah seeks to inflame Eleazar's spirit, but his courage fails him. The altar is soon erected, and as Gorgias sternly orders that sacrifices are to be offered to the goddess, Boas, Noëmi's father, is found willing to bow to the enemy's commands. But the measure is full, Judah steps forth, and striking Boas, the traitor to their faith, dead, loudly praises Jehovah. He calls his people to arms and repulses the Syrians, and Leah, recognizing her son's greatness, gives him her benediction.

The second act represents a deep ravine near Emmaus; the enemy is beaten and Judah is resolved to drive him from Zion's walls, but Jojakim warns him not to profane the coming Sabbath.

Judah tries to overrule the priests and to excite the people, but he is not heard and the enemy is able to kill the psalm-singing soldiers like lambs.

The next scene shows us Eleazar with Cleopatra, daughter of King Antiochus of Syria.

They love each other, and Eleazar consents to forsake his religion for her, while she promises to make him king of Jerusalem.

In the next scene Leah in the city of Modin is

greeted with acclamations of joy, when Simei, a relative of the slain Boas, appears to bewail Judah's defeat. Other fugitives coming up confirm his narrative of the massacre. Leah hears that Judah fled and that Antiochus approaches conducted by her son Eleazar. She curses the apostate. She has still two younger sons, but the Israelites take them from her to give as hostages to King Antiochus. Leah is bound to a cypress-tree by her own people, who attribute their misfortunes to her and to her sons. Only Noëmi, the despised daughter-in-law, remains to liberate the miserable mother, and together they resolve to ask the tyrant's pardon for the sons.

In the third act we find Judah, alone and unrecognized, in the deserted streets of Jerusalem. Hearing the prayers of the people that Judah may be sent to them, he steps forth and tells them who he is, and all sink at his feet swearing to fight with him to the death. While Judah prays to God for a sign of grace, Noëmi comes with the dreadful news of the events at Modin, which still further rouses the anger and courage of the Israelites. Meanwhile Leah has succeeded in penetrating into Antiochus's presence to beg the lives of her children from him. Eleazar, Gorgias, and Cleopatra join their prayers to those of the poor mother, and at last Antiochus consents, and the two boys are led into the room.

But the King only grants their liberty on condition that they renounce their faith. They are to be burned alive should they abide by their heresy. The mother's heart is full of agony, but the children's noble courage prevails. They are prepared to die for their God, but the unhappy mother is not even allowed to share their death. When Eleazar sees his brothers' firmness his conscience awakens, and notwithstanding Cleopatra's entreaties he joins them on their way to death. The hymns of the youthful martyrs are heard, but with the sound of their voices suddenly mingles that of a growing tumult. Antiochus falls, shot through the heart, and the Israelites rush in, headed by Judah, putting the Syrians to flight. Leah sees her people's victory, but the trial has been too great; she sinks back lifeless. Judah is proclaimed King of Zion, but he humbly bends his head, giving all glory to the Almighty God.

MADAME BUTTERFLY

Japanese Lyric Tragedy in three acts by Giacomo Puccini. Founded on the book of John Luther Long and the drama by David Belasco. Text by Illica and Giacosa.

THE scene is laid in Nagasaki in our own time. The first act takes place on a hill, from which there is a grand view of the ocean and of the town below.

Goro, a marriage broker, shows his new Japanese house to an American naval lieutenant, Pinkerton, who has purchased it in Japanese fashion for 999 years, with the right of giving monthly notice. He is waiting for his bride Cho-Cho-San, called Butterfly, whom he is about to wed under the same queer conditions for one hundred yens (a yen about one dollar).

Butterfly's maid Suzuki and his two servants are presented to him, but he is impatient to embrace his sweetheart, with whom he is very much in love.

Sharpless, the United States consul, who tells him much good of the little bride, warns him not to bruise the wings of the delicate butterfly, but Pinkerton only laughs at his remonstrances.

At last Butterfly appears with her companions. At her bidding, they all shut their umbrellas and kneel to their friend's future husband, of whom the girl is very proud. Questioned by the consul about her family, she tells him that they are of good origin, but that, her father having died, as a geisha (dancing-girl) she has to support herself and her mother. She is but fifteen and very sweet and tender-hearted.

When in procession her relations come up, they all do obeisance to Pinkerton. They are all jealous of Butterfly's good luck and prophesy an evil end, but the girl perfectly trusts and believes in her lover and even confides to him that she has left her own gods, to pray henceforth to the God of her husband.

When Pinkerton begins to show her their house, she produces from her sleeve her few precious belongings. These are some silken scarfs, a little brooch, a looking-glass, and a fan; also a long knife, which she at once hides in a corner of the house. Goro tells Pinkerton that it is the weapon with which her father performed hara-kiri (killed himself). The last things she shows her lover are some little figures representing the souls of her ancestors.

When the whole assembly is ready, they are married by the commissary. Pinkerton treats his relations to champagne, but soon the festival is interrupted by the dismal howls of Butterfly's uncle, the bonze (Buddhist monk), who climbs the hill and tells the relations that the wretched bride has denied her faith, and has been to the mission-house, to adopt her husband's religion. All turn from her with horror and curse her. But Pinkerton consoles his weeping wife, and the act closes with a charming love-duet.

The second act shows Butterfly alone. Pinkerton has left her, and she sits dreamily with her faithful maid Suzuki, who vainly implores her gods to bring back the faithless husband. The young wife, who has been waiting three long years for his return, still firmly believes his promise to come back when the robin should build its nest. She refuses a proposal of marriage from Prince Yamadori, who has loved her for years, and now tries again to win the forsaken wife. She answers him with quiet dignity, that, though by Japanese law a wife is considered free as soon as her husband has left her, she considers herself bound by the laws of her husband's country, and Yamadori leaves her.

Sharpless now enters with a letter he has received from Pinkerton. Not daring to let her know its contents at once, he warns her that her husband will never return, and advises her to accept Prince Yamadori's offer. Butterfly is at first startled and alarmed, but soon she recovers herself, and beckoning to Suzuki, she shows Sharpless her little fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, begging the consul to write and tell her husband that his child is awaiting him.

Sharpless, deeply touched, takes leave of her, without having shown the letter, when Suzuki enters screaming and accusing Goro, who has goaded her to fury, by spreading a report in the town that the child's father is not known.

"You lie, you coward!" cries Butterfly, seizing a knife to kill the wretch. But suppressing her wrath she throws away the weapon and kicks him from her in disgust. Suddenly a cannon-shot is heard. Running on to the terrace, Butterfly perceives a war-ship in the harbor, bearing the name "Abraham Lincoln." It is Pinkerton's ship.

All her troubles are forgotten; she bids her maid gather all the flowers in the garden; these she scatters around in profusion. Then she brings her boy, and bids Suzuki comb her hair, while she herself rouges her pale cheeks and those of her child. Then they sit down behind a partition, in which they have made holes, through which they may watch the ship and await Pinkerton's arrival.

The third act finds them in the same position. Suzuki and the child have fallen asleep, while Butterfly, sleepless, watches for Pinkerton. Suzuki waking sees that it is morning and begs her mistress to take some rest. Butterfly, taking her child in her arms, retires into the inner room.

A loud knock is heard, and Suzuki finds herself in the presence of Sharpless and Pinkerton. The latter signs to her not to waken Butterfly. Suzuki is showing him the room adorned with flowers for his arrival, when she suddenly perceives a lady walking in the garden and hears that she is Pinkerton's lawful American wife.

Sharpless, taking the maid aside, begs her to prepare her mistress for the coming blow and tells her that the foreign lady desires to adopt her husband's little boy. Pinkerton himself is deeply touched by the signs of Butterfly's undying love. Full of remorse, he entreats Sharpless to comfort her as best he can, and weeping, leaves the scene of his first love-dream.

His wife Kate returning to the foot of the terrace, sweetly repeats her wish to adopt the little boy, when Butterfly, emerging from the inner room, comes to look for her long-lost husband, whose presence she feels with the divination of love. Seeing Sharpless standing by a foreign lady, and Suzuki in tears, the truth suddenly bursts upon her. "Is he alive?" she asks, and when Suzuki answers "yes," she knows that he has forsaken her.

Turned to stone, she listens to Kate's humble apologies and to her offer to take the child. By a supreme effort she controls herself. "I will give up my child to him only; let him come and take him; I shall be ready in half an hour," she answers brokenly.

When Sharpless and Kate have left her, Butterfly sends Suzuki into another room with the child. Then, seizing her father's long knife, she takes her white veil, throwing it over the folding screen. Kissing the blade, she reads its inscription, "Honorably he dies who no longer lives in honor," and raises it to her throat. At this moment the door opens, and her child runs up to his mother with outstretched arms. Snatching him to her bosom, she devours him with kisses, then sends him into the garden. Seizing the knife once more, Butterfly disappears behind the screen, and shortly afterward the knife is heard to fall.

When Pinkerton's call, "Butterfly," is heard, she emerges once more from the background and drags herself to the door; but there her strength fails her and she sinks dead to the ground.

MANON

Opera in four acts by Jules Massenet.
Text by Meilhac and Gille.

THE subject of this opera is based on Prévost's famous novel "Manon Lescaut." The scene is laid in France in 1721.

The first act takes place in the courtyard of a large inn at Amiens. Several young cavaliers are amusing themselves by paying attentions to three pretty ladies. They impatiently call upon their host to bring dinner, and at last it is brought to them in great state.

While they are dining in the large saloon above, the stage-coach arrives with a large number of travelers; among them is young Manon, a country girl of sixteen; this is her first journey, and is to end in a convent, an arrangement made by her parents, who think her taste for worldly pleasures is greater than it should be. She is expected by her cousin Lescaut, of the Royal Guard, and while he is looking for her luggage, the young beauty is accosted by Guillot Marfontaine, an old roué and rich farmer, who annoys her with his equivocal speeches and offers her a seat in his carriage. He is quickly driven away by Lescaut on his return; the young man is, however, enticed away by his comrades to play a game of cards, for which purpose he leaves his cousin a second time. Before long another cavalier approaches Manon; this time it is the Chevalier des Grieux, a young nobleman, whose good looks and charming manners please the young girl much better. They quickly fall in love with each other, and when Des Grieux offers to take her to Paris, Manon gladly consents, thankful to escape the convent. Remembering Guillot's offer, she proposes to make use of the farmer's carriage, and they drive gaily off just before Lescaut returns to look for his cousin. When this worthy soldier hears that the fugitives have gone off in Guillot's carriage, he abuses the farmer with great fury and swears that he will not rest until he shall have found his little cousin.

The second act takes place in a poorly-furnished apartment in Paris. Des Grieux is about to write to his father, whom he hopes to reconcile to his purpose of marrying Manon by telling him of the girl's beauty, of her youth and innocence. They are interrupted by the entrance of Lescaut, who, accompanied by De Brétigny, another victim of Manon's charms, comes to avenge the honor of the family. While Des Grieux takes Lescaut aside and pacifies him by showing him the letter he has just written, De Brétigny tells Manon that her lover will be kidnapped this very evening by his father's orders. Manon protests warmly against this act of tyranny, but De Brétigny warns her that her interference would only bring greater harm to both of them, while riches, honors, and liberty will be hers if she lets things take their course.

Manon, who on the one hand sincerely loves Des Grieux, while on the other hand she has a longing for all the good things of this world, is very unhappy, but allows herself to be tempted. When Des Grieux leaves her to post his letter she takes a most tender farewell of the little table at which they have so often sat, of the one glass from which they both drank, and of all the objects around. Des Grieux, finding her in

tears, tries to console her by picturing the future of his dreams, a little cottage in the wood where they are to live forever happy and contented. A loud knock interrupts them; Manon, knowing what will happen, tries to detain him, but he tears himself from her and, opening the door, is at once seized and carried off.

The third act opens on the promenade Cour-la-Reine in Paris, a scene of merry-making where all the buying, selling, and amusements of a great fair are going on. The pretty ladies of the first act, Yavotte, Poussette, and Rosette, are being entertained by new lovers, while rich old Guillot looks in vain for a sweetheart.

Manon, who appears on De Brétigny's arm, is the queen of the festival. She has stifled the pangs of conscience which had troubled her when she left Des Grieux, and her passion for jewels and riches is as insatiable as ever. Guillot, who hears that De Brétigny has refused to comply with her last wish, which is to order the ballet of the grand opera to dance in the open market-place for her own amusement, rushes off to pay for this whim himself, hoping thereby to gain the young lady's favor.

Manon slowly wanders about in search of new and pretty things to buy, while De Brétigny suddenly finds himself face to face with the old Count des Grieux. When he asks for news of his son the Count tells him that the young man has renounced the world and become an abbé and is a famous preacher at St.-Sulpice. He cuts De Brétigny's expressions of astonishment short by telling him that this turn of things is due to De Brétigny's own conduct, meaning that the latter had done a bad turn to his friend by crossing his path in relation to a certain pretty young lady. De Brétigny, indicating his lady-love by a gesture, says, "That is Manon," and the Count, perceiving her beauty, quite understands his son's infatuation.

But Manon's quick ears have also caught bits of the conversation, and beckoning to her lover she sends him away to buy a golden bracelet for her. She then approaches the Count and asks if his son has quite overcome his passion for the lady who, she says, was a friend of hers. The old man acknowledges that his son had had a hard struggle with his love and grief, but adds, "One must try and forget," and Manon repeats the words and falls into a fit of sad musing.

Meanwhile Guillot has succeeded in bringing the ballet-dancers, who perform a beautiful gavotte and other dances. When these are ended he turns to Manon in hope of a word of praise, but the willful beauty only turns from him to order her carriage, which is to take her to St.-Sulpice, saying lightly to Guillot that she has not cared to look at the ballet after all.

The next scene takes place in the parlor of the seminary in St.-Sulpice. A crowd of ladies has assembled to praise the new abbé's fine preaching. They at last disperse when the young abbé enters with downcast eyes. He is warmly greeted by his father, who has followed him. The father at first tries to persuade him to give up his newly chosen vocation before he finally takes the vows, but, seeing him determined, the Count hands him over his mother's inheritance of 30,000 livres and then bids him good-by. The young man retires to find strength and forgetfulness in prayer.

When he returns to the parlor he finds Manon. She has also prayed fervently that God would pardon her and help her to win back her lover's heart. A passionate scene ensues in which Manon implores his forgiveness and is at last successful. Des Grieux opens his arms to her and abandons his vocation.

The fourth act opens in the luxurious drawing-rooms of a great Paris hotel. Games of hazard and lively conversation are going on everywhere. Manon, arriving with Des Grieux, is joyously greeted by her old friends. She coaxes her lover to try his luck at play and is seconded by her cousin Lescaut, himself an inveterate gambler, who intimates that fortune always favors a beginner. Guillot offers to play with Des Grieux, and truly fortune favors him. After a few turns, in which Guillot loses heavily, the latter rises, accusing his partner of false play.

The Chevalier, full of wrath, is about to strike him, but the others hold him back and Guillot escapes, vowing vengeance. He soon returns with the police headed by the old Count des Grieux, to whom he denounces young Des Grieux as a gambler and a cheat and points out Manon as his accomplice. Old Count des Grieux allows his son to be arrested, telling him he will soon be released. Poor Manon is seized by the guards, though all the spectators, touched by her youth and beauty, beg for her release. The old Count says she only gets her deserts.

The last scene takes place on the high road leading to Havre. Cousin Lescaut meets Des Grieux, whom he promised that he would try to save Manon from penal servitude by effecting her escape. Unfortunately the soldiers he employed had meanly deserted him, on hearing which Des Grieux violently upbraids him. Lescaut pacifies the desperate nobleman by saying that he has thought of other means of rescuing Manon. Soon the wagons conveying the convicts to their destination are heard approaching. One of these wagons stops. Lescaut, accosting one of the soldiers in charge, hears that Manon is inside, dying. He begs that he may be allowed to take a last farewell of his little cousin, and bribing the man with money, he succeeds in getting Manon out of the wagon, promising to bring her to the nearest village in due time.

Manon, sadly changed, totters forward and finds herself clasped in her lover's arms. For a little while the two forget all their woes in the joy of being together; Manon deeply repents of her sins and follies and humbly craves his pardon, while he covers her wan face with kisses. Then he tries to raise her, imploring her to fly with him, but alas! release has come too late; she sinks back and expires in her lover's embrace.

MANRU

Opera in three acts by Ignace Jan Paderewski.
Text by Nossig.

THE scene is laid in the Hungarian Tatra mountain district.

Manru, a wandering gypsy, has fallen in love with a peasant girl, Ulana, and has married her against her mother's wishes.

In the first act mother Hedwig laments her daughter's loss. While the village lasses are dancing and frolicking, Ulana returns to her mother to ask her for-

giveness; she is encouraged by a hunchback, Urok, who is devoted to her, and who persuades the mother to forgive her child, on condition that she shall leave her husband. As Ulana refuses, though she is in dire need of bread, Hedwig sternly shuts her door upon her daughter. Ulana turns to Urok, who does his best to persuade her to leave her husband.

Urok is a philosopher; he warns the poor woman that gypsy blood is never faithful, and that the time will come when Manru will leave wife and child. Ulana is frightened. Finally she obtains from Urok a love-potion, by which she hopes to secure her husband's constancy.

When she tries to turn back into the mountains, she is surrounded by the returning villagers, who tease and torment her and the hunchback until Manru comes to their rescue. But his arrival only awakes the villagers' wrath. They fall upon him, and are about to kill him, when mother Hedwig comes out and warns them not to touch the outlaws on whom her curse has fallen.

The second act takes place in Manru's hiding-place in the mountains. The gypsy is tired of the idyl. He longs for freedom, and quarrels with his wife, whose sweetness bores him. She patiently rocks her child's cradle and sings him to rest. Suddenly Manru hears the tones of a gypsy fiddle in the distance. He follows the sound, and soon returns with an old gypsy, who does his best to lure him back to his tribe. But once more love and duty prevail; and when Ulana sweetly presents him the love-potion he drains it at one draught. Immediately feeling the fire of the potent drug, he becomes cheerful, and receives his wife, who has adorned herself with a wreath of flowers, with open arms.

In the third act Manru rushes out of the small close hut. His intoxication is gone; he gasps for air and freedom. Wearily he stretches himself on the ground and falls asleep. The full moon shines on him and throws him into a trance, during which he rises to follow the gypsy tribe, whose songs he hears. In this state he is found by Asa, the gypsy Queen, who loves him and at once claims him as her own.

But the tribe refuse to receive the apostate, and Oros, their chief, pronounces a terrible anathema against him. However, Asa prevails with her tribe to pardon Manru. Oros in anger flings down his staff of office and departs, and Manru is elected chief in his place. Once more he hesitates, but Asa's beauty triumphs; he follows her and his own people.

At this moment Ulana appears. Seeing that her husband has forsaken her, she implores Urok, who has been present during the whole scene, to bring Manru back to her. Alas! it is in vain. When Ulana sees Manru climbing the mountain path arm in arm with Asa, she drowns herself in the lake.

But Manru does not enjoy his treachery. Oros, hidden behind the rocks, is on the watch for him, and tearing Asa from him, he precipitates his rival from the rocks into the lake.

In this opera Paderewski has shown great skill in his treatment of the story, which conveys the spirit of his people as expressed in their songs and dances, and reveals the weird nature of the wandering tribes whose music he likewise adapts with telling effect. In his choice of the subject, no less than in the handling of it, he displays a true talent for dramatic work.

MARTHA

Comic Opera in four acts by Friedrich von Flotow. Text by St. George and Friedrich.

LADY HARRIET DURHAM, tired of the pleasures and splendors of court, determines to seek elsewhere for pastime, and hoping to find it in a sphere different from her own, disguises herself and her confidante Nancy as peasant girls, in which garb they visit the fair at Richmond, accompanied by Lord Tristan, who is hopelessly enamored of Lady Harriet and unwillingly complies with her wish to escort them to the adventure in the attire of a peasant. They join the servant girls who are there to seek employment and are hired by a tenant, Plunkett, and his foster-brother Lionel, a youth of somewhat extraordinary behavior, his air being noble and melancholy and much too refined for a country squire, while the other, though somewhat rough, is frank and jolly in his manner.

The disguised ladies take the handsel from them without knowing that they are bound by it, until the sheriff arrives to confirm the bargain. Now the joke becomes reality and they hear that they are actually hired as servants for a whole year.

Notwithstanding Lord Tristan's protestations, the ladies are carried off by their masters, who know them under the names of Martha and Julia.

In the second act we find the ladies in the company of the tenants, who set them instantly to work. Of course they are totally ignorant of household work, and as their wheels will not go round, Plunkett shows them how to spin. In his rough but kind way he always commands and turns to Nancy, with whom he falls in love, but Lionel only asks softly when he wishes anything done. He has lost his heart to Lady Harriet and declares his love to her. Though she is pleased by his gentle behavior, she is by no means willing to accept a country squire and wounds him by mockery. Meanwhile Plunkett has sought Nancy for the same purpose, but she hides herself, and at last the girls are sent to bed very anxious and perplexed at the turn their adventure has taken. But Lord Tristan comes to their rescue in a coach and they take flight, vainly pursued by the tenants. Plunkett swears to catch and punish them, but Lionel sinks into deep melancholy from which nothing can arouse him.

In the third act we meet them at a court hunt, where they recognize their hired servants in two of the lady hunters. They assert their right, but the ladies disown them haughtily, and when Lionel, whose reason almost gives way under the burden of grief and shame which overwhelms him at thinking himself deceived by Martha, tells the whole story to the astonished court, the ladies pronounce him insane and Lord Tristan sends him to prison for his insolence, notwithstanding Lady Harriet and Nancy's prayer for his pardon.

Lionel gives a ring to Plunkett, asking him to show it to the Queen, his dying father having told him that it would protect him from every danger.

In the fourth act Lady Harriet feels remorse for the sad consequences of her haughtiness. She visits the prisoner to crave his pardon. She tells him that she has herself carried his ring to the Queen and that he has been recognized by it as Lord Derby's son, once

banished from court, but whose innocence is now proved.

Then the proud lady offers hand and heart to Lionel, but he rejects her, believing himself duped. Lady Harriet, however, who loves Lionel, resolves to win him against his will. She disappears, and dressing herself and Nancy in the former peasant's attire she goes once more to the fair at Richmond, where Lionel is also brought by his friend Plunkett. He sees his beloved Martha advance toward him, promising to renounce all splendors and live only for him; then his melancholy vanishes, and he weds her, his name and possessions being restored to him, while Plunkett obtains the hand of pretty Nancy, alias Julia.

MASANIELLO, or LA MUETTE DE PORTICI
(The Dumb Girl of Portici)

Opera in five acts by Daniel F. E. Auber. Text by Scribe.

IN the first act we witness the wedding of Alfonso, son of the viceroy of Naples, with the Spanish princess Elvira. Alfonso, who has wronged Fenella, the Neapolitan Masaniello's dumb sister, and abandoned her, is tormented by doubts and remorse, fearing that she has committed suicide. During the festival Fenella rushes in to seek protection from the viceroy, who has kept her a prisoner for the past month. She has escaped from her prison and narrates the story of her undoing by gestures, showing a scarf which her lover gave her. Elvira promises to protect her and proceeds to the altar, Fenella vainly trying to follow. In the chapel Fenella recognizes her betrayer in the bridegroom of Elvira. When the newly married couple come out of the church, Elvira presents Fenella to her husband and discovers from the dumb girl's gestures that he was her faithless lover. Fenella flees, leaving Alfonso and Elvira in sorrow and despair.

In the second act the fishermen, who have been brooding in silence over the tyranny of their foes, begin to assemble. Pietro, Masaniello's friend, has sought for Fenella in vain, but at length she appears of her own accord and confesses her wrongs. Masaniello is infuriated and swears to have revenge, but Fenella, who still loves Alfonso, does not mention his name. Then Masaniello calls the fishermen to arms and they swear perdition to the enemy of their country.

In the third act we find ourselves in the market-place in Naples where the people go to and fro, selling and buying, all the while concealing their purpose under a show of merriment and carelessness. Selva, the officer of the viceroy's bodyguard, from whom Fenella has escaped, discovers her, and the attempt to rearrest her is the sign for a general revolt, in which the people are victorious.

In the fourth act Fenella comes to her brother's dwelling and describes the horrors which are taking place in the town. The relation fills his noble soul with sorrow and disgust. When Fenella has retired to rest, Pietro enters with comrades and tries to excite Masaniello to further deeds, but he only wants liberty and shrinks from murder and cruelties.

They tell him that Alfonso has escaped and that they are resolved to overtake and kill him. Fenella, who hears all, decides to save her lover. At this moment Alfonso begs at her door for a hiding-place. He enters with Elvira, and Fenella, though at first disposed to avenge herself on her rival, pardons her for Alfonso's sake. Masaniello, reëntering, assures the strangers of his protection, and even when Pietro denounces Alfonso as the viceroy's son he holds his promise sacred. Pietro, with his fellow-conspirators, leaves him full of rage and hatred. Meanwhile the magistrate of the city presents Masaniello with the royal crown and he is proclaimed King of Naples.

In the fifth act we find Pietro with the other fishermen before the viceroy's palace. He confides to Moreno that he has administered poison to Masaniello in order to punish him for his treason and that the King of one day will soon die. While he speaks Borella rushes in to tell of a fresh troop of soldiers marching against the people with Alfonso at their head. Knowing that Masaniello alone can save them, the fishermen entreat him to take the command of them once more, and Masaniello, though deadly ill and half bereft of his reason, complies with their request. The combat takes place while an eruption of Vesuvius is going on. Masaniello falls in the act of saving Elvira's life. On hearing these terrible tidings Fenella rushes to the terrace, from which she leaps into the abyss beneath, while the fugitive noblemen again take possession of the city.

MEFISTOFELE

Opera in four acts, with prologue and epilogue, by Arrigo Boito.

IN the prologue Mefistofele is commanded to visit the earth, where he is to tempt the doctor and philosopher Faust, who is self-satisfied in his own wisdom. The cherubim prostrate themselves before the Most High, and the voices of repentant sinners are heard in prayer. Angelic voices swell the chorus, which is full of beauty and strength.

The first act takes us to Frankfort on a festival day. Bells are ringing in merry chorus. Soldiers, students, and peasants mingle in the crowd, cheering as the elector appears. The peasants take partners for the dance, and Faust enters with Wagner, a student. In the crowd they observe a friar, clad in a gray robe, and strangely sinister in appearance. Wherever they go they find him at Faust's elbow. Finally Faust declares that it must be the devil. To escape the man, Faust returns to his study, but Mefistofele—for the friar is none other—stands in a dark corner awaiting him. Faust apostrophizes Nature, and, soothed by pastoral musings, opens his Bible. The fiend, with a loud scream, shows himself, but recovering, answers Faust's questions as to his identity and his business there, by proclaiming himself as the Evil One. His gray robe falls from him, and he appears richly dressed. He is ready to do Faust's bidding in exchange for his soul. On his magic cloak he carries the philosopher away.

In the second act we see Faust and Marguerite walking arm in arm in a garden, while Mefistofele makes violent love to Martha, Marguerite's mother, who is greatly flattered. The lovers wander off under the trees, and forget time and space, until Mefistofele reminds Faust that they must leave. The scene changes

to the Brocken. It is the Witches' Sabbath. The witches dance and sing in weird revelry; they make incantations, bringing before Faust a realistic picture of Marguerite's sorrowful fate. Mefistofele receives from them a crystal ball, which he balances on his hand, saying, "Behold the earth." To the sound of diabolic music the witches disappear.

Act third shows Marguerite in prison. She has been convicted of killing her child, and is about to be executed. She becomes insane, calling upon God for pardon. Faust appears to take her away, but she scarcely understands his words. The day breaks, and Mefistofele summons Faust to depart, just as Marguerite falls back dead. Angelic voices chant of pardon and peace.

In the fourth act we are taken to the banks of a river in Greece. Here Faust and Mefistofele meet Pantalis and Helen of Troy, to whom Faust makes ardent love. Helen dramatically describes the fall of Troy, and the tragic events to which it gave rise. A change of scene introduces the epilogue. Faust is in his study considering his past life, which he regrets bitterly. Mefistofele, appearing once more, offers to transport him on his cloak anywhere he desires to go. Faust refuses to accompany him, and angel voices are heard as in the prologue and in the third act. Baffled, the fiend surrounds Faust with voluptuous women, who tempt him with every art in their power. Once more the philosopher opens his Bible, and therein reads that the vilest sinner if repentant can be saved. He prays fervently for protection from evil, and dies. Roses cover his body in token of Heaven's forgiveness. Mefistofele vanishes, utterly discomfited. In a magnificent finale angelic voices proclaim that the powers of evil are vanquished, and Faust receives his pardon.

DIE MEISTERSINGER VON NÜRNBERG
(The Mastersingers of Nuremberg)

Opera in three acts by Richard Wagner.

IN the first act we see St. Catherine's Church in Nuremberg, where divine service is being celebrated in preparation for St. John's day. Eva, the lovely daughter of Master Pogner the jeweler, sees the young knight Walther von Stolzing, who has fallen in love with Eva and who has sold his castle in Franconia to become a citizen of Nuremberg. She tells him that her hand is promised to the winner of the prize in the mastersingers' contest, to be held on the following morning.

We are now called to witness one of those ancient customs still sometimes practised in old German towns. The mastersingers appear and the apprentices prepare everything needful for them. Walther asks one of them, called David, an apprentice of Hans Sachs, what he will have to do in order to compete for the prize. He has not learned poetry as a profession like those worthy workmen, and David vainly tries to initiate him into their old-fashioned rhyming. Walther leaves him, determined to win the prize after his own fashion.

Pogner appears with Beckmesser the clerk, who has the wish to be his son-in-law. Beckmesser is so infatuated that he does not doubt of his success. Meanwhile Walther comes up to them, entreating them to admit him into their corporation as a mastersinger.

Pogner consents, but Beckmesser grumbles, not at all liking to have a nobleman among them. When all are assembled, Pogner declares his intention of giving his daughter to the winner of the contest on the day of St. John's festival, and all applaud his resolution. Eva herself may refuse him, but never is she to wed another than a crowned mastersinger. Sachs, who loves Eva as his own child, seeks to change her father's resolution, at the same time proposing to let the people choose in the matter of the prize, but he is silenced by his colleagues. They now want to know where Walther has learned the art of poetry and song, and as he designates the book of Walther von der Vogelweide, they shrug their shoulders.

He begins at once to give a proof of his art, praising Spring in a song thrilling with melody. Beckmesser interrupts him; he has marked the rhymes on the black tablet, but they are new and unintelligible to this dry verse-maker, and he will not let them pass. The others share his opinion; only Sachs differs with them, remarking that Walther's song, though not after the old rules of Nuremberg, is justified all the same, and so Walther is allowed to finish it, which he does with a bold mockery of the vain poets, comparing them to crows oversounding a singing-bird. Sachs alone feels that Walther is a true poet.

In the second act David the apprentice tells Magdalene, Eva's nurse, that the new singer did not succeed, at which she is honestly grieved, preferring the gallant younker for her mistress to the old and ridiculous clerk. The old maid loves David; she provides him with food and sweets, and many are the railleries which he has to suffer from his companions in consequence.

Evening coming on, we see Sachs in his open workshop; Eva, his darling, is in confidential talk with him. She is anxious about to-morrow, and rather than wed Beckmesser she would marry Sachs, whom she loves and honors as a father. Sachs is a widower, but he rightly sees through her schemes and resolves to help the lovers.

It has now grown quite dark and Walther comes to see Eva, but they have not sat long together when the sounds of a lute are heard.

It is Beckmesser trying to serenade Eva, but Sachs interrupts him by singing himself, and thus excites Beckmesser's wrath and despair. At last a window opens and Beckmesser, taking Magdalene for Eva, addresses her in louder and louder tones, Sachs all the time beating the measure on a shoe. The neighboring windows open, there is a general alarm, and David, seeing Magdalene at the window apparently listening to Beckmesser, steals behind this unfortunate minstrel and begins to slap him. In the uproar which now follows, Walther vainly tries to escape from his refuge under the lime-tree, but Sachs comes to his rescue and takes him into his own workshop, while he pushes Eva unseen into her father's house, the door of which has just been opened by Pogner.

In the third act we find Sachs in his room. Walther enters, thanking him heartily for the night's shelter. Sachs kindly shows him the rules of poetry, encouraging him to try his luck once more. Walther begins and quite charms Sachs with his love-song. After they

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL THEATRE, BAYREUTH

have left the room, Beckmesser enters and, reading the poetry which Sachs wrote down, violently charges the shoemaker with wooing Eva himself. Sachs denies it and allows Beckmesser to keep the paper. The latter, who has vainly ransacked his brains for a new song, is full of joy, hoping to win the prize with it.

When he is gone Eva slips in to get her shoes, and she sees Walther stepping out of his dormitory in brilliant array. He has found a third stanza to his song, which he at once produces. They all proceed to the place where the festival is to be held, and Beckmesser is the first to try his fortunes, which he does by singing the stolen song. He sadly muddles both melody and words, and being laughed at, he charges Sachs with treachery, but Sachs quietly denies the authorship, pushing forward Walther, who now sings his stanzas inspired by love and poetry. It is needless to say that he wins the hearers' hearts as he has won those of Eva and Sachs, and that Pogner does not deny him his beloved daughter's hand.

MIGNON

Opera in three acts by Ambroise Thomas.
Text by Barbier and Carré, based on Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister."

THE first two acts take place in Germany. Lothario, a half-demented old man, poorly clad as a wandering minstrel, seeks his lost daughter Sperata. Mignon comes with a band of gypsies, who abuse her because she refuses to dance. Lothario advances to protect her, but Jarno, the chief of the troop, only scorns him, until a student, Wilhelm Meister, steps forth and rescues her, a young actress named Philine compensating the gypsy for his loss by giving him all her loose cash. Mignon, grateful for the rescue, falls in love with Wilhelm and wants to follow and serve him, but the young man, though delighted with her loveliness and humility, is not aware of her love. Nevertheless he takes her with him. He is of good family, but by a whim just now stays with a troop of comedians, to whom he takes his protégée.

The coquette Philine loves Wilhelm and has completely enthralled him by her arts and graces. She awakes bitter jealousy in Mignon, who tries to drown herself but is hindered by the sweet strains of Lothario's harp, which appeal to the noble feelings of her nature. The latter always keeps near her, watching over the lovely child. He instinctively feels himself attracted toward her; she recalls his lost daughter to him and he sees her as abandoned and lonely as himself. Mignon, hearing how celebrated Philine is, wishes that the palace, within which Philine plays, might be struck by lightning, and Lothario at once sets the house on fire.

While the guests rush into the garden, Philine orders Mignon to bring her nosegay, the same flowers which the thoughtless youth offered to his mistress Philine. Mignon, reproaching herself for her sinful wish, at once flies into the burning house, and only afterward does her friend Laertes perceive that the theater has caught fire too. Everybody thinks Mignon lost, but Wilhelm, rushing into the flames, is happy enough to rescue her.

The third act carries us to Italy, where the sick Mignon has been brought. Wilhelm, having discovered her love, which she reveals in her delirium, vows to live only for her. Lothario, no longer a minstrel, receives them as the owner of the palace, from which he had been absent since the loss of his daughter. While he shows Mignon the relics of the past, a scarf and a bracelet of corals are suddenly recognized by her. She begins to remember her infantine prayers, she recognizes the hall with the marble statues and her mother's picture on the wall. With rapture Lothario embraces his long-lost Sperata. But Mignon's jealous love has found out that Philine followed her, and she knows no peace until Wilhelm has proved to her satisfaction that he loves her best.

At last Philine graciously renounces Wilhelm and turns to Friedrich, one of her many adorers, whom to his own great surprise she designates as her future husband. Mignon at last openly avows her passion for Wilhelm. The people, hearing of the arrival of their master, the Marquis of Cipriani, alias Lothario, come to greet him with loud acclamations of joy, which grow still louder when he presents to them his daughter Sperata and Wilhelm, her chosen husband.

NORMA

Tragic Opera in two acts by Vincenzo Bellini.
Text by Romani.

NORMA, daughter of Orovist, chief of the druids and high priestess herself, has broken her vows and secretly married Pollio, the Roman proconsul. They have two children. But Pollio's love has vanished. In the first act he confides to his companion Flavius that he is enamored of Adalgisa, a young priestess in the temple of Irminsul, the druids' god.

Norma, whose secret nobody knows but her friend Clotilde, is worshiped by the people, being the only one able to interpret the oracles of their god. She prophesies Rome's fall, which she declares will be brought about not by the prowess of Gallic warriors but by its own weakness. She sends away the people to invoke alone the benediction of the god. When she also is gone, Adalgisa appears, and is persuaded by Pollio to flee with him to Rome. But remorse and fear induce her to confess her sinful love to Norma, whom she, like the others, adores. Norma, however, seeing the resemblance to her own fate, promises to release her from her vows and give her back to the world and to happiness, but hearing from Adalgisa the name of her lover, who just then approaches, she of course reviles the traitor, telling the poor young maiden that Pollio is her own spouse. The latter defies her, but she bids him leave. Though as he goes he begs Adalgisa to follow him, the young priestess turns from the faithless lover and craves Norma's pardon for the offense she has unwittingly been guilty of.

In the second act Norma, full of despair at Pollio's treason, resolves to kill her sleeping boys. But they awake and the mother's heart shudders as she thinks of her purpose; then she calls for Clotilde and bids her bring Adalgisa.

When she appears Norma entreats her to be a mother to her children and to take them to their father Pollio, because she has determined to free herself from shame and sorrow by a voluntary death. But the noble-

hearted Adalgisa will not hear of this sacrifice. She promises to bring Pollio back to his first love. After a touching duet, in which they swear eternal friendship to each other, Norma takes courage again. Her hopes are vain, however, for Clotilde enters to tell her that Adalgisa's prayers were of no avail. Norma, distrusting her rival, calls her people to arms against the Romans and gives orders to prepare the funeral pile for the sacrifice. The victim is to be Pollio, who was captured in the act of carrying Adalgisa off by force. Norma orders her father and the Gauls away that she may speak alone with Pollio, to whom she promises safety if he will renounce Adalgisa and return to her and to her children. But Pollio, whose only thought is of Adalgisa, pleads for her and for his own death. Norma, denying it to him, calls the priests of the temple to denounce as victim a priestess, who, forgetting her sacred vows, has entertained a sinful passion in her bosom and betrayed the gods. Then she firmly tells them that she herself is this faithless creature, but to her father alone does she reveal the existence of her children.

Pollio, recognizing the greatness of her character, which impels her to sacrifice her own life in order to save him and her rival, feels his love for Norma revive, and stepping forth from the crowd of spectators, he takes his place beside her on the funeral pile. Both commend their children to Norma's father Orovist, who finally pardons the poor victims.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO

(The Marriage of Figaro)

Comic Opera in four acts by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. Text by Da Ponte.

COUNT ALMAVIVA, though married to Rosina and loving her ardently, cannot bring himself to cease playing the rôle of a gallant cavalier; he likes pretty women wherever he finds them, and notwithstanding his high moral principles, is carrying on a flirtation with Rosina's maid, the charming Susanna. This does not hinder him from being jealous of his wife, who is here represented as a character both sweet and passive. He suspects her of being overfond of her page, Cherubino. From the bystanders, Doctor Bartolo and Marcellina, we hear that their old hearts have not yet ceased to glow at the touch of youth and love; Bartolo would fain give his affections to Susanna, while Marcellina pretends to have claims on Figaro. These are the materials which are so dexterously woven into the complicated plot and furnish so many funny passages.

In the second act we find Cherubino in the rooms of the Countess, who, innocent and pure herself, sees in him only a child; but this youth has a passionate heart and he loves his mistress ardently. Mistress and maid have amused themselves with Cherubino, putting him into women's dresses. The Count, rendered suspicious by a letter, given to him by Basilio, bids his wife open her door. The women, afraid of his jealousy, detain him a while, and only open the door when Cherubino has got safely through the window and away over the flower-beds. The Count, entering full of wrath, finds only Susanna with his wife. Ashamed of his suspicions, he asks her pardon and swears never to be jealous again. All blame in the matter of the letter is put on Figaro's shoulders, but this cunning fellow lies boldly, and the Count cannot get the clue to the mystery. Figaro and Susanna, profiting by the occasion, entreat the Count at last to consent to their wedding, which he has always put off. At this moment the gardener Antonio enters, complaining of the spoiled flower-beds. Figaro, taking all upon himself, owns that he sprang out of the window, having had an interview with Susanna and fearing the Count's anger. All deem themselves saved, when Antonio presents a document which the fugitive has lost. The Count, not quite convinced, asks Figaro to tell him the contents; but the latter, never at a loss, and discovering that it is the page's patent, says that the document was given to him by the page, the seal having been forgotten. The Count is about to let him off, when Bartolo appears with Marcellina, who claims a matrimonial engagement with Figaro. Her claim is favored by the Count, who wishes to see Susanna unmarried. Out of this strait, however, they are delivered by finding that Figaro is the son of the old couple, the child of their early love; and all again promises well. But the Countess and Susanna have prepared a little punishment for the jealous husband as well as for the flighty lover.

They have both written letters in which they ask the men to an interview in the garden. Susanna's letter goes to the Count, Rosina's to Figaro. Under cover of night each of the two women meets her own lover, but Susanna wears the Countess's dress, while Rosina has arrayed herself in Susanna's clothes.

The Countess, not usually given to such tricks, is very anxious. While she awaits her husband, Cherubino approaches, and taking her for Susanna he, like a little Don Juan as he is, makes love to her. Hearing the Count's steps, he disappears. Almaviva caresses the seeming Susanna, telling her nice things and giving her a ring, which she accepts. They are observed by the other couple, and the sly Figaro, who has recognized Susanna notwithstanding her disguise, denounces the Count to her, vows eternal love, and generally makes his bride burn with wrath. In her anger she boxes his ears, upon which he confesses to having known her from the first, and at once restores her good humor.

Seeing the Count approach, they continue to play their former rôles, and the false Countess makes love to Figaro, till the Count accosts her as "traitress." For a while she lets him suffer all the tortures of jealousy, then the lights appear and the Count stands ashamed before his lovely wife, recognizing his mistake. The gentle Countess forgives him, and the repenting husband swears eternal fidelity. He speedily unites the lovers Figaro and Susanna, and forgives even the little page Cherubino.

DIE NÜRNBERGER PUPPE

(The Nuremberg Doll)

Comic Opera in one act by Adolphe Charles Adam. Text by Leuven and Beauplan.

THE scene takes place in a toy-shop at Nuremberg. Cornelius, the owner, has an only son, Benjamin, whom he dearly loves notwithstanding his stupidity; while he is most unjust to his orphan nephew, Hein-

rich, whom he keeps like a servant after having misappropriated the latter's inheritance.

The old miser wants to procure a wife for his darling, a wife endowed with beauty and every virtue; and as he is persuaded that such a paragon does not exist in life, he has constructed a splendid doll which he hopes to endow with life by the help of Doctor Faust's magic-book.

He only awaits a stormy night for executing his design. Meanwhile he enjoys life, and when presented to us is just going with Benjamin to a masked ball, after sending at the same time his nephew supperless to bed. When they have left, Heinrich reappears in the garb of Mephistopheles. He claps his hands and his fiancée Bertha, a poor seamstress, soon enters.

Sadly she tells her lover that she is unable to go to the ball, having given all her money, which she had meant to spend on a dress, to a poor starving beggar-woman in the street.

Heinrich, touched by his love's tender heart, good-humoredly determines to lay aside his mask, in order to stay at home with Bertha, when suddenly a bright idea strikes him. Remembering the doll, which his uncle hides so carefully in his closet, which has, however, long been spied out by Heinrich, he shows it to Bertha, who delightedly slips into the doll's beautiful clothes, which fit her admirably.

Unfortunately Cornelius and his son are heard returning while Bertha is still absent dressing. The night has grown stormy, and the old man deems it favorable for his design; so he at once proceeds to open Faust's book and to begin the charm.

Heinrich, who has hardly had time to hide himself in the chimney, is driven out by his cousin's attempts to light a fire. He leaps down into the room and the terrified couple take him for no other than the devil in person, Heinrich wearing his mask and being besides blackened by soot from the chimney. Perceiving his uncle's terror, he profits by it, and at once beginning a conjuration he summons the doll, that is to say, Bertha in the doll's dress. Father and son are delighted by her performances, but when she opens her mouth and reveals a very willful and wayward character, Cornelius is less charmed. The doll peremptorily asks for food, and Mephistopheles indicates that it is to be found in the kitchen. While the worthy pair go to bring it, Mephistopheles, hastily exchanging words with his lady-love, vanishes into his sleeping-room.

The doll now begins to lead a dance which makes the toymaker's hair stand on end. She first throws the whole supper out of the window, following it with plate, crockery, toys, etc. Then, taking a drum, she begins to drill them, slapping their ears, mouths, and cheeks as soon as they try to approach her.

At last, when they are quite worn out, she flies into the closet. But now the father's spirit is roused, he resolves to destroy his and the devil's work; however, he is hindered by Heinrich, who now makes his appearance and seems greatly astonished at the uproar and disorder he finds in the middle of the night. He only wants to gain time for Bertha to undress and then escape.

Resolutely the old man walks into the closet to slay the doll. But he returns pale and trembling, having destroyed her while asleep and believing to have seen her spirit escape through the window with fiendish laughter. Yet, awed by his deed, he sees Heinrich returning, who confesses to his uncle that he has found out his secret about the doll, and that, having accidentally broken it, he has substituted a young girl. Cornelius, half dead with fright, sees himself already accused of murder; his only salvation seems to lie in his nephew's silence and instant flight. Heinrich is willing to leave the country provided his uncle give him back his heritage, which consists of 10,000 thalers. After some vain remonstrances the old man gives him the gold. Heinrich, having gained his ends, now introduces Bertha, and the wicked old fool and his son see too late that they have been the dupes of the clever nephew.

OBERON

Romantic Opera in three acts by Karl Maria von Weber. English text by Planché.

IN the first act we find Oberon, the elf-king, in deep melancholy, which no gaiety of his subjects, however charming, avails to remove. He has quarreled with his wife Titania, and both have vowed never to be reconciled until they find a pair of lovers faithful to each other in all kinds of adversity. Both long for the reunion, but the constant lovers are not to be found.

Oberon's most devoted servant is little Puck, who has vainly roved over the world to find what his master needs. He has, however, heard of a valiant knight in Burgundy, Huon, who has killed Carloman, the son of Charlemagne, in a duel, having been insulted by him. Charlemagne, not willing to take his life for a deed of defense, orders him to go to Bagdad, to slay the favorite, sitting to the left of the Calif, and to wed the Calif's daughter Rezia. Puck resolves to make this pair suit his ends. He tells Oberon the above-mentioned story, and by means of his lily-scepter shows Huon and Rezia to him. At the same time these two behold each other in a vision, so that when they awake both are deeply in love.

Oberon wakes Huon and his faithful shield-bearer Scherasmin, and promises his help in every time of need. He presents Huon with a magic horn, which will summon him at any time; Scherasmin receives a cup, which fills with wine of itself. Then he immediately transports them to Bagdad.

There we find Rezia with her Arabian maid Fatima. The Calif's daughter is to wed Babekan, a Persian prince, but she has hated him ever since she saw Huon in her vision. Fatima has discovered the arrival of Huon. It is high time, for in the beginning of the second act we see the Calif with Babekan, who wants to celebrate the nuptials at once. Rezia enters, but at the same time Huon advances, recognizing in Rezia the fair one of his dream. He fights and stabs Babekan. The Turks attack him, but Scherasmin blows his magic horn and compels them to dance and laugh, until the fugitives have escaped.

In the forest they are overtaken, but Huon and Scherasmin, who has come after his master with Fatima, put the pursuers to flight.

Oberon now appears to the lovers, and makes them promise upon oath that they will remain faithful to

each other under every temptation. He immediately after transports them to the port of Ascalon, from which they are to sail homeward. Oberon now puts their constancy to the proof. Puck conjures up the nymphs and the spirits of the air, who raise an awful tempest. Huon's ship sinks; the lovers are shipwrecked. While Huon seeks for help, Rezia is captured by the pirates, and Huon, returning to save her, is wounded and left senseless on the beach. Oberon now causes him to fall into a magic sleep, which is to last seven days.

In the third act we find Scherasmin and his bride, Fatima, in Tunis dressed as poor gardeners. A corsair has saved the shipwrecked and sold them as slaves to the Emir of Tunis. Though poor and in captivity, they do not lose courage and are happy that they are permitted to bear their hard lot together.

Meanwhile the seven days of Huon's sleep have passed. Awaking, he finds himself, to his astonishment, in Tunis, in the Emir's garden, with his servant beside him, who is not less astonished at finding his master.

Fatima, coming back, relates that she has discovered Rezia in the Emir's harem. Huon, who finds a nosegay with a message which bids him come to the myrtle-bower during the night, believes that it comes from Rezia and is full of joy at the idea of meeting his bride. Great is his terror when the lady puts aside her veil and he sees Roschana, the Emir's wife. She has fallen in love with the noble knight, whom she saw in the garden, but all her desires are in vain; he loathes her and is about to escape, when Emir enters, captures him, and sentences him to be consumed by fire. Roschana is to be drowned. Rezia, hearing of her lover's fate, implores the Emir to pardon him. But she has already offended him by her unwillingness to listen to his protestations of love, and when he hears that Huon is her husband, he condemns them to be burned together. Their trials, however, are nearing their end. Scherasmin has regained his long-lost horn, by means of which he casts a spell on everybody, until, blowing it with all his might, he calls Oberon to their aid. The elf-king appears accompanied by Queen Titania, who is now happily reconciled to him, and thanking the lovers for their constancy, he brings them safely back to Paris, where Charlemagne holds his court. The Emperor's wrath is now gone and he warmly welcomes Sir Huon with his lovely bride, promising them honor and glory for their future days.

ORFEO ED EURIDICE

Opera in three acts by Christoph Willibald Gluck.
Text by Calzabigi.

ORFEO (Orpheus), the Greek legendary musician and singer, has lost his wife Euridice. His mournful songs fill the groves where he laments, and with them he touches the hearts not only of his friends but of the gods. On his wife's grave Amor appears to him and bids him descend into Hades, where he is to move the Furies and the Elysian shadows with his sweet melodies, and win back from them his lost wife.

He is to recover her on a condition, which is, that he never casts a look on her on their return to earth; for if he fails in this, Euridice will be forever lost to him.

Taking his lyre and casque Orfeo promises obedience, and with new hope sallies forth on his mission. The second act represents the gates of Erebus, from which flames arise. Orfeo is surrounded by furies and demons, who try to frighten him; but he, nothing daunted, mollifies them by his sweet strains and they set free the passage to Elysium, where Orfeo has to win the happy shadows. He beholds Euridice among them, veiled; the happy shadows readily surrender her to him, escorting the pair to the gates of their happy vale.

The third act beholds the spouses on their way back to earth. Orfeo holds Euridice by the hand, drawing the reluctant wife on, but without raising his eyes to her face; on and on through the winding and obscure paths which lead out of the infernal regions. Notwithstanding his protestations of love and his urgent demands to her to follow him, Euridice never ceases to implore him to cast a single look on her, threatening him with her death should he not fulfill her wish. Orfeo, forbidden to tell her the reason of his strange behavior, long remains deaf to her cruel complaints, but at last he yields and looks back, only to see her expire under his gaze. Overwhelmed by grief and despair Orfeo draws his sword to destroy himself, when Amor appears and stays the fatal stroke.

In pity for Orfeo's love and constancy he reanimates Euridice (contrary, however, to the letter of the Greek tragedy), and the act closes with a beautiful chorus sung in Amor's praise.

OTELLO

Opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi.
Text by Boito.

THE first scene represents the people following excitedly the course of the ship that bears Otello (Othello), which battles with the waves. After he has landed and informed the assembly of his victory over the Turks, shouts of joy and exultation rend the air.

Then follows a convivial chat between Cassio, Rodrigo, and Iago, in the course of which the latter makes Cassio drunk. Iago's demoniacal nature is masterfully depicted here, where he soon succeeds in ruining Cassio, who loses his rank as captain.

In the third scene we see Desdemona with her husband, both rejoicing in the felicity of their mutual love.

In the second act Iago proceeds to carry out his evil intents, by sending Cassio to Desdemona, who is to intercede for him with Otello. Iago then calls Otello's attention to the retiring Cassio, and by making vile insinuations inflames his deadly jealousy. Desdemona appears, surrounded by women and children, who offer her flowers and presents. She comes forward to plead for Cassio, and Otello suspiciously refuses. She takes out her handkerchief to cool her husband's aching forehead with it, but he throws it down and Emilia, Iago's wife, picks it up. Iago wrenches it from her and hides it.

In the next scene Iago's villainous insinuations work upon Otello, who becomes wildly suspicious. Iago relates a dream of Cassio's, in which he reveals his love

for Desdemona, then he hints that he has seen Otello's first love-token, her lace handkerchief, in Cassio's hands, and both swear to avenge Desdemona's infidelity.

In the third act Otello, pretending to have a headache, asks for Desdemona's lace handkerchief. She has lost it, she tells him, but he is incredulous and charges her with infidelity. All her protests are useless, and at length he forces her to retire. Meanwhile Iago has brought Cassio and urges Otello to hide himself. Cassio has a lady-love named Bianca, and of her they speak, but Iago dexterously turns the dialogue so as to make Otello believe that they are speaking of his wife. His jealousy reaches its climax when Cassio draws forth Desdemona's handkerchief, which Iago has deposited in Cassio's house. All his doubts now seem to be confirmed. A cannon-shot announcing the arrival of a galley interrupts the conversation and Cassio quickly leaves.

In the following scene Iago advises Otello to strangle his wife. Otello consents, and gives Iago a captaincy.

Lodovico, an ambassador of Venice, arrives, with other nobles, to greet their liberator Otello. Desdemona once more asks pardon for Cassio, but is roughly rebuked by her husband. Otello reads the order which has been brought to him, and tells Cassio that he is to be general in his stead by will of the Doge of Venice; but while Cassio is confounded by this sudden change of fortune, Iago secretly vows his death, instigating his rival Rodrigo to kill him. At last Otello faints, overcome by conflicting emotions.

In the fourth act Desdemona, filled with sad forebodings, takes a touching farewell of Emilia. When she has ended her fervent prayer (one of the most beautiful things in the opera), she falls into a peaceful slumber. Otello wakes her with a kiss, and tells her immediately thereafter that she must die. She protests her innocence, but in vain, for Otello, telling her that Cassio can speak no more, smothers her. Hardly has he completed his ghastly work than Emilia comes up, announcing that Rodrigo has been killed by Cassio. Desdemona with her dying breath once more asserts her innocence, while Emilia loudly screams for help. When the others appear, Emilia discovers her husband's villainy. Iago flees, and Otello stabs himself at the feet of his innocent spouse.

I PAGLIACCI

(The Players)

Musical Drama in two acts, with a prologue, by Ruggiero Leoncavallo.

IN the prologue, a wonderful piece of music, Tonio, the clown, announces to the public the deep tragic sense which often is hidden behind a farce, and prepares them for the sad end of the lovers in this comedy.

The introduction, with its wonderful largo, is like a mournful lamentation; then the curtain opens, showing the entry of a troop of wandering actors, so common in Southern Italy. They are received with high glee by the peasants, and Canio, the owner of the troop, invites them all to the evening's play. Canio looks somewhat gloomy, and he very much resents the taunts of the peasants, who court his beautiful wife Nedda and make remarks about the clown's attentions to her. Nevertheless Canio gives way to his friends' invitation for a glass of wine, and he takes leave of his wife with a kiss, which, however, does not quite restore her peace of mind, Nedda's conscience being somewhat disturbed. But soon she casts aside all evil forebodings and vies with the birds in warbling pretty songs, which, though reminding the hearer of Wagner's Siegfried, are of surpassing harmony and sweetness. Tonio spying the moment to find Nedda alone, approaches her with a declaration of love, but she haughtily turns from him, and as he only grows more obtrusive and even tries to embrace her, she seizes a whip and slaps him in the face. Provoked to fury, he swears to avenge himself. Hardly has he turned away when the peasant Silvio appears on the wall. He is Nedda's lover, and, having seen Canio sitting in the tavern, he entreats Nedda to separate herself from the husband she never loved and take flight with him. Nedda hesitates between duty and passion, and at last the latter prevails and she sinks into his arms. This love-duet is wonderful in style and harmony. Tonio unfortunately has spied out the lovers and returns with Canio. But, on perceiving the latter's approach, Silvio has leaped over the wall, his sweetheart's body covering his own person so that Canio is unable to recognize his rival; he once more reminds Nedda to be ready that night, and then takes flight. With an inarticulate cry Canio rushes after him, and Nedda falls on her knees to pray for her lover's escape, while Tonio triumphs over her misery. The husband, however, returns defeated; panting, he claims the lover's name, and Nedda's lips remaining sealed he is about to stab his wife when Beppo (Harlequin) intervenes. Wrenching the dagger from his unfortunate master's hands, he intimates that it is time to prepare for the play. While Nedda retires Canio breaks out into a bitter wail over his hard lot, which compels him to take part in the farce, which for him is bitter reality. With this air the tragic height of the opera is reached.

In the second act the spectators throng before the small stage, each of them eager to get the best seat. Nedda appears dressed as Columbine, and while she is collecting the money she finds time to warn Silvio of her husband's wrath. The curtain opens and Nedda is seen alone on the stage listening to the sentimental songs of Harlequin, her lover in the play. Before she has given him the sign to enter, Tonio, in the play called Taddeo, the fool, enters, bringing the food which his mistress has ordered for herself and Harlequin. Just as it really happened in the morning, the poor fool now makes love to her in play; but when scornfully repulsed he humbly retires, swearing to the goodness and pureness of his lady-love. Harlequin entering through the window, the two begin to dine merrily, but Taddeo reënters, in mocking fright, to announce the arrival of the husband. Canio, however, is in terrible earnest, and when he hoarsely exacts the lover's name the lookers-on, who hitherto have heartily applauded every scene, begin to feel the awful tragedy hidden behind the comedy.

Nedda remains outwardly calm, and mockingly she names innocent Harlequin as the one who had dined with her. Then Canio begins by reminding her how he found her in the street a poor waif and stray, whom

he nursed, petted, and loved, and Nedda remaining cold, his wrath rises to fury and he wildly curses her, shrieking, "The name, I will know his name!" But Nedda, though false, is no traitress. "Should it cost my life I will never betray him!" she cries, at the same time trying to save her life by hurrying from the stage among the spectators. Too late, alas! Canio already has reached and stabbed her, and Silvio, who rushes forward, also receives his death-stroke from the hands of the deceived husband, who has heard his name slip from the dying lips of his wife. All around stand petrified; nobody dares to touch the avenger of his honor, who stands by his wife's corpse limp and broken-hearted. "Go," says he, "go, the farce is ended."

PARSIFAL

Consecrational Stage Festival Drama by Richard Wagner.

THE last, and in the opinion of the composer and his family, the greatest of Wagner's compositions, was intended exclusively for the Festspielhaus in Bayreuth, where the stage equipment was especially designed to permit of complete fidelity to the master's directions as to its performance. For years "Parsifal" continued to draw pilgrims from every part of Europe and America to the little Bavarian town, and had the terms of Wagner's will been obeyed, it would have remained unknown, save to these pilgrims, until 1913. But American enterprise had not been reckoned with. Heinrich Conried, in 1903, found this work an excellent medium for drawing the attention of the whole musical world to the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. There followed litigation, protests from the Wagner family, and attacks from the pulpit, and when Conried had sold out his house with the stalls at $10, seats were sold at a premium as high as $85. Then Henry W. Savage gave an excellent production in English, and in two years' time America knew its "Parsifal" as well as its "Mikado."

The first scene is laid in a forest on the grounds of the keepers of the Grail near Castle Monsalvat. Old Gurnemanz awakes two young squires for their morning prayer, and bids two knights prepare a bath for the sick King Amfortas, who suffers cruelly from a wound, dealt him by the sorcerer Klingsor, the deadly foe of the Holy Grail. The Grail is a sacred cup, from which Christ drank at the last Passover, and which also received his blood. Titurel, Amfortas's father, has built the castle to shield it, and appointed holy men for its service. While Gurnemanz speaks with the knights about their poor master's sufferings, in rushes Kundry, a sorceress in Klingsor's service, condemned to laugh eternally as a punishment for having derided Christ while he was suffering on the cross. She it was who with her beauty seduced Amfortas and deprived him of his holy strength, so that Klingsor was enabled to wrest from the King his holy spear Longinus, with which he afterward wounded him. Kundry is in the garb of a servant of the Grail; she brings balm for the King, who is carried on to the stage in a litter, but it avails him not: "a guileless fool" with a child's pure heart, who will bring back the holy spear and touch him with it, can alone heal his wound.

Suddenly a dying swan sinks to the ground, and Parsifal, a young knight, appears. Gurnemanz reproaches him severely for having shot the bird, but he appears to be quite ignorant of the fact that it was wrong, and, when questioned, proves to know nothing about his own origin. He only knows his mother's name "Herzeleid" (heart-break), and Kundry, who recognizes him, relates that his father Gamuret perished in battle, and that his mother reared him, a guileless fool, in the desert. When Kundry mentions that his mother is dead and has sent her last blessing to her son, Parsifal is almost stunned by this, his first grief. Gurnemanz conducts him to the castle, where the Knights of the Grail are assembled in a lofty hall. Amfortas is laid on a raised couch, and from behind Titurel's voice is heard imploring his son to efface his guilt in godly works. Amfortas, writhing with pain, is comforted by the prophecy:

> By pity lightened, the guileless fool—
> Wait for him—my chosen tool.

The Grail is uncovered, the blessing given, and the repast of love begins. Amfortas's hope revives, but toward the end his wound bursts out afresh. Parsifal, on hearing Amfortas's cry of agony, clutches at his heart, without, however, understanding his own feelings.

The second act reveals Klingsor's magic castle. Kundry, not as a demon now, but as a woman of imperious beauty, is awakened by Klingsor to seduce Parsifal. She yearns for pardon, for sleep and death, but she struggles in vain against the fiendish Klingsor.

The tower gradually sinks; a beautiful garden rises, into which Parsifal gazes with rapture and astonishment. Lovely maidens rush toward him, accusing him of having destroyed their lovers. Parsifal, surprised, answers that he slew them because they checked his approach to their charms. But when their tenderness waxes hotter he gently repulses the damsels and at last tries to escape. He is detained, however, by Kundry, who tells him again of his beloved mother, and when Parsifal is sorrow-stricken at having forgotten her in his thoughtless rambles, she consoles him, pressing his lips with a fervent kiss. This rouses the dreamy youth, he awakes to his duty, he feels the King's spear-wound burning; the unconscious fool is a fool no longer, but conscious of his mission and distinguishing right from wrong. He calls to the Saviour to save him from a guilty passion, and at last he starts up, spurning Kundry. She tells him of her own crime, of Amfortas's fall, and curses all paths and ways which would lead him from her. Klingsor, appearing at her cry, flings the holy spear at Parsifal, but it remains floating over his head, and the youth, grasping it, destroys the magic by the sign of the cross.

In the third act Gurnemanz awakes Kundry from a deathlike sleep, and is astonished to find her changed. She is penitent and serves the Grail. Parsifal enters from the woods. Gurnemanz recognizes and greets him, after his wanderings in search of the Grail, which have extended over long years. Kundry washes his feet and dries them with her own hair. Parsifal, seeing her so humble, baptizes her with water from the spring, and the dreadful laugh is taken from her; then she weeps bitterly. Parsifal, conducted to the

King, touches his side with the holy spear, and the wound is closed. Old Titurel, brought on the stage in his coffin, revives once more a moment, raising his hands in benediction. The Grail is revealed, pouring a halo of glory over all. Kundry, with her eyes fixed on Parsifal, sinks dead to the ground, while Amfortas and Gurnemanz render homage to their new King.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA

Romantic Opera in three acts by Victor (Félix Marie) Massé. Text by Barbier and Carré.

THE opera begins with a scene in the cottage of Marguerite, Paul's mother. She and Mme. de la Tour, mother of Virginia, are discussing their children, who have always been like brother and sister, but are now unconsciously drifting into a deeper feeling. Marguerite talks of sending Paul to India for a time. Domingues, a trusted slave, starts up, protesting. Laughter and shouts are heard, when a ship from France is sighted; Mme. de la Tour hurries off, thinking it may bear news of the forgiveness of a wealthy aunt. Domingues talks of Paul and Virginia, wondering what changes the money will cause, and, as a storm arises, goes to seek the young people, who presently enter, laughing, shielded from the storm by a great banana-leaf, held above their heads. Virginia seats herself; Paul throws himself on a rug at her feet. As they innocently sing of their love and innocent pleasures, Meala, another slave, enters, footsore and weary. She is wounded by the lash of a whip. Virginia gives her food. They cannot keep an escaped slave, so Virginia offers to intercede for her with her master.

The scene changes to the plantation of St. Croix. St. Croix appears, followed by two huge negroes with whips. He kicks and cuffs the slaves, and orders bloodhounds set on Meala's track. She enters with Paul and Virginia. Virginia, kneeling at his feet, sweetly asks his forgiveness for the slave. St. Croix, moved by her girlish beauty, grants what she asks, with a mental reservation. They turn to depart. St. Croix asks them to stay and rest after their long walk. The negroes sing, dance, and play for their amusement. Meala now sings alone, and in her song warns Paul that Virginia will be in danger if she stays, as St. Croix is drinking heavily. They hurry away. St. Croix, in a rage, turns on Meala and orders her to be lashed while she can stand. He drinks himself into a stupor. Meala screams wildly, and St. Croix, rousing himself, orders the slaves to sing louder to drown her voice. Then follows an *entr'acte* in the forest.

The second act brings us to the house of Mme. de la Tour. Virginia is arrayed in festival attire and decked with jewels. Domingues sits on the floor, weaving a mat. Virginia's mother hands her a mirror. Domingues, shaking his head, declares that the gold will bring sorrow. Virginia is to go to France, and she is overcome with grief because she now realizes her love for Paul. Domingues advises her in a song not to go. Paul is at the door. He enters, but does not recognize the grand young lady before him as Virginia. She remains silent as he reproaches her, then hurries away. Marguerite, calling Paul, tells him that there is a stain upon his birth. They decide to depart forever. Meala warns them of the coming of St. Croix, who now appears. Virginia, entering, buys Meala from him with some of the gold. Meala warns Paul to keep watch, or St. Croix will carry Virginia off. A change of scene shows a fountain beneath the trees; sea in the distance. Virginia enters, singing a joyous song, then falls asleep, while Meala hums a lullaby. Virginia sees in a vision the planter's house in flames. The governor brings an order from the king for Virginia's deportation. They waken her, and she is swiftly carried to the ship.

The third act opens on the seashore. Paul, now melancholy, stands looking out to sea. He is half-crazed by grief. His mother is in despair. Paul receives a letter, in which Virginia tells of her loneliness and love for him. He sees in a vision a ballroom, with Virginia dancing a minuet, amid splendid surroundings. Her harp is brought in; she sings and her voice is wafted to her lover. He sings in unison with her, begging her to sing once more. Their voices seem to mingle regardless of intervening space. St. Croix appears in the room beside her; she repulses him, and refuses his hand. Paul is entranced, and tells Domingues what he has seen. A ship is seen on the horizon approaching the island. A storm arises, causing it to be wrecked. Paul hears Virginia calling him, and at last her body is washed up on the shore at his feet.

PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE

Opera in five acts by Claude Debussy. Text adapted from Maeterlinck's play.

GOLAUD, a grandson of King Arkel, meets Mélisande while wandering in the woods. A coronet she has worn has dropped into a well, but though she cries bitterly, she will not let Golaud fish it out; nor will she tell her name or country, although dressed like a princess, if somewhat in tatters. Golaud takes the maiden to the castle where he lives with Arkel, the old Queen Genevieve, and Yniold, his son by a wife some time deceased. Six months later Golaud, contrary to a family compact, makes Mélisande his wife, and takes her away, then writes to Pelléas, his half-brother, begging him to intercede with the old King, and effect a reconciliation. Genevieve reads this letter to Arkel, and they agree to welcome home the eloping lovers. Pelléas and Mélisande meet for the first time in the castle garden when the latter returns as Golaud's bride.

In the second act Pelléas and Mélisande are disclosed chatting together near a well, into which Mélisande drops her wedding ring. Instead of telling her husband the truth when he misses the ring, Mélisande tells Golaud that she has lost it in a cavern by the sea. Golaud sends her to look for the ring, with Pelléas to guard her from danger. But the moon shines brightly as they wander together on the sands, and the two are taken in a pitfall of which the trusting husband had not dreamed.

In the third act Golaud surprises Pelléas, who is passionately kissing Mélisande's hair, which is of luxuriant growth, and streams down to him from the balcony where she stands. By way of warning, he takes Pelléas through dungeons of the castle, suggestive of

death and suffering, then commands him to avoid Mélisande in future.

The next scene is at night. Golaud learns from Yniold that Pelléas and Mélisande still meet. Raising the child in his arms so that he can look into Mélisande's room, Golaud ascertains that even then Pelléas and Mélisande are together.

In the fourth act Pelléas, at last realizing that he loves his brother's wife, tells Mélisande that he is going away on a long journey. Then, as Arkel is expressing his sympathy to Mélisande, and deploring the dullness of her surroundings, Golaud enters, bitterly reproaches Mélisande for her misconduct, and swings her about by her long hair. The next scene is devoted to a childish soliloquy by Yniold, but the action is soon resumed. Pelléas and Mélisande again meet, and again he avows his determination to go away. A mutual confession of love follows, and as Golaud enters they are locked in each other's arms. Drawing his sword, Golaud strikes down Pelléas, then starts in pursuit of Mélisande, who has fled.

The fifth act takes place in Mélisande's apartment in the castle. Mélisande has been lying in a stupor, following a delirium in which she has given birth to a child. Golaud knows that she is dying, and reproaches himself for his violence. When Mélisande regains consciousness, he begs her forgiveness, which she readily grants. Then he implores her to tell him if her relations with Pelléas were innocent, and if she really loved the dead man. To this she replies that she loved him, but that they were innocent. Still Golaud is tormented by doubt, which can never be resolved; for a moment later, when Mélisande's child is brought to her, she is dead.

PHILÉMON ET BAUCIS

Opera in two acts by Charles François Gounod.
Text by Barbier and Carré.

IN the first act Jupiter comes to Philémon's hut, accompanied by Vulcan, to seek refuge from a storm, which the god himself has caused. He has come to earth to verify Mercury's tale of the people's badness, and finding the news only too true, besides being uncourteously received by the people around, he is glad to meet with a kindly welcome at Philémon's door.

This worthy old man lives in poverty, but in perfect content with his wife Baucis, to whom he has been united in bonds of love for sixty years. Jupiter, seeing at once that the old couple form an exception to the evil rule, resolves to spare them, and to punish only the bad folks. The gods partake of the kind people's simple meal, and Jupiter, changing the milk into wine, is recognized by Baucis, who is much awed by the discovery. But Jupiter reassures her and promises to grant her only wish, which is, to be young again with her husband and to live the same life. The god sends them to sleep, and then begins the intermezzo.

Phrygians are seen reposing after a festival, bacchants rush in and the wild orgies begin afresh. The divine is mocked and pleasure praised as the only god. Vulcan comes, sent by Jupiter to warn them, but as they only laugh at him, mocking Olympus and the gods, Jupiter himself appears to punish the sinners. An awful tempest arises, sending everything to wrack and ruin.

In the second act Philémon's hut is changed into a palace; he awakes to find himself and his wife young again. Jupiter, seeing Baucis's beauty, orders Vulcan to keep Philémon apart, while he courts her. Baucis, though determined to remain faithful to her Philémon, feels, nevertheless, flattered at the god's condescension, and dares not refuse him a kiss. Philémon, appearing on the threshold, sees it, and violently reproaches her and his guest, and, though Baucis suggests who the latter is, the husband does not feel in the least inclined to share his wife's love even with a god. The first quarrel takes place between the couple, and Vulcan, hearing it, consoles himself with the reflection that he is not the only one to whom a fickle wife causes sorrow. Philémon bitterly curses Jupiter's gift; he wishes his wrinkles back, and with them his peace of mind. Throwing down Jupiter's statue, he leaves his wife to the god. Baucis, replacing the image, which happily is made of bronze, sorely repents her behavior toward her beloved husband. Jupiter finds her weeping, and praying that the gods may turn their wrath upon herself alone. The god promises to pardon both if she is willing to listen to his love. She agrees to the bargain, on condition that Jupiter shall grant her a favor. He consents, and she entreats him to make her old again. Philémon, listening behind the door, rushes forward to embrace the true wife and joins his entreaties to hers. Jupiter, seeing himself caught, would fain be angry, but their love conquers his wrath. He does not recall his gift, but giving them his benediction he promises never more to cross their happiness.

THE PIPE OF DESIRE

Romantic Opera in one act by Frederick S. Converse.
Text by Barton.

THIS opera, the first work of an American composer to be accepted for performance during the regular season of the Metropolitan Opera House, was produced there in 1910. Its first actual performance, with full stage accessories, took place January 31, 1906, in Boston. The book is highly poetic, the music admirably descriptive.

In a mountain glade, closed in by forest and rocks, through which one catches a glimpse of the valley below, the elves sing a joyous hymn, for it is spring, and the flowers are budding. Iolan, a peasant much beloved by the elves, is seen approaching, and they determine that he shall witness their festivities. It is madness, the Old One, their king, tells them, but on the first day of spring their wishes are supreme.

Iolan thinks he must be dreaming as the fairy folk surround him, but he returns their expressions of good will, and shows them a purse containing the gold with which he means to buy a farm. Then he will wed Naoia, and he invites them all to the feast. The Old One alone is gloomy, and when the elves tell Iolan that this is the mightiest of them all, he cannot understand. "Ten thousand years of life my crown," says the Old One, in explanation, "the earth my purse of gold, this Pipe, which hangs about my neck, the scepter of the world."

In accordance with their annual custom, the elves demand that the Old One pipe for them, that they may dance. He protests, but is obliged to grant their request, and the elves dance merrily. But Iolan is not in the least awed by the Pipe. Any other would have served as well, he thinks, and he declares that no power on earth or in heaven can make him dance, save with his promised bride. The elves compel the Old One to play the Pipe again, and Iolan is forced to dance. The elves jeer at him for doubting the potency of the charm, but in revenge he wrests the Pipe from the Old One, and the mirth of the elves instantly changes to terror. They offer him wealth and power if he will return this sacred instrument, for, says the Old One, "it is the Pipe God gave to Lilith and she played to man in Eden, but its charm was rent by woman." Still Iolan will not heed the warning. The Old One pronounces accursed the mortal that dares to sound the Pipe, but Iolan replies by blowing a harsh note, at which the elves, screaming with fear, retire into hiding.

Again Iolan sounds the Pipe, and as he does so, sees the vision of his utmost wish—a farm lying in a peaceful valley, and wife and children waiting to welcome him. "Naoia," he cries, "leave all! leave all and come to me."

Regaining possession of the Pipe, the Old One says, "The Pipe but played the note of your desire," and disappears. Now Iolan sees his beloved arise from bed, and, obeying his command, race toward him, dashing through streams, scaling the rocks, sometimes falling, but always coming on, on, until at last she joins her lover, trembling and exhausted. The curse is soon fulfilled, for Naoia's journey has been too much for human endurance. She dies. Maddened at this great loss, Iolan scatters the gold with which he had meant to buy a home for his bride, and cries aloud, "There is no God, and I am all alone!"

"There is a God," the Old One says, "whose laws unchanging no man may hope to disobey. Upon his Pipe you blew your one desire, forced your own will upon the ordained way. Man has his will, man pays the penalty." Iolan is about to strike the Old One with his staff, but stays his arm as the Old One says, "Strike, if you think her soul demands revenge."

The elves, who have ruined the mortal they wished to befriend, are grief-stricken. The Old One, at their petition, now plays the Song of Autumn. The season changes. The leaves are falling from the trees, and Iolan breathes his last in peace beside the body of his beloved. As the curtain falls, the elves are chanting "Nothing is wasted, nothing is wasted."

POIA

Opera in three acts by Arthur Finley Nevin.
Text by Hartley.

THIS opera will go down in history as the first American work of its kind to be produced in a foreign opera house. It was given at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, in 1910. It was first performed in concert form in Pittsburg, January 16, 1907.

The book is based on legends of Indian origin, and the action takes place among the Blackfeet Indians at a time prior to the coming of the white race.

Poia, whose name means scar-face, is so called because of the birthmark which disfigures him. He loves the daughter of a chief, Natoya, but she scorns his ugliness, preferring Sumatsi, a warrior who is bold and handsome and wicked. To banish the unwelcome wooer, she tells Poia that unless he can free himself from his disfigurement she can never wed him. Nenahu, the medicine woman, tells Poia that only the Sun God can remove this blemish, and then warns Sumatsi that only evil can result from a union with Natoya. But Natoya gladly accepts the gifts of Sumatsi, and neither heeds the warning. Poia goes forth to seek the Sun God.

When the curtain rises on the second act, Poia, in the midst of a forest, prays to the Sun God, but Natosi scorns him, even as the maiden had. Just then Poia rescues the morning star, Episua, who has been attacked by eagles, and this heroic deed avails him where prayer has failed. Poia sinks into a profound sleep, and Mola, Nepu, Moku, and Stuyi, the four seasons, dance about him at the god's behest, giving him manly beauty in place of ugliness. Natosi invites the young warrior to dwell with him among the gods, but Poia thinks of Natoya, and refuses. Then is the god enraged; but again he softens when Poia has told his story, and in the end he sends Poia back to his people with a rich robe for Natoya. And Episua is his guiding star, while Wolf Trail (the Milky Way) teaches him a song which shall command the love of woman, and presents to him a magic whistle.

In the last act we return with Poia to the camp of the Blackfeet. Poia, whose scar symbolized his mystic attributes as the scapegoat of his people, finds that troubles have come upon them in his absence, and that the people blame Natoya for driving him away. The infatuation of the maiden for Sumatsi has, indeed, grown deeper in Poia's absence, but though an impassioned love-scene is revealed between the two, the moment Natoya hears Poia's magic song in the distance, she loves the singer and hates Sumatsi. The young warrior is welcomed as the savior of his tribe. Natoya alone seems cold. She fears him because of the present he had brought from the Sun God, for the robe can be worn only by a pure woman, and Natoya is no longer pure. Sumatsi, mad with jealousy, tries to kill Poia, but Natoya intervenes, and receives the fatal blow. A ray from the Sun God slays the wicked Sumatsi, then Poia, raising the dying maiden in his arms, declares that her sacrifice has made her pure. He invests her with the sacred robe, and together they are wafted to the realms of the Sun God.

THE POSTILION OF LONGJUMEAU

Comic Opera in three acts by Adolphe Charles Adam.
Text by Leuven and Brunswick.

CHAPELOU, stage-driver at Longjumeau, is about to celebrate his marriage with the young hostess of the post-house, Madeleine. The wedding has taken place and the young bride is led away by her friends, according to an old custom, while her bridegroom is held back by his comrades, who compel him to sing.

He begins the romance of a young postilion, who had the luck to be carried away by a princess, having touched her heart by his beautiful playing on the cornet. Chapelou has such a fine voice that the superintendent of the Grand Opera at Paris, the Marquis de Courcy, who hears him, is enchanted, and being in search of a good tenor, succeeds in winning over Chapelou, who consents to leave his young wife in order to follow the Marquis's call to glory and fortune. He begs his friend Bijou, a wheelwright, to console Madeleine by telling her that he will soon return to her. While Madeleine calls for him in tenderest accents, he drives away with his protectors, and Bijou delivers his message, determined to try his fortune in a similar way. The desperate Madeleine resolves to fly from the unhappy spot, where everything recalls to her her faithless husband.

In the second act we find Madeleine under the assumed name of Mme. de Latour. She has inherited a fortune from an old aunt, and makes her appearance in Paris, as a rich and noble lady, with the intention of punishing her husband, whom she, however, still loves. During these six years that have passed since their wedding day, Chapelou has won his laurels under the name of St. Phar, and is now the first tenor of the Grand Opera and everybody's spoiled favorite. Bijou is with him as leader of the chorus, and is called Alcindor. We presently witness a comical rehearsal in which the principal singers are determined to do as badly as possible. They all seem hoarse and, instead of singing, produce the most lamentable sounds. The Marquis de Courcy is desperate, having promised this representation to Mme. de Latour, at whose country-seat near Fontainebleau he is at present staying. As soon as St. Phar hears the name of this lady his hoarseness is gone and all sing their best. We gather from this scene that Mme. de Latour has succeeded in enthralling St. Phar; he has an interview with her, and won by his protestations of love, she consents to marry him.

St. Phar, not wishing to commit bigamy, begs his friend Bijou to perform the marriage ceremony in a priest's garb, but Mme. de Latour locks him in her room along with Bourdon, the second leader of the chorus, while a real priest unites the pair for the second time.

St. Phar enters the room in high spirits, when his companions, beside themselves with fear, tell him that he has committed bigamy. While they are in mortal terror of being hanged, Mme. de Latour enters in her former shape as Madeleine, blows out the candle, and torments St. Phar, assuming now the voice of Mme. de Latour, now that of Madeleine. After she has sent her fickle husband into an abyss of unhappiness and fear, the Marquis de Courcy, who had himself hoped to wed the charming widow, appears with the police to imprison the luckless St. Phar, who already considers himself as good as hanged, and in imagination sees his first wife Madeleine rejoicing over his punishment. But he has been made to suffer enough, and at the last moment Madeleine explains everything, and Chapelou obtains her pardon.

Both in text and music this opera, which is decidedly French in all respects, deserves to be ranked among the best works of its class thus far produced.

LE PROPHÈTE

(The Prophet)

Opera in five acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer.
Text by Scribe.

THE scene is laid in Holland at the time of the wars with the Anabaptists. Fides, mother of the hero, John of Leyden, keeps an inn near Dordrecht. She has just betrothed a young peasant girl to her son, but Bertha is a vassal of the Count of Oberthal and dares not marry without his permission.

As they set about getting his consent to the marriage, three Anabaptists, Jonas, Mathisen, and Zacharias, appear, exciting the people with their speeches and false promises. While they are preaching, Oberthal enters, but smitten with Bertha's charms he refuses his consent to her marriage and carries her off, with Fides as companion.

In the second act we find John waiting for his bride. As she delays, the Anabaptists try to win him for their cause, they prophesy him a crown, but as yet he is not ambitious, and life with Bertha looks sweeter to him than the greatest honors. As the night comes on, Bertha rushes in to seek refuge from her pursuer, from whom she has fled. Hardly has she hidden herself when Oberthal enters to claim her. John refuses his assistance, but when Oberthal threatens to kill his mother he gives up Bertha to the Count, while his mother, whose life he has saved at such a price, asks God's benediction on his head. Then she retires for the night, and the Anabaptists appear once more, again trying to win John over. This time they succeed. Without a farewell to his sleeping mother, John follows the Anabaptists, to be henceforth their leader, their Prophet-King.

In the third act we see the Anabaptists' camp; their soldiers have captured a party of noblemen, who are to pay ransom. They all make merry and the famous ballet on the ice forms part of the amusements. In the background we see Münster, now in the hands of Count Oberthal's father, who refuses to surrender it to the enemy. They resolve to storm it, a resolution which is heard by young Oberthal, who has come disguised to the Anabaptists' camp in order to save his father and the town.

But as a light is struck he is recognized and is about to be killed, when John hears from him that Bertha has escaped. She sprang out of the window to save her honor, and falling into the stream, was saved. When John learns this, he bids the soldiers spare Oberthal's life that he may be judged by Bertha herself.

John has already endured great pangs of conscience at seeing his party so wild and bloodthirsty. He refuses to go farther, but, hearing that an army of soldiers has broken out of Münster to destroy the Anabaptists, he rallies. Praying fervently to God for help and victory, inspiration comes over him and is communicated to all his adherents, so that they resolve to storm Münster. They succeed, and in the fourth act we are in the midst of this town, where we find Fides, who, knowing that her son has turned Anabaptist, though not aware of his being their Prophet, is receiving alms to save his soul by masses. She meets Bertha, disguised in a pilgrim's garb. Both vehemently curse

the Prophet, when this latter appears to be crowned in state.

His mother recognizes him, but he disowns her, declaring her mad, and by strength of will he compels the poor mother to renounce him. Fides, in order to save his life, avows that she was mistaken and she is led to prison.

In the last act we find the three Anabaptists, Jonas, Mathisen, and Zacharias, together. The Emperor is near the gates of Münster, and they resolve to deliver their Prophet into his hands in order to save their lives.

Fides has been brought into a dungeon, where John visits her to ask her pardon and to save her. She curses him, but his repentance moves her so that she pardons him when he promises to leave his party. At this moment Bertha enters. She has sworn to kill the false Prophet, and she comes to the dungeon to set fire to the gunpowder hidden beneath it. Fides detains her, but when she recognizes that her bridegroom and the Prophet are one and the same person, she wildly denounces him for his bloody deeds and stabs herself in his presence. Then John decides to die also, and after the soldiers have led his mother away, he himself sets fire to the vault.

Then he appears at the coronation banquet, where he knows that he is to be taken prisoner. When Oberthal, the bishop, and all his treacherous friends are assembled, he bids two of his faithful soldiers close the gates and flee. This done, the castle is blown into the air with all its inhabitants. At the last moment Fides rushes in to share her son's fate, and all are thus buried under the ruins.

I PURITANI
(The Puritans)

Opera in three acts by Vincenzo Bellini.
Text by Pepoli.

THE action takes place in England during the Great Rebellion. Lord Walton, who has promised the hand of his daughter Elvira to Ricardo, is in command of Plymouth for the Puritans. But the girl loves Arturo, a young noble who has adhered to the house of Stuart. Giorgio, brother of Lord Walton, brings his niece the news that her father has agreed that she shall marry Arturo, who is now admitted to the fortress. Within the walls is Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I, who is under sentence of death. Arturo assists the august prisoner to escape, disguised as Elvira. Believing that she has been deserted by her lover, Elvira becomes insane. Meantime Arturo, proscribed by Parliament, is in grave danger. Giorgio then appeals to the generosity of Ricardo, who agrees that he will induce the Parliamentary leaders to pardon Arturo, provided he is taken unarmed. Arturo returns to the fortress to explain his disappearance to Elvira, and is captured. The news of his pardon arrives in time, however, and the young people are restored to happiness.

The music of this opera is considered by good judges of this form of composition to belong with Bellini's best achievements. It is rich in varied melodies, and the chorus of Puritans, with which the first act concludes, is full of strength and animation.

DAS RHEINGOLD
(The Rhinegold)

First Division of the Music-Drama "Der Ring des Nibelungen" (The Ring of the Nibelungs) by Richard Wagner.

AS first conceived, Wagner's great "festival play in three days" was a trilogy based on the mythology of the Norse and German peoples. As was usual with him, Wagner took a poet's liberties with the old legends. "Das Rheingold," written as the result of an afterthought, to serve as a "fore-evening," made of the group a tetralogy—"Das Rheingold," "Die Walküre," "Siegfried," and "Götterdämmerung"—which stands as the most perfect embodiment of Wagner's art-theories, and, with the exception of "Parsifal," his last work.

The first scene is laid in the very depths of the Rhine, where we see three nymphs frolicking in the water. They are the guardians of the Rhinegold, which glimmers on a rock.

Alberich, a Nibelung, highly charmed by their grace and beauty, tries to make love to each one of them alternately. As he is an ugly dwarf, they at first allure and then deride him, gliding away as soon as he comes near, and laughing at him. Discovering their mockery at last, he swears vengeance. He sees the Rhinegold shining brightly, and asks the nymphs what it means. They tell him of its wonderful qualities, which would render the owner all-powerful if he should form it into a ring and forswear love.

Alberich, listening attentively, all at once climbs the rock, and before the frightened nymphs can cry for help, has grasped the treasure and disappeared. Darkness comes on; the scene changes into an open district on mountain heights. In the background we see a grand castle, which the rising sun illumines. Wotan, the father of the gods, and Fricka, his wife, are slumbering on the ground. Awakening, their eyes fall on the castle for the first time. It is Valhalla, the palace which the giants have built for them at Wotan's bidding. As a reward for their services they are to obtain Freya, the goddess of youth; but already Wotan repents of his promise and forms plans with his wife to save her lovely sister. The giants Fafner and Fasolt enter to claim their reward. While they negotiate, Loge, the god of fire, comes up, relates the history of Alberich's theft of the Rhinegold, and tells Wotan of the gold's power. Wotan decides to rob the dwarf, promising the treasure to the giants, who consent to accept it in Freya's stead. But they distrust the gods and take Freya with them as a pledge. As soon as she disappears the beautiful gods seem old and gray and wrinkled, for the golden apples to which Freya attends and of which the gods partake daily to be forever youthful, wither as soon as she is gone. Then Wotan, without any further delay, starts for Nibelheim with Loge, justifying his intention by saying that the gold is stolen property. They disappear in a cleft and we find ourselves in a subterranean cavern, the abode of the Nibelungs.

Alberich has forced his brother Mime to forge a Tarnhelm for him, which renders its wearer invisible. Mime vainly tries to keep it for himself; Alberich, the possessor of the all-powerful ring which he himself

formed, takes it by force and making himself invisible strikes Mime with a whip until the latter is half dead. Wotan and Loge, hearing his complaints, promise to help him. Alberich, coming forth again, is greatly flattered by Wotan and dexterously led on to show his might. He first changes himself into an enormous snake and then into a toad. Wotan quickly puts his foot on it, while Loge seizes the Tarnhelm. Alberich, becoming suddenly visible in his real shape, is bound and led away captive. The gods return to the mountain heights of the second scene, where Alberich is compelled to part with all his treasures, which are brought by the dwarfs. He is even obliged to leave the ring, which Wotan intends to keep for himself. With a dreadful curse upon the possessor of the ring Alberich flees.

When the giants reappear with Freya, the treasures are heaped before her; they are to cover her entirely, so it is decided, and not before will she be free. When all the gold has been piled up, and even the Tarnhelm thrown on the hoard, Fasolt still sees Freya's eye shine through it, and at last Wotan, who is most unwilling to part with the ring, is induced to do so by Erda, goddess of the earth, who appears to him and warns him. Now the pledge is kept and Freya is released. The giants quarrel over the possession of the ring and Fafner kills Fasolt, thereby fulfilling Alberich's curse. With lightened hearts the gods cross the rainbow bridge and enter Valhalla, while the songs and wailings of the Rhine nymphs are heard, imploring the restitution of their lost treasure.

RIGOLETTO

Opera in three acts by Giuseppe Verdi.
Text by Piave from Victor Hugo's drama "Le roi s'amuse."

THE Duke of Mantua, a wild and debauched youth, covets every girl or woman he sees, and is assisted in his vile purposes by his jester, Rigoletto, an ugly, humpbacked man. We meet him first helping the Duke to seduce the wife of Count Ceprano, and afterward the wife of Count Monterone. Both husbands curse the vile Rigoletto and swear to be avenged. Monterone especially, appearing like a ghost in the midst of a festival, hurls such a fearful curse at them that Rigoletto shudders.

This bad man has one tender point, it is his blind love for his beautiful daughter Gilda, whom he brings up carefully, keeping her hidden from the world and shielding her from all wickedness. But the cunning Duke discovers her and gains her love under the assumed name of a student named Gualtier Maldé.

Gilda is finally carried off by Ceprano and two other courtiers, aided by her own father, who holds the ladder believing that Count Ceprano's wife is to be the victim. A mask blinds Rigoletto and he discovers, too late, by Gilda's cries that he has been duped. Gilda is brought to the Duke's palace. Rigoletto appears in the midst of the courtiers to claim Gilda, and then they hear that she, whom they believed to be his mistress, is his daughter, for whose honor he is willing to sacrifice everything. Gilda enters and, though she sees that she has been deceived, she implores her father to pardon the Duke, whom she still loves. But Rigoletto vows vengeance, and engages Sparafucile to stab the Duke. Sparafucile decoys him into his inn, where his sister Maddalena awaits him. She too is enamored of the Duke, who makes love to her as to all young females, and she entreats her brother to have mercy on him. Sparafucile declares that he will wait until midnight, and will spare him if another victim should turn up before then. Meanwhile Rigoletto persuades his daughter to fly from the Duke's pursuit, but before he takes her away he wants to show her lover's fickleness in order to cure her of her love.

She comes to the inn in masculine attire, and, hearing the discourse between Sparafucile and his sister, resolves to save her lover. She enters the inn and is instantly put to death, placed in a sack, and given to Rigoletto, who proceeds to the river to dispose of the corpse. At this instant he hears the voice of the Duke, who passes by, singing a frivolous tune. Terrified, Rigoletto opens the sack and recognizes his daughter, who is yet able to tell him that she gave her life for that of her seducer, and then expires. With an awful cry the unhappy father sinks upon the corpse. Count Monterone's curse has been fulfilled.

ROBERT LE DIABLE

(Robert the Devil)

Opera in five acts by Giacomo Meyerbeer.
Text by Scribe and Delavigne.

ROBERT, Duke of Normandy, has a friend of gloomy exterior named Bertram, with whom he travels but to whose evil influence he owes much trouble and sorrow. Without knowing it himself, Robert is the son of this erring knight, who is an inhabitant of hell. During his wanderings on earth he seduced Bertha, daughter of the Duke of Normandy, whose offspring Robert is. This youth is very wild and has, therefore, been banished from his country. Arriving in Sicily, Isabella, the King's daughter, and he fall mutually in love.

In the first act we find Robert in Palermo surrounded by other knights, to whom a young countryman of his, Raimbaut, tells the story of "Robert de Diable" and his fiendish father; warning everybody against them. Robert, giving his name, is about to deliver the unhappy Raimbaut to the hangman, when the peasant is saved by his bride Alice, Robert's foster-sister. She has come to Palermo by order of Robert's deceased mother, who sends her last will to her son in case he should change his bad habits and prove himself worthy. Robert, feeling that he is not likely to do this, begs Alice to keep it for him. He confides in the innocent maiden, and she promises to reason with Isabella, whom Robert has irritated by his jealousy, and who has banished him from her presence.

As a recompense for her service Alice asks Robert's permission to marry Raimbaut. Seeing Robert's friend, Bertram, she recognizes the latter's likeness to Satan, whom she saw in a picture, and instinctively shrinks from him. When she leaves her master, Bertram induces his friend to try his fortune with the dice and he loses all.

In the second act we are introduced into the palace of Isabella, who laments Robert's inconstancy. Alice

enters, bringing Robert's letter, and he instantly follows to crave his mistress's pardon. She presents him with a new suit of armor, and he consents to meet the Prince of Granada in mortal combat. But Bertram lures him away by deceiving him with a phantom. Robert vainly seeks the Prince in the forest, and the Prince of Granada is in his absence victorious in the tournament and obtains Isabella's hand.

The third act opens with a view of the rocks of St. Irene, where Alice hopes to be united with Raimbaut. The peasant expects his bride, but meets Bertram instead, who makes him forget Alice by giving him gold and dangerous advice. Raimbaut goes away to spend the money, while Bertram descends to the evil spirits in the deep. When Alice comes Raimbaut is gone, and she hears the demons calling for Bertram. Bertram extracts a promise from her not to betray the dreadful secret of the cavern. She clings to the Saviour's cross for protection, and is about to be destroyed by Bertram, when Robert approaches, to whom she decides to reveal all. But Bertram's renewed threats at last oblige her to leave them.

Bertram now profits by Robert's rage and despair at the loss of his bride, his wealth, and his honor to draw him on to entire destruction. He tells Robert that his rival used magic arts, and suggests that he should try the same expedient. Then he leads him to a ruined cloister, where he resuscitates the guilty nuns. They try to seduce Robert first by drink, then by gambling, and last of all by love. In the last Helena, the most beautiful of the nuns, succeeds and makes him remove the cypress-branch, a talisman, by which in the fourth act he enters Isabella's apartment unseen. He awakes his bride out of her magic sleep to carry her off, but overcome by her fears and her appeal to his honor, he breaks the talisman and is seized by the now awakened soldiers; but Bertram appears and takes him under his protection.

The fifth act opens with a chorus sung by monks, which is followed by a prayer for mercy. Robert, concealed in the vestibule of the cathedral, hears it full of contrition. But Bertram is with him, and, his term on earth being short, he confides to Robert the secret of his birth and appeals to him as his father.

He almost succeeds, when Alice comes up, bringing the news that the Prince of Granada renounces Isabella's hand, being unable to pass the threshold of the church. Bertram urges Robert all the more vehemently to become one with him, suggesting that Isabella is likewise lost to him, who has transgressed the laws of the Church, when in the last extremity Alice produces his mother's will, in which she warns him against Bertram, entreating him to save his soul. Then at last his good angel is victorious, his demon father vanishes into the earth, and Robert, united by prayer to the others, is restored to a life of peace and goodness.

Although in "Robert le Diable" Meyerbeer worked with a text in many ways defective, he made it serve his purpose by means of his musical effects. The music itself, though often strong and brilliant, is felt to lack depth and earnestness; but, notwithstanding this, the opera is recognized as having a distinct place in the history of musical development, where it marks a stage of progress from the bondage of conventionality.

LE ROI L'A DIT
(The King Has Said It)

Comic Opera in three acts by Clément P. L. Delibes. Text by Gondinet.

THE Marquis de Moncontour has long wished to be presented to the King Louis XIV, and as he has been fortunate enough to catch the escaped paroquet of Mme. de Maintenon, he is at last to have his wish accomplished. By way of preparation for his audience he tries to learn the latest mode of bowing, his own being somewhat antiquated, and the Marquise and her four lovely daughters and even Javotte, the nice little ladies' maid, assist him. After many failures the old gentleman succeeds in making his bow to his own satisfaction, and he is put into a litter and borne off, followed by his people's benedictions. When they are gone Benoit, a young peasant, comes to see Javotte, who is his sweetheart. He wishes to enter the Marquis's service. Javotte thinks him too awkward, but she promises to intercede in his favor with Miton, a dancing-master, who enters just as Benoit disappears. He has instructed the graceful Javotte in all the arts and graces of the noble world, and when he rehearses the steps and all the nice little tricks of his art with her, he is so delighted with his pupil that he pronounces her manners worthy of a princess; but when Javotte tells him that she loves a peasant he is filled with disgust and orders her away.

Miton's real pupils, the four lovely daughters of the Marquis, now enter, and while the lesson goes on Miton hands a billet-doux from some lover to each of them. The two elder, Agathe and Chimene, are just in the act of reading theirs when they hear a serenade outside, and shortly afterward the two lovers are standing in the room, having taken their way through the window. The Marquis Flarembel and his friend, the Marquis de la Bluette, are just making a most ardent declaration of love when Mme. la Marquise enters to present to her elder daughters the two bridegrooms she has chosen for them. The young men hide behind the ample dresses of the young ladies, and all begin to sing with great zeal, Miton beating the measure, so that some time elapses before the Marquise is able to state her errand. Of course her words excite great terror, the girls flying to the other side of the room with their lovers and receiving the two elderly suitors, Baron de Merlussac and Gautru, a rich old financier, with great coolness and a refusal of their costly gifts. When the suitors are gone the two young strangers are detected, and the angry mother decides at once to send her daughters to a convent, from which they shall only issue on their wedding day.

When they have departed in a most crestfallen condition, the old Marquis returns from his audience with the King and relates its astounding results. His Majesty had been so peremptory in his questioning about the Marquis's son and heir that the Marquis, losing his presence of mind, promised to present his son at court on the King's demand. The only question now is where to find a son to adopt, as the Marquis has only four daughters. Miton, the ever useful, at once presents Benoit to the parents, engaging himself to drill the peasant into a nice cavalier in ten lessons. Benoit

takes readily to his new position; he is fitted out at once, and when the merchants come, offering their best in cloth and finery, he treats them with an insolence worthy of the proudest seigneur. He even turns from his sweetheart Javotte.

In the second act Benoit, dressed like the finest cavalier, gives a masked ball in his father's gardens. Half Versailles is invited, but he has made the mistake of inviting many people who have long been dead. Those who do appear seem to him to be very insipid, and wanting some friends with whom he can enjoy himself, the useful Miton presents the Marquises de la Bluette and de Flarembel, who are delighted to make the acquaintance of their sweethearts' brother.

Benoit hears from them that he has four charming sisters who have been sent to a convent, and he at once promises to assist his new friends. Meanwhile Javotte appears in the mask of an Oriental queen and Benoit makes love to her, but he is very much stupefied when she takes off her mask and he recognizes Javotte. She laughingly turns away from him, when the good-for-nothing youth's new parents appear to reproach him with his levity. But Benoit, nothing daunted, rushes away, telling the Marquis that he intends to visit his sisters in the convent. Miton tries in vain to recall him. Then the two old suitors of Agathe and Chimene appear to complain that their deceased wife and grandmother were invited, and while the Marquis explains his son's mistake the four daughters rush in, having been liberated by their lovers and their unknown brother, whom they greet with a fondness very shocking to the old Marchioness. The elderly suitors withdraw, swearing to take vengeance on the inopportune brother.

In the last act Benoit appears in his father's house in a somewhat dilapidated state. He has spent the night among gay companions and met Gautru and Merlussac successively, who have both fought him and believe they have killed him, Benoit having feigned to be dead.

When the old Marquis enters he is very much astonished at receiving two letters of condolence from his daughters' suitors. Miton appears in mourning, explaining that Mme. de Maintenon's visit being expected they must all wear dark colors, as she prefers these. Meanwhile Benoit has had an interview with Javotte, in which he declares his love to be undiminished, and he at once asks his father to give him Javotte as his wife, threatening to reveal the Marquis's deceit to the King if his request is not granted. In the dilemma help comes in the persons of the two young Marquises, who present their King's condolences to old Moncontour. This gentleman hears to his great relief that his son is supposed to have fallen in a duel and he is disposed of. Nobody is happier than Javotte, who now claims Benoit for her own, while the Marquis, who receives a duke's title from the King in compensation for his loss, gladly gives his two elder daughters to their young and noble lovers.

The girls, well aware that they owe their happiness to their adopted brother, are glad to provide him with ample means for his marriage with Javotte, and the affair ends to everybody's satisfaction. The opera throughout is replete with musical delights that have called forth the highest praise.

ROMÉO ET JULIETTE

Opera in five acts by Charles François Gounod.
Text by Barbier and Carré.

THE first act takes place in the palace of the Capulets, where a masked ball is being held. Roméo, a Montague, meets the daughter of his unwilling host, and they love each other at sight. Tybalt, Capulet's nephew, recognizes in Roméo the enemy of his race, and drags Juliette away, but is prevented from attacking Roméo by Capulet himself. In the second act we have the familiar garden scene, the lovers breathing their sighs in sweetest music. In the third act the lovers are united by Friar Laurent, but Roméo, involved in combat with Tybalt, kills his adversary. The fourth act reveals the parting of the lovers, for Roméo has been banished from the city. Juliette's father insists on her marriage to the Count of Paris, and the good friar contrives to aid her to escape. In the last act, seeing Juliette apparently dead, Roméo takes poison. When Juliette, whose death has only been simulated, awakes to find her beloved dying, she resolves to join him, and with her death the opera ends.

SALOME

Opera in one act by Richard Strauss.

STRAUSS'S text of this opera is adapted from the drama with the same title by Oscar Wilde. Though the principal characters are Biblical, the story is not, for Salome is represented as loving John the Baptist, and as demanding his "head on a charger" only after the prophet has scorned her wiles and seductions. Its one great spectacular feature is the "Dance of the Seven Veils," by means of which Salome obtains from Herod his promise to grant whatever request she may prefer. Following this, Salome receives the bloody head from the hands of the executioner, and rapturously kisses the dead lips. Even Herod is unable to support this spectacle, and by his orders the soldiers crush the woman to death with their shields.

"Salome" was first performed in Dresden, December 5, 1905. Two years later it was produced by Heinrich Conried for his own benefit at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. It was gorgeously mounted, but the impression created was so unfavorable that the owners of the opera house gave orders to Conried that it should not be repeated. In 1908-09 it was presented at the Manhattan Opera House, New York. The impresario was not, however, permitted to give the work in Boston.

SAMSON ET DALILA

(Samson and Delilah)

Opera in three acts by Charles Camille Saint-Saëns.
Text by Lemaire.

THE libretto is Biblical; the scene is laid in Gaza, in Palestine, 1150 years before Christ. In the first act the Israelites, groaning under the yoke of the Philistines, pray to God for deliverance. They are derided and insulted by Abi Melech, satrap of Gaza. Samson, unable longer to endure the blasphemy hurled by the

heathen against the God of Israel, rises up in mighty wrath, and so inspires his brethren that they suddenly take up arms, and precipitating themselves on their unsuspecting oppressors, first slay Abi Melech and then rout the whole army of the Philistines.

The high priest of the heathen god Dagon, finding his friend slain, vows to be avenged upon the Israelites, but he is deserted by all his companions, who flee before Samson's wrath.

In the next scene the Israelites return victorious and are greeted with triumphant songs and offerings of flowers. Even the Philistine Delilah, the rose of Sharon, receives them with her maidens, and pays homage to the hero Samson. Delilah had enthralled him once before, and again her beauty causes him very nearly to forget his people and his duty; but an aged Israelite implores him not to listen any more to the arts and wiles of the enchantress.

In the second act Delilah has an interview with the high priest, whom she promises to avenge her people by winning Samson's love once more. She proudly refuses the reward which the high priest offers her, for it is her bitter hatred against the hero, who once loved and then forsook her, which prompts her to ruin him and to force from him by every means in her power the secret of his strength.

When the high priest has left her, Samson comes down the steep mountain path, drawn to Delilah's house against his will. She receives him with the greatest tenderness, and once more her beauty and her tears assert their power over him, so that he sinks at her feet and falters out his love for her. In vain she tries to lure his secret from him. At last she leaves with words of contempt and enters the house. This proves his undoing. Goaded beyond earthly power, he rushes after her and seals his fate. After a while the Philistines surround the house and Delilah herself delivers her unfortunate lover, whom she has deprived of his strength by cutting off his locks, into the hands of his foes.

In the third act we find Samson in prison. Bereft of his eyesight, he has to turn the heavy mill. From the outside the wailings and reproaches of his Israelite brethren are heard, who have again been subjugated by their foes. Bitterly repentant, Samson implores God to take his life as the price of his people's deliverance.

In the last scene he is led away to Dagon's temple, there to be present at the festival of the Philistines, celebrated with great pomp in honor of their victory.

On the conclusion, after an exquisite ballet, Delilah presents a golden cup to the blind hero, and jeers at him for having been fool enough to believe in her love for him, the enemy of her country. Samson maintains silence, but when they order him to sacrifice at Dagon's shrine he whispers to the child who is guiding him to lead him to the pillars of the temple.

This being done, he loudly invokes the God of Israel, seizes the pillars, and tears them down with a mighty crash, burying the Philistines under the ruins of the temple.

"Samson et Dalila," in which Saint-Saëns is seen at his best, has oftener been given in concert than in opera form. It was first heard in this country in oratorio form. For many years the work was unsuccessful, but has finally taken its place among standard operas.

SIEGFRIED

Second day of the Nibelungen Ring by Richard Wagner. Musical Drama in three acts.

THE first act represents a part of the forest where Fafner guards the Rhinegold and where Sieglinde has found refuge. We find her son Siegfried—to whom, when she was dying, she gave birth—in the rocky cave of Mime the Nibelung (brother of Alberich), who has brought up the child as his own, knowing that he is destined to slay Fafner and to gain the ring, which he covets for himself. Siegfried, the brave and innocent boy, instinctively shrinks from this father, who is so ugly, so mean and vulgar, while he has a deep longing for his dead mother, whom he never knew. He gives vent to these feelings in impatient questions about her. The dwarf answers unwillingly and gives him the broken pieces of the old sword Nothung (needful), which his mother left as the only precious remembrance of Siegfried's father. Siegfried asks Mime to forge the fragments afresh, while he rushes away into the woods.

During his absence Wotan comes to Mime in the guise of a wanderer. Mime, though he knows him not, fears him and would fain drive him away. Finally he puts three questions to his guest. The first is the name of the race which lives in earth's deepest depths, the second the name of those who live on earth's back, and the third that of those who live above the clouds. Of course Wotan answers them all, redeeming his head and shelter thereby; but now it is his turn to put three questions. He first asks what race it is that Wotan loves most, though he dealt hardly with them, and Mime answers rightly that they are the Wälsungs, whose son Siegfried is; then Wotan asks after the sword which is to make Siegfried victorious. Mime joyously names "Nothung," but when Wotan asks him who is to unite the pieces he is in great embarrassment, for he remembers his task and perceives too late what question he ought to have asked. Wotan leaves him, telling him that only that man can forge it who never knew fear. Siegfried, finding the sword still in fragments when he returns, melts these in fire, and easily forges them together to Mime's great awe, for he sees now that this boy is the one whom the stranger has meant.

In the second act we see the opening of Fafner's cavern, where Alberich keeps watch for the dragon's slayer, so long predicted. Wotan, approaching, warns him that Alberich's brother Mime has brought up the boy who is to slay Fafner in the hope of gaining Alberich's ring, the wondrous qualities of which are unknown to Siegfried. Wotan awakes Fafner, the dragon, telling him that his slayer is coming.

Mime, who has led Siegfried to this part of the forest under the pretext of teaching him fear, approaches now, and Siegfried, eager for combat, kills the dreadful worm. Accidentally tasting the blood, he all at once understands the language of the birds. They tell him to seek for the Tarnhelm and for the ring, which he finds in the cavern. Meanwhile, the brothers, Alberich and Mime, quarrel over the treasure which they hope to gain. When Siegfried returns with ring and helmet, he is again warned by the voice of a woodbird not to trust in Mime. Having tasted the dragon's

blood, Siegfried is enabled to probe Mime's innermost thoughts, and so he learns that Mime means to poison him in order to obtain the treasure. He then kills the traitor with a single stroke. Stretching himself under the linden-tree to repose after that day's hard work, he again hears the voice of the wood-bird, which tells him of a glorious bride sleeping on a rock surrounded by fire; and flying before him, the bird shows Siegfried the way to the spot.

In the third act we find Wotan once more awakening Erda, to seek her counsel as to how best to avert the doom which he sees coming, but she is less wise than he, and so he decides to let fate have its course. When he sees Siegfried coming he, for the last time, tries to oppose him by barring the way to Brünnhilde, but the sword Nothung splits the god's spear. Seeing that his power avails him nothing, he retires to Valhalla, there to await the "Twilight of the Gods."

Siegfried plunges through the fire, awakes the Valkyr, and after a long resistance wins the proud virgin.

LA SONNAMBULA
(The Sleep-Walker)

Opera in two acts by Vincenzo Bellini.
Text by Romani.

THE scene of action is a village in Switzerland, where the rich farmer Elvino has married a poor orphan, Amina. The ceremony has taken place at the magistrate's, and Elvino is about to obtain the sanction of the Church to his union, when the owner of the castle, Count Rodolfo, who fled from home in his boyhood, returns most unexpectedly and, at once making love to Amina, excites the bridegroom's jealousy. Lisa, the young owner of a little inn, who wants Elvino for herself and disdains the devotion of Alessio, a simple peasant, tries to avenge herself on her happy rival. Lisa is a coquette and flirts with the Count, whom the judge recognizes. While she yet prates with him, the door opens and Amina enters, walking in her sleep and calling for Elvino. Lisa conceals herself, but forgets her handkerchief. The Count, seeing Amina's condition and awed by her purity, quits the room, where Amina lies down, always in deep sleep. Just then the people, having heard of the Count's arrival, come to greet him and find Amina instead. At the same moment Elvino, summoned by Lisa, rushes in, and finding his bride in the Count's room, turns away from her in disdain, snatching his wedding ring from her finger in his wrath, and utterly disbelieving Amina's protestations of innocence and the Count's assurances. Lisa succeeds in attracting Elvino's notice and he promises to marry her.

The Count once more tries to persuade the angry bridegroom of his bride's innocence, but without result, when Teresa, Amina's foster-mother, shows Lisa's handkerchief, which was found in the Count's room. Lisa reddens, and Elvino knows not whom he shall believe, when all of a sudden Amina is seen emerging from a window of the mill, walking in a trance and calling for her bridegroom in most touching accents.

All are convinced of her innocence, when they see her in this state of somnambulism, in which she crosses a very narrow bridge without falling.

Elvino himself replaces the wedding ring on her finger, and she awakes from her trance in his arms. Everybody is happy at the turn which things have taken; Elvino asks Amina's forgiveness and leaves Lisa to her own bitter reflections.

TANNHÄUSER

Romantic Opera in three acts by Richard Wagner.

WAGNER took his subject from an old legend, which tells of a minstrel called Tannhäuser (probably identical with Heinrich von Ofterdingen), who won all prizes by his beautiful songs and all hearts by his noble bearing. So the palm is allotted to him at the yearly "Tournament of Minstrels" on the Wartburg, and his reward is to be the hand of Elisabeth, niece of the Landgrave of Thuringia, whom he loves. But instead of behaving sensibly, this erring knight suddenly disappears nobody knows where, leaving his bride in sorrow and anguish. He falls into the hands of Venus, who holds court in the Hörselberg near Eisenach, and Tannhäuser, at the opening of the first scene, has already passed a whole year with her.

At length Tannhäuser has grown tired of sensual love and pleasure, and, notwithstanding Venus's allurements, he leaves her, vowing never to return to the goddess, but to expiate his sins by a holy life. He returns to the charming vale behind the Wartburg, where he hears again the singing of the birds, the shepherds playing on the flute, and the pious songs of the pilgrims on their way to Rome. Full of repentance, he kneels down and prays, when suddenly the Landgrave appears with some minstrels, among them Wolfram von Eschenbach, Tannhäuser's best friend. They greet their long-lost companion, who, however, cannot tell where he has been all the time, and as Wolfram reminds him of Elisabeth, Tannhäuser returns with the party to the Wartburg.

It is just the anniversary of the Tournament of Minstrels, and in the second act we find Elisabeth with Tannhäuser, who craves her pardon and is warmly welcomed by her. The high prize for the best song is again to be Elisabeth's hand, and Tannhäuser resolves to win her once more. The Landgrave chooses "love" as the subject whose nature is to be explained by the minstrels. Every one is called by name, and Wolfram von Eschenbach begins, praising love as a well, deep and pure, a source of the highest and most sacred feeling. Others follow: Walter von der Vogelweide praises the virtue of love, every minstrel celebrates spiritual love alone.

But Tannhäuser, who has been in Venus's fetters, sings of another love, warmer and more passionate, but sensual. And when the others remonstrate, he loudly praises Venus, the goddess of heathen love. All stand aghast; they recognize now where he has been so long; he is about to be put to death, when Elisabeth prays for him. She loves him dearly and hopes to save his soul from eternal perdition. Tannhäuser is to join a party of pilgrims on their way to Rome, there to crave for the Pope's pardon.

In the third act we see the pilgrims return from their journey. Elisabeth anxiously expects her lover, but he is not among them. Fervently she prays to the

WAGNER'S VISION OF HIS OPERATIC CHARACTERS

From a Painting

Holy Virgin; but not that a faithful lover may be given back to her—rather that he may be pardoned and his immortal soul saved. Wolfram is beside her; he loves the maiden, but he has no thought for himself; he only feels for her whose life he sees ebbing swiftly away, and for his unhappy friend.

Presently, when Elisabeth is gone, Tannhäuser comes up in pilgrim's garb. He has passed a hard journey, full of sacrifices and castigation, and all in vain, for the Pope has rejected him. He has been told in hard words that he is forever damned and will as little get deliverance from his grievous sin as the stick in his hand will ever bear green leaves afresh.

Full of despair, Tannhäuser is returning to seek Venus, whose siren songs already fall alluringly on his ear. Wolfram entreats him to fly, and when Tannhäuser fails to listen he utters Elisabeth's name. At this moment a procession descends from the Wartburg chanting a funeral song over an open bier. Elisabeth lies on it dead, and Tannhäuser sinks on his knee beside her, crying, "Holy Elisabeth, pray for me." Then Venus disappears and all at once the withered stick begins to bud and blossom, and Tannhäuser, pardoned, expires at the side of his beloved.

"Tannhäuser" was represented at the Dresden Theater, in June, 1890, according to Wagner's changes of arrangement, done by him in Paris, 1861, for the Grand Opera, by order of Napoleon III. This arrangement the composer acknowledged as the only correct one.

These alterations were limited to the first scene in the mysterious abode of Venus, and Wagner's motives for the changes become clearly apparent when it is remembered that the simple form of "Tannhäuser" was composed in the years 1843 and 1845, in and near Dresden, at a time when there were neither means nor taste in Germany for such high-flown scenes as those which excited Wagner's brain. Afterward success rendered Wagner bolder, and he endowed the person of Venus with more dramatic power and thereby threw a vivid light on the great attraction she exercises on Tannhäuser. The decorations are by far richer, and a ballet of sirens and fauns was added, a concession which Wagner had to make to the Parisian taste. Venus's part, now sung by the first prima donnas, has considerably gained by the alterations, and the first scene is far more interesting than before, but it is to be regretted that the Tournament of Minstrels has been shortened and particularly the fine song of Walter von der Vogelweide omitted by Wagner. All else is as of old, as indeed Elisabeth's part needed nothing to add to her purity and loveliness, which stand out now in even bolder relief against the beautiful but sensual part of Venus.

THAÏS

Opera in four acts by Jules Massenet.
Text by Gallet.

PERHAPS the most popular of all Massenet's lyric dramas, certainly the best known outside of France itself, is this, which has the advantage of an excellent libretto, founded upon a novel of great appeal. The scene is laid in Egypt in the stormy period when Christianity was battling for supremacy with paganism. Athanael and other monks, presided over by Palemon, have retired to the desert for a life of meditation and prayer, and the rising curtain reveals these holy men at their evening meal—all but Athanael, who has been in Alexandria for the brethren. Palemon has seen Athanael in a vision, and as he tells the monks that their brother is returning, the weary traveler enters. After an exchange of greetings, he tells the monks that Alexandria is given over to sin, and ruled by Thaïs, an infamous priestess of Venus, whom he had known before his conversion. Palemon sagely advises the brothers to forget the world in seeking out their own salvation.

Night falls, and in a dream Athanael sees Thaïs enacting the rôle of Aphrodite in the theater at Alexandria. The mob applauds the lovely priestess, who redoubles her efforts to charm. With the coming of the dawn the vision fades and Athanael wakes. Impressed by what he has seen, he declares that he will return to Alexandria and make of Thaïs a Christian convert. Vainly do Palemon and the monks seek to dissuade him. In the next scene we find Athanael in Alexandria, a guest in the palace of his old friend Nicias, who causes him to be newly robed and perfumed, but laughs at his idea of converting Thaïs. Then comes the priestess herself, surrounded by her admirers, and when she asks who Athanael is, and learns his mission, she too is amused, and is preparing to enact for Athanael's edification the scene which he had beheld in his dreams. Filled with loathing, Athanael rushes from the palace.

In the second act Thaïs, worn with pleasure and unhappy, kneels before the shrine of Venus, beseeching the goddess to grant her eternal beauty. Athanael comes to preach the faith of the Redeemer; but though Thaïs listens with interest, and denies herself to Nicias, the latest of her lovers, she is unconvinced. Athanael tells her that he will await her coming with the rising of the sun, and retires, meaning to spend the night in prayer before her door. Then, after an interlude by the orchestra, the scene shifts, and Athanael is shown reclining on the portico of Thaïs's house. He is aroused by Thaïs herself, who tells him that she has prayed, has wept, and having seen the nothingness of pleasure, has come in obedience to his commands. Athanael takes from Thaïs a statuette of Cupid, the one memento she has brought with her, dashes it to the ground, and bids her follow him to a convent presided over by Albine, a daughter of the Cæsars, who has embraced the religious life. Before they can depart, Nicias, who has just won a fortune at the gaming-table, brings in a party of friends to celebrate the occasion, and all are incensed at the thought of losing their favorite priestess. They attack Athanael, but their attention is distracted by flames issuing from the palace of Thaïs, who had fired it before leaving, and then Nicias adds to the confusion by flinging handfuls of gold into the street. In the scramble for money which follows, Athanael and his convert escape.

In the third act we are shown an oasis in the desert, the abode of the Christian sisterhood of whom Albine is the head. Almost at her journey's end, Thaïs faints from fatigue. Athanael kisses her feet, wounded as they are, then brings her water and fruit. The nuns enter, chanting their prayers, and when they have wel-

comed Thaïs she bids farewell to Athanael, whom she hopes to meet again in heaven. Then the stage picture changes, again showing the monastery in the Thebaid. Athanael has touched neither food nor drink for twenty days. As Palemon expresses it, "The triumph he has won over hell has broken him, body and soul." Athanael confesses to Palemon that he is haunted perpetually by thoughts of Thaïs, to which Palemon can only reply that he had warned Athanael not to meddle with the affairs of the world.

Again the vision of Thaïs appears to Athanael, but this time she seems to be dying, surrounded by the mournful sisterhood of the oasis. Then Athanael rushes into the night, crying as he goes that a single caress from Thaïs is more than all the delights of heaven.

In the fourth act Athanael, arriving at Albine's convent, is welcomed by the nuns, who assume that he is there to give the final benediction to Thaïs, and they describe her as a saint. The former priestess of Venus in her last moments feels the beatitudes of the Christian heaven, and is oblivious to the passionate appeal of Athanael. She dies, and with a terrible outburst of grief Athanael falls to his knees beside her.

TIEFLAND

Opera in three acts, with a prologue, by Eugen d'Albert.
Text by Lothar.

UNTIL this opera was produced in New York, the composer was known in America only as a pianist. Earlier works for the stage, while not unsuccessful, had their vogue chiefly in Germany, but "Tiefland," first performed in Berlin in 1908, was immediately claimed for the world at large. The book is based on the Catalonian play by Angel Guimera known as "Terra Baixa."

In the prologue Pedro is tending his sheep in the highlands of the Pyrenees, and when Sebastiano, his master, promises him wealth and a pretty bride in the person of Marta, a damsel from the plains, he is delighted.

In the first act the scene shifts to the lowlands, where preparations have been made for the wedding. Pedro, dazed by the change in his fortunes, and deeply in love with Marta, fails to note the jeering attitude of the villagers, and not until after the ceremony has taken place does he learn the truth. Marta, who has felt for him only contempt, experiences a complete revulsion of feeling at his profound depression when she has told her story. Daughter of a strolling player, she has aroused the admiration of Sebastiano, who bought her from her father by giving him a mill which would afford an easy living. This relationship, a common scandal in the village, had continued until Sebastiano found an opportunity of marrying a wealthy heiress. Then, as a means of freeing himself, Sebastiano had determined to provide a husband for Marta, and Pedro had been the unsuspecting victim. Enraged against his wife, Pedro becomes calmer as he realizes that she too has been the victim of Sebastiano, and he determines to revenge her as well as himself.

Sebastiano, who has never meant to relinquish his claims on Marta, comes to her home as boldly as ever, and though Marta repulses him, and calls on Pedro to protect her, the peasants who have accompanied Sebastiano eject the husband from the house, then leave Marta and Sebastiano together. Marta faints away, but recovers herself a moment later as Tommaso enters to say to Sebastiano that he has already denounced him to the family of his prospective bride.

In the third act Sebastiano, again alone with Marta, continues to force his unwelcome attentions on her, when Pedro returns. "Man to man!" cries Pedro, in whose hand a knife is gleaming. "I have no weapon," shouts Sebastiano in reply, as he seeks to escape from the house. "Then I need none," is Pedro's rejoinder, and flinging away his knife, he closes in on his former master, and after a desperate struggle succeeds in strangling him.

Meantime the noise of combat has again brought the villagers about the cottage, and they are clamoring for admittance. Having satisfied himself that Sebastiano is beyond earthly help, Pedro throws open the door, boldly proclaims his deed, then clasping his wife in his arms, leads her through the group of awestruck peasants. The lowlands shall know them no more, for in the pure surroundings of their mountain home they are to begin life anew.

LA TOSCA

Opera in three acts by Giacomo Puccini.
Text by Illica and Giacosa, after Sardou's drama.

THE scene is laid in Rome. The first act takes place in the church of Sant' Andrea alla Valle. Cesare Angelotti, a state prisoner, has escaped from jail and is hiding in a private chapel, of which his sister, the Lady Attavanti, has secretly sent him the key. When he has disappeared from view the painter Mario Cavaradossi enters the church. He is engaged in painting a picture to represent Mary Magdalen. The canvas stands on a high easel, and the sacristan, who is prowling about, recognizes with scandalized amazement and indignation that the sacred picture resembles a beautiful lady who comes to pray daily in the church. The old man, after having left a basket with food for the painter, retires grumbling at this sacrilege.

When he is gone, Angelotti comes forward, and the painter, recognizing in the prisoner the consul of the late Roman Republic who is at the same time an intimate friend of his own, puts himself at his disposal; but, hearing the voice of his fiancée Tosca, who demands entrance, he begs the prisoner, a victim of the vile Scarpia, to retire into the chapel, giving him the refreshments which the sacristan has left.

At last he opens the church door, and Tosca, a famous singer, enters looking suspiciously around her, for she is of a jealous disposition. She begs her lover to wait for her at the stage door in the evening. He assents and tries to get rid of her, when her suspicions are reawakened by the sight of the picture, which she sees is a portrait of the Lady Attavanti. With difficulty he succeeds in persuading her of his undying love, and at last induces her to depart; he then enters the chapel and urges Angelotti to fly while the way is clear. The chapel opens into a deserted garden from

whence a foot-path leads to the painter's villa, in which there is a well now nearly dry. Into this well the painter advises Angelotti to descend if there is any danger of pursuit, as halfway down there is an opening leading to a secret cave, where his friend will be in perfect safety.

The Lady Attavanti had left a woman's clothes for her brother to wear as a disguise. He takes them up and turns to go when the report of a cannon tells him that his flight from the fortress is discovered. With sudden resolution Cavaradossi decides to accompany the fugitive to help him to escape from his terrible enemy.

In the next scene acolytes, scholars, and singers enter the church tumultuously. They have heard that Napoleon has been defeated, and all are shouting and laughing when Scarpia, the chief of the police, enters in search of the fugitive. Turning to the sacristan he demands to be shown the chapel of the Attavanti, which to the amazement of the sacristan is found open. It is empty, but Scarpia finds a fan, on which he perceives the arms of the Attavanti, then he sees the picture and hears that Tosca's lover Cavaradossi has painted it. The basket with food is also found empty. During the discussion that ensues Tosca enters, much astonished to find Scarpia here instead of her lover. The chief of the police awakens her jealousy by showing her the fan, which he pretends to have found on the scaffolding. Tosca, recognizing the arms of the Attavanti, is goaded almost to madness by the wily Scarpia. When she departs three spies are ordered to follow her.

The second act takes place in Scarpia's luxurious apartments in an upper story of the Farnese palace. Scarpia is expecting Tosca, who is to sing this evening at the Queen's festival. He has decided to take her for his mistress and to put her lover to death, as well as Angelotti, as soon as he has got hold of both. Spoletta, a police agent, informs his chief that he followed Tosca to a solitary villa, which she left again, alone, very soon after she had entered it.

Forcing his way into the villa, he had found only the painter Cavaradossi, whom he had at once arrested and brought to the palace. Cavaradossi, who is now brought in, denies resolutely any knowledge of the escaped prisoner. When Tosca enters he embraces her, whispering into her ear not to betray anything she has witnessed in his villa.

Meanwhile, Scarpia has called for Roberto, the executioner, and Mario is led into the torture-chamber that adjoins Scarpia's apartment. Scarpia vainly questions Tosca about her visit to the villa. She assures him that she found her lover alone. Then she hears her lover's groans, which are growing more fearful, the torture under Scarpia's directions being applied with more and more violence. In the intervals Mario, however, entreats Tosca to be silent, but at last she can bear no more and gasps, "In the well in the garden." Scarpia at once gives a signal to stop the torture and Mario is carried in fainting and covered with blood. When he comes to himself he hears Scarpia say to Spoletta, "In the well in the garden," and thereby finds out that Tosca has betrayed the unfortunate prisoner. While he turns from her in bitter grief and indignation, Sciarrone, a gendarme, enters and announces, in the greatest consternation, that the news of victory has proved false, Napoleon having beaten the Italian army at Marengo. Mario exults in the defeat of his enemy, but the latter turns to him with an evil smile and orders the gendarmes to take him away to his death. Tosca tries to follow him, but Scarpia detains her. Remaining alone with him she offers him all her treasures and at last kneels to him imploring him to save her lover. But the villain only shows her the scaffold which is being erected on the square below, swearing that he will save her lover only on condition that she will be his. Tosca turns shuddering from him. Spoletta now enters to announce that Angelotti, being found and taken, has killed himself, and that Mario is ready for death.

Now at last Tosca yields, Scarpia promising to liberate her lover at the price of her honor. He suggests, however, that Mario must be supposed dead, and that a farce must be acted, in which the prisoner is to pretend to fall dead while only blank cartridges will be used for firing. Tosca begs to be allowed to warn him herself, and Scarpia consents, and orders Spoletta to accompany her to the prison at four o'clock in the morning, after having given the spy private instruction to have Mario really shot after all. Spoletta retires, and Scarpia approaches Tosca to claim his reward. But she stops him, asking for a safe conduct for herself and her lover. While Scarpia is writing it Tosca seizes a knife from the table, while leaning against it, and hides the weapon behind her back. Scarpia seals the passport; then, opening his arms, he says: "Now, Tosca, mine at last." But he staggers back with an awful scream. Tosca has suddenly plunged the knife deep into his breast. Before he can call for help, death overtakes him, and Tosca, after having taken the passport from the clenched fist of the dead man, turns to fly.

The third act takes place on the platform of the castle Sant' Angelo. The jailer informs Mario Cavaradossi that he may ask for a last favor, having only one hour to live, and the captive begs to be allowed to send a last letter of farewell to his fiancée. The jailer assents, and Mario sits down to write, but soon the sweet recollections of the past overcome him. Tosca finds him in bitter tears, which soon give way to joy when she shows him her passport, granting a free pass to Tosca and to the chevalier who will accompany her.

When she tells him of the deadly deed she has done to procure it, he kisses the hands that were stained with blood for his sake. Then she informs him of the farce which is to be acted, and begs him to fall quite naturally after the first shot, and to remain motionless until she shall call him. After a while the jailer reminds them that the hour is over. The soldiers march up, and Tosca places herself to the left of the guard's room in order to face her lover. The latter refuses to have his eyes bandaged, and bravely stands erect before the soldiers. The officer lowers his sword, a report follows, and Tosca, seeing her lover fall, sends him a kiss. When one of the sergeants is about to give the *coup de grâce* to the fallen man, Spoletta prevents him, and covers Mario with a cloak. Tosca remains quiet until the last soldier has descended the steps of the staircase, then she runs to her lover, calling him to rise. As he does not move, she bends down to him and tears

the cloak off, but, with a terrible cry, she staggers back. Her lover is dead! She bewails him in the wildest grief, when suddenly she hears the voice of Sciarrone, and knows that Scarpia's murder has been discovered! A crowd rushes up the stairs with Spoletta at their head. He is about to precipitate himself upon Tosca, but she runs to the parapet and throws herself into space, with the cry: "Scarpia, may God judge between us!"

LA TRAVIATA

(The Wandering One)

Opera in three acts by Giuseppe Verdi.
Text taken from the French by Piave.

THE original of the libretto is the celebrated novel "La dame aux camélias" by the younger Dumas.

The scene is laid in and near Paris. Alfred Germont is passionately in love with Violetta Valery, one of the most frivolous beauties in Paris. She is pleased with his sincere passion, anything like which she has never hitherto known, and openly telling him who she is, she warns him herself; but he loves her all the more, and as she returns his passion, she abandons her gay life and follows him into the country, where they live very happily for some months.

Annina, Violetta's maid, dropping a hint to Alfred that her mistress is about to sell her house and carriage in town in order to avoid expenses, he departs for the capital to prevent this.

During his absence Violetta receives a visit from Alfred's father, who tries to show her that she has destroyed not only his family's but his son's happiness by suffering Alfred to unite himself to one so dishonored. He succeeds in convincing her, and, broken-hearted, she determines to sacrifice herself and leave Alfred secretly. Ignoring the possible reason for this inexplicable action, Alfred is full of wrath and resolves to take vengeance. He finds Violetta in the house of a former friend, Flora Bervoix, who is in a position similar to that of Violetta. The latter, having no other resources, and feeling herself at death's door (a state of health suggested in the first act by an attack of suffocation), has returned to her former life. Alfred insults her publicly. The result is a duel between her present adorer, Baron Dauphal, and Alfred.

From this time on Violetta declines rapidly, and in the last act, which takes place in her sleeping-room, we find her dying. Hearing that Alfred has been victorious in the duel and receiving a letter from his father, who is now willing to pardon and to accept her as his daughter-in-law, she revives to some extent; and Alfred, who at last hears of her sacrifice, returns to her, but only to afford a last glimpse of happiness to the unfortunate woman, who expires, a modern Magdalen, full of repentance and striving tenderly to console her lover and his now equally desolate father.

This opera, which at first fared poorly at the hands of the public, is now classed among the works that have most contributed to Verdi's reputation. Little can be said for the text of "La Traviata," but its faults are redeemed by the work of the master, whose music abounds in the finest melody and in special features of admirable quality.

TRISTAN UND ISOLDE

Lyric Drama in three acts by Richard Wagner.

THE first act represents the deck of a ship, where we find the two principal persons, Tristan and Isolde, together. Tristan, a Cornish hero, has gone over to Ireland to woo the Princess for his old uncle, King Marke. Isolde, however, loves Tristan and has loved him from the time when he was cast sick and dying on the coast of Ireland and was rescued and nursed by her, though he was her enemy. But Tristan, having sworn faith to his uncle, never looks at her; and she, full of wrath that he should woo her for another instead of for himself, attempts to poison herself and him. But Brangäne, her faithful attendant, secretly changes the poisoned draught for a love-potion, so that they are inevitably joined in passionate love. Only when the ship gets ashore, its deck already covered with knights and sailors who come to greet their King's bride, does Brangäne confess her fraud; and Isolde, hearing that she is to live, faints in her attendant's arms.

In the second act Isolde has been wedded to Marke, but the love-potion has worked well, and she has secret interviews at night with Tristan, whose sense of honor is deadened by the fatal draught. Brangäne keeps watch for the lovers, but King Marke's jealous friend Melot betrays them, and they are found out by the good old King, who returns earlier than he had intended from a hunt.

Tristan is profoundly touched by the grief of the King, whose sadness at losing faith in his most noble warrior is greater than his wrath against the betrayer of honor. Tristan, unable to defend himself, turns to Isolde, asking her to follow him into the desert, but Melot opposes him, and they fight, Tristan falling back deadly wounded into his faithful servant Kurvenal's arms.

The third act represents Tristan's home in Brittany, whither Kurvenal has carried his wounded master in order to nurse him. Isolde, skilled in the art of healing wounds, has been sent for, but they look in vain for the ship which is to bring her.

When at last it comes in sight, Tristan, who awakes from a long swoon, sends Kurvenal away, to receive his mistress, and as they both delay their coming, his impatient longing gets the better of him. Forgetting his wound, he rises from his couch, tearing away the bandages, and so Isolde is only just in time to catch him in her arms, where he expires with her name on his lips. While she bewails her loss, another ship is announced by the shepherd's horn. King Marke arrives, prepared to pardon all and to unite the lovers. Kurvenal, seeing Melot advance, mistakes them for foes and, running his sword through Melot's breast, sinks, himself deadly wounded, at his master's feet. King Marke, to whom Brangäne has confessed her part in the whole matter, vainly laments his friend Tristan, while Isolde, waking from her swoon and seeing her lover dead, pours forth rapturous words of devotion and, broken-hearted, sinks down dead at his side.

In "Tristan und Isolde" Wagner first fully embodied his theories regarding the drama and the orchestra in their artistic relations.

IL TROVATORE
(The Troubadour)

Opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi.
Text by Cammerano.

TWO men of entirely different station and character woo Leonora, Countess of Sergaste. The one is Count Luna, the other a minstrel named Manrico, who is believed to be the son of Azucena, a gypsy.

Azucena has, in accordance with gypsy law, vowed bloody revenge on Count Luna, because his father, believing her mother to be a sorceress and to have bewitched one of his children, had the old woman burned. To punish the father for this cruelty Azucena took away his other child, which was vainly sought for. This story is told in the first scene, where we find the Count's servants waiting for him, while he stands sighing beneath his sweetheart's window. But Leonora's heart is already captivated by Manrico's sweet songs and his valor in tournament. She suddenly hears his voice, and in the darkness mistakes the Count for her lover, who, however, comes up just in time to claim her. The Count is full of rage, and there follows a duel in which Manrico is wounded, but, though it is in his power to kill his enemy, he spares his life, without, however, being able to account for the impulse.

In the second act Azucena, nursing Manrico, tells him of her mother's dreadful fate and her last cry for revenge, and confesses to having stolen the old Count's son, with the intention of burning him. But in her despair and confusion, she says, she threw her own child into the flames, and the Count's son lived. Manrico is terrified, but Azucena retracts her words and regains his confidence, so that he believes her tale to have been but an outburst of remorse and folly.

Meanwhile he hears that Leonora, to whom he was reported as dead, is about to take the veil, and he rushes away to save her. Count Luna arrives before the convent with the same purpose. But just as he seizes his prey, Manrico comes up and liberates her with the aid of his companions, while the Count curses them. Leonora becomes Manrico's wife, but her happiness is shortlived.

In the third act the Count's soldiers succeed in capturing Azucena, in whom they recognize the burned gypsy's daughter. She denies all knowledge of the Count's lost brother, and as the Count hears that his successful rival is her son, she is sentenced to be burned. Ruiz, Manrico's friend, brings the news to him. Manrico tries to rescue her, but is seized too, and condemned to die by the axe.

In the fourth act Leonora offers herself to the Count as the price of freedom for the captives, but, determined to be true to her lover, she takes poison. She hastens to him, announcing his deliverance. Too late he sees how dearly she has paid for it, when, after sweet assurance of love and fidelity, she sinks dead at his feet.

The Count, coming up and seeing himself deceived, orders Manrico to be put to death instantly. He is led away, and only after the execution does Azucena inform the Count that his murdered rival was Luna's own long-sought brother.

THE VAMPIRE

Romantic Opera in two acts by Heinrich Marschner.
Text by Wohlbrück.

THE subject is taken from Lord Byron's tale of the same name. The scene is laid in Scotland in the seventeenth century and illustrates the old Scottish legend of the vampire, a phantom monster which can only exist by sucking the heart-blood of sleeping mortals.

Lord Ruthven is such a vampire. He victimizes young maidens in particular. His soul is sold to Satan, but the demons have granted him a respite of a year, on condition of his bringing them three brides young and pure. His first victim is Ianthe, daughter of Sir John Berkley. She loves the monster and together they disappear into a cavern. Her father assembles followers and goes in search of her. They hear dreadful wailings, followed by mocking laughter proceeding from the ill-fated vampire, and entering they find Ianthe lifeless. The despairing father stabs Ruthven, who wounded to death knows that he cannot survive but by drawing life from the rays of the moon, which shines on the mountains. Unable to move, he is saved by Edgar Aubrey, a relative of the Laird of Davenant, who accidentally comes to the spot.

Lord Ruthven, after having received a promise of secrecy from Aubrey, tells him who he is and implores him to carry him to the hills as the last favor to a dying man.

Aubrey complies with the vampire's request and then hastily flies from the spot. Ruthven revives and follows him, in order to win the love of Malvina, daughter of the Laird of Davenant and Aubrey's betrothed.

His respite now waxing short, he tries at the same time to gain the affections of Emma, daughter of John Perth, the steward.

Malvina meanwhile greets her beloved Aubrey, who has returned after a long absence. Both are full of joy, when Malvina's father enters to announce to his daughter her future husband, whom he has chosen in the person of the Earl of Marsden. Great is Malvina's sorrow, and she now for the first time dares to tell her father that her heart has already spoken, and to present Aubrey to him. The laird's pride, however, does not allow him to retract his word, and when the Earl of Marsden arrives, he presents him to his daughter. In the supposed earl Aubrey at once recognizes Lord Ruthven, but the villain stoutly denies his identity, giving Lord Ruthven out as a brother, who has been traveling for a long time. Aubrey, however, recognizes the vampire by a scar on his hand, but he is bound to secrecy by his oath, and so Ruthven triumphs, having the Laird of Davenant's promise that he will be betrothed before midnight to Malvina, as he declares that he is bound to depart for Madrid the following morning as ambassador.

In the second act all are drinking and frolicking on the green, where the bridal is to take place.

Emma awaits her lover George Dibdin, who is in Davenant's service. While she sings the ghastly romance of the vampire, Lord Ruthven approaches, and by his sweet flattery and promise to help the lovers, he easily causes the simple maiden to grant him a kiss

in token of her gratitude. In giving this kiss she is forfeited to the Evil One. George, who has seen all, is very jealous, though Emma tells him that the future son-in-law of the Laird of Davenant will make him his steward.

Meanwhile Aubrey vainly tries to make Ruthven renounce Malvina. Ruthven threatens that Aubrey himself will be condemned to be a vampire if he breaks his oath, and depicts in glowing colors the torments of a spirit so cursed. While Aubrey hesitates as to what he shall do, Ruthven once more approaches Emma and succeeds in winning her consent to follow him to his den, where he murders her.

In the last scene Malvina, unable any longer to resist her father's will, has consented to the hateful marriage. Ruthven has kept away rather long and comes very late to his wedding. Aubrey implores them to wait for the coming day, but in vain. Then he forgets his own danger and only sees that of his beloved, and when Ruthven is leading the bride to the altar, he loudly proclaims Ruthven to be a vampire. At this moment a thunder-peal is heard and a flash of lightning destroys Ruthven, whose time of respite has ended at midnight. The old laird, witnessing Heaven's punishment, repents his error and gladly gives Malvina to her lover, while all praise the Almighty, who has turned evil into good.

DIE VERKAUFTE BRAUT
(The Bartered Bride)

Comic Opera in three acts by Friedrich Smetana.
Text by Sabina.

THE scene is laid in a village in Bohemia. It is spring kirmess, and everybody is gay. Only Mary, the daughter of the rich peasant Kruschina, carries a heavy heart within her; for the day has come on which the unknown bridegroom, chosen by her parents, will claim her hand. She loves Hans, known to her as a poor servant, who has come to her village lately, and who is in reality her bridegroom's half-brother. He consoles her, beseeching her to cheer up and be faithful to him, and then tells her that he comes of wealthy people. He lost his mother early, and his father wedded a second wife, who so estranged his heart from the poor boy that he had to gain his daily bread abroad. She deeply sympathizes with him, without guessing his real name.

Meanwhile Mary's parents approach with the matchmaker Kezul, a personage common in Bohemia, who has already won Kruschina's consent to his daughter's marriage with Wenzel, son of the rich farmer Micha by a second marriage. Mary's mother insisting that her child's will is to be consulted before all, the father consents to let her see the bridegroom before she decides. Kezul, though angry at this unlooked-for obstacle, excuses the bridegroom's absence volubly, and sings his praise loudly, at the same time touching upon the elder son's absence, and hinting that he may probably be dead. When Mary steps in, Kezul woos her in due form, but is at once repulsed by her. The young girl owns to having given her heart to the humble servant Hans, in whom nobody has yet recognized Micha's son. Father Kruschina angrily asserts his promise to Kezul, cursing Wenzel's timidity, which hindered him from making his proposal in person. Kezul, however, resolves to talk Hans over to reason.

We find him, in the second act, singing and highly praising the god of love. Afterward the would-be bridegroom Wenzel finds himself face to face with Mary, whom he does not know. When he tells her of his purpose, timidly and stammeringly, she asks him if he is not ashamed to woo a girl who loves another man, and who does not love *him* in the least. She at last so frightens the lad that he promises to look out for another bride, if his mother permits it. Mary flirts with him, until he swears never to claim Kruschina's daughter.

Meanwhile Kezul does his best to convert Hans. He promises to provide for him another bride, much richer than Mary, but Hans refuses. He offers him money, first one hundred, then two hundred, then three hundred florins. Hans, looking incredulous, asks, "For whom are you wooing my bride?" "For Micha's son," the matchmaker replies. "Well," says Hans, "if you promise me that Micha's son, and no other, shall have her, I will sign the contract; and I further stipulate that Micha himself shall have no right to reclaim the money later; he is the one to bear the whole cost of the bargain." Kezul gladly consents and departs to bring the witnesses, before whom Hans once more renounces his bride in favor of Micha's son. He coolly takes the money, at which they turn from him in disgust, and signs his name Hans Ehrentraut at the foot of the document.

The third act opens with a performance by tight-rope dancers. Wenzel, who has been quite despondent about his promised bride, is enraptured by their skill. He especially admires the Spanish dancer Esmeralda, who bewitches him so entirely that he woos her. The director of the band, being in want of a dancing-bear, is not loath to take advantage of the lad's foolishness. He engages him as a dancer, and easily overcomes Wenzel's scruples by promising him Esmeralda's hand. Just when they are putting him in bear's skin his parents appear on the scene with the marriage contract. To their great dismay, he refuses to sign it, and when pressed he runs away.

Meanwhile Mary has heard of her lover's fickleness, which she would fain disbelieve; but alas! Kezul shows her the document by which Hans renounces her. Nevertheless she refuses to wed any other man than the one her heart has chosen. Wenzel, approaching again, and recognizing in Mary the bride he had renounced, is now quite sorry to give her up, and very willing to take her if she will only yield. Mary, praying to be left alone for a little while, abandons herself to her grief, and is thus found by Hans, whom she bitterly reproaches for his faithlessness. But he only smiles, and recalls the whole chorus, coolly saying that it is his wish that Mary should wed Micha's son. That is too much for poor Mary's feelings. She declares that she is ready to do as they wish; but before she signs the contract, Hans steps forth in full view of his parents, who at last recognize in him their long-lost eldest son. Though his stepmother Agnes is in a rage about his trick, he claims his rights as son and heir, and the bride of course is not loath to choose between the two brothers.

Kezul the matchmaker retires shamefaced, and when Wenzel shows himself in the last scene as a dancing-bear, and stammeringly assures the laughing public that they need not be afraid of him, as he is "not a bear but only Wenzel," the final blow is dealt whereby he loses all favor in the eyes of Kruschina, who is now quite reconciled to give his daughter to Micha's eldest son.

DIE WALKÜRE
(The Valkyrs)

First day of the Nibelungen Ring by Richard Wagner.

IN the first scene we are introduced into the dwelling of a mighty warrior, Hunding, in whose house Siegmund, a son of Wotan and of a mortal woman, has sought refuge, without knowing that it is the abode of an enemy. Sieglinde, Hunding's wife, who, standing alone and abandoned in the world, was forced into this union against her will, attracts the guest's interest and wins his love.

When Hunding comes home from the fight, he learns, to his disgust, that his guest is the same warrior who killed his kinsmen and whom they vainly pursued. The laws of hospitality forbid him to attack Siegmund under his own roof, but he warns him that he will only await the morrow to fight him.

Sieglinde, having fallen in love with her guest, mixes a powder with her husband's potion, which sends him into profound sleep. Then she returns to Siegmund, to whom she shows the hilt of the sword, thrust deep into the mighty ash-tree's stem, which fills the middle space of the hut. It has been put there by an unknown one-eyed wanderer (Wotan, who once sacrificed one of his eyes to Erda, wishing to gain more knowledge for the sake of mankind). No hero has succeeded until now in loosening the wondrous steel. Siegmund reveals to Sieglinde that he is a son of the Wälsung, and they recognize that they are twin brother and sister. Then Sieglinde knows that the sword is destined for Siegmund by his father, and Siegmund with one mighty effort draws it out of the ash-tree. He names the sword Northung (needful). Sieglinde elopes with him and the early morning finds them in a rocky pass, evading Hunding's wrath.

In the second scene we see Wotan giving directions to the Valkyr Brünnhilde, who is to shield Siegmund in his battle with Hunding. Brünnhilde is Wotan's and Erda's child and her father's favorite. But Fricka comes up, remonstrating violently against this breach of all moral and matrimonial laws; she is the protector of marriages and most jealous of her somewhat fickle husband, and she forces Wotan to withdraw his protection from Siegmund and to remove the power of Siegmund's sword.

Wotan recalls Brünnhilde, changing his orders with heavy heart and sending her forth to tell Siegmund his doom. She obeys, but Siegmund scorns all her fine promises of Valhalla. Though he is to find his father there, and everything besides that he could wish, he prefers foregoing all this happiness when he hears that Sieglinde, who has been rendered inanimate by grief and terror, cannot follow him, but must go down to Hel after her death, where the shadows lead a sad and gloomy existence. He wins Brünnhilde by his love and noble courage, and she for the first time resolves to disobey Wotan's orders, given so unwillingly, and to help Siegmund against his foe.

Now ensues the combat with Hunding, Brünnhilde standing on Siegmund's side. But Wotan interferes, breaking Siegmund's sword; he falls, and Wotan kills Hunding too by one wrathful glance.

Then he turns his anger against the Valkyr who dared to disobey his commands and Brünnhilde flies before him, taking Sieglinde on her swift horse Grane, which bears both through the clouds.

In the third scene we find the Valkyrs arriving through the clouds on horseback one after the other. Every one has a hero lying before her in the saddle. It is their office to carry these into Valhalla, while the faint-hearted, or those of mankind not happy enough to fall in battle, are doomed to go to Hel after their death.

There are eight Valkyrs without Brünnhilde, who comes last with Sieglinde in her saddle, instead of a hero. She implores her sisters to assist her and the unhappy woman. But they refuse, fearing Wotan's wrath. Then she resolves to save Sieglinde and to brave the results of her rash deed alone. She first summons back to the despairing woman courage and desire to live, by telling her that she bears the token of Siegmund's love; then sends her eastward to the great forest with Grane, where Fafner the giant, changed into a dragon, guards the Rhinegold and the ill-fated ring, a spot which Wotan avoids.

She gives to Sieglinde the broken pieces of Siegmund's sword, telling her to keep them for her son, whom she is to call Siegfried, and who will be the greatest hero in the world.

Wotan arrives in thunder and lightning. Great is his wrath, and in spite of the intercession of the other Valkyrs he deprives Brünnhilde of her immortality, changing her into a common mortal. He dooms her to a long magic sleep, out of which any man who happens to pass that way may awaken her and claim her as his property.

Brünnhilde's entreaties, her beauty and noble bearing at last prevail upon him, so that he encircles her with a fiery wall, through which none but a hero may penetrate.

After a touching farewell the god, leading her to a rocky bed, closes her eyes with a kiss, and covers her with shield, spear, and helmet. Then he calls up Loge, who at once surrounds the rock on which Brünnhilde sleeps with glowing flames.

WERTHER

Lyric Drama in three acts by Jules Massenet.
Text from Goethe by Blau, Milliet, and Hartmann.

THE scene is laid in Wetzlar, Prussia, in the year 1772. The first act takes place in the house of Lotte's father, who is a bailiff in his native city. He has assembled his younger children to teach them a new Christmas song. While they are practising, two friends of the bailiff enter and invite him to sup with them at the neighboring inn. He declines, and sits down in

his armchair, while the smaller children, climbing on his knees, resume their interrupted song. During this pretty scene Werther approaches. He sees Lotte coming out of the house, becomingly attired for a country ball. She is duly admired by her father and the children. Then she acquits herself most charmingly of her household duties, distributing bread to the children. Werther meanwhile is cordially welcomed by her father. Other visitors come in, and Lotte goes to attend the ball, escorted by Werther.

Sophia, the second daughter, persuades her father to join his friends at the inn and promises to look after the children. As soon as he is gone Albert, Lotte's affianced husband, who has been on a journey, returns. On hearing that Lotte is not at home, he leaves the house again. When night comes on, Lotte returns with Werther. He is deeply in love with her, and she listens to his sweet words like one in a dream, but when her father informs her that Albert has returned she comes to her senses. In answer to Werther's questions she tells him that she promised her dying mother to wed Albert—a confession that leaves Werther a prey to gloom and despair.

The second act takes place in the autumn of the same year. Lotte is married to Albert. She has conquered her sentimental fancy for Werther and is sitting quietly with her husband, enjoying a peaceful Sabbath and the celebration of the village clergyman's golden wedding. Werther is a jealous witness of her happiness; but when Albert welcomes him as a friend he cannot but accept his overtures.

Sophia enters with a large bouquet for the clergyman. She is in love with Werther, but the unhappy young man has eyes for her sister only, who receives him coldly and bids him leave the village.

On seeing Werther so cast down, Lotte repents of her harshness and invites him to celebrate Christmas with her and her husband. But Werther refuses to be consoled and hurries away, notwithstanding Sophia's entreaties, vowing never to return.

The third act takes us to Lotte's drawing-room. She is sitting alone in deep thought. Werther's frequent and passionate letters have reawakened her dormant love for him. Her sister, coming in laden with Christmas parcels, finds her in tears. Unable to console Lotte, Sophia takes her leave after inviting her to spend Christmas eve at her old home.

Hardly has she gone when Werther appears. Unable to keep away from Lotte any longer, he reminds her of her invitation for Christmas; and seeing his letters spread out on the table, he guesses that Lotte returns his love. An impassioned love-scene follows. Half unconscious, Lotte sinks into his arms, but the first kiss of her lover brings her to herself. Tearing herself from his embrace, she flees into her room and bolts the door. After vain remonstrances, Werther rushes out half-crazed.

Albert, returning home, finds no one in. He calls Lotte. She appears, pale and distressed, and her husband perceives that something is wrong. Before she can reply to his questions a servant brings in a note from Werther, asking Albert for his pistol. The husband forces his unhappy wife to hand the weapon to the servant herself. As soon as Albert has gone Lotte seizes her hat and cloak and hastens out to prevent the impending calamity. Alas! she comes too late.

The last scene shows Werther's room, dimly lighted by the moon. The Christmas bells toll. Lotte enters, calling her lover by name. She discovers him lying on the floor mortally wounded. Now that he is lost to her forever, she pours out all her love and for a brief space calls him back to life and sweetens his last moments by a first kiss. He expires in her arms, while from the opposite house the children's voices are heard singing their Christmas song.

ZAMPA

Opera in three acts by Louis J. F. Hérold.
Text by Mellesville.

IN the first act Camilla, daughter of Count Lugano, expects her bridegroom Alfonso di Monza, a Sicilian officer, for the wedding ceremony. Dandolo, her servant, who was to bring the priest, comes back in a fright, and with him the notorious pirate captain, Zampa, who has taken her father and her bridegroom captive. He tells Camilla who he is, and forces her to renounce Alfonso and consent to a marriage with himself, threatening to kill the prisoners if she refuses compliance.

Then the pirates hold a drinking-bout in the Count's house, and Zampa goes so far in his insolence as to put his bridal ring on the finger of a marble statue standing in the room. It represents Alice, formerly Zampa's bride, whose heart was broken by her lover's faithlessness; then the fingers of the statue close over the ring, while the left hand is upraised threateningly. Nevertheless Zampa is resolved to wed Camilla, though Alice appears once more, and even Alfonso, who interferes by revealing Zampa's real name and by imploring his bride to return to him, cannot change the brigand's plans. Zampa and his comrades have received the viceroy's pardon, purposing to fight against the Turks, and so Camilla dares not provoke the pirate's wrath by retracting her promise. Vainly she implores Zampa to give her father his freedom and to let her enter a convent. Zampa, hoping that she only fears the pirate in him, tells her that he is Count of Monza, and Alfonso, who had already drawn his sword, throws it away, terrified to recognize in the dreaded pirate his own brother, who has by his extravagances once already impoverished him.

Zampa sends Alfonso to prison and orders the statue to be thrown into the sea. Camilla once more begs for mercy, but seeing that it is likely to avail her nothing, she flies to the Madonna's altar, charging Zampa loudly with Alice's death. With scorn and laughter he seizes Camilla, to tear her from the altar, but instead of the living hand of Camilla, he feels the icy hand of Alice, who draws him with her into the waves.

Camilla is saved and united to Alfonso, while her delivered father arrives in a boat, and the statue rises again from the waves, to bless the union.

"Zampa" is generally regarded as the most important work of Hérold, and while less popular than formerly, it still keeps a place of its own.

DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE
(The Magic Flute)

Opera in two acts by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.
Text by Schikaneder.

PRINCE TAMINO, a youth as valiant as he is noble and virtuous, is implored by the Queen of Night to save her daughter, whom the old and sage high priest Sarastro has taken from her by force. The bereaved mother pours forth her woe in heart-melting sounds and promises everything to the rescuer of her child. Tamino is filled with ardent desire to serve her. On his way he meets the gay Papageno, who at once agrees to share the Prince's adventures. Papageno is the gay element in the opera; always cheerful and in high spirits, his ever-ready tongue plays him many a funny trick. So we see him once with a lock on his mouth by way of punishment for his idle prating. As he promises never to tell a lie any more, the lock is taken away by the three ladies of the Queen of Night. They present Tamino with a golden flute, giving at the same time an instrument made with little silver bells to Papageno, both of which are to help them in times of danger. The Queen of Night even sends with them three boy angels. These are to point out to them the ways and means by which they may attain their purpose.

Now the young and beautiful Princess Pamina is pursued by declarations of love from a negro servant of Sarastro. Papageno comes to her rescue, frightening the negro Monostatos with his feathery dress. Papageno, on the other hand, fears the negro on account of his blackness, believing him to be the devil in person. Papageno escapes with Pamina, but the negro overtakes him with his servants. Then Papageno shakes his bells, and all, forgetting their wrath, forthwith begin to dance.

Meanwhile Tamino reaches Sarastro's castle and at once asks for the high priest, poor Pamina's bitter enemy. The under priests do not allow him to enter, but explain that their master Sarastro is as good as he is sage, and that he always acts for the best. They assure Tamino that the Princess lives and is in no danger. Full of thanks the Prince begins to play on his flute; and just then he hears Papageno's bells. At this juncture Sarastro appears, the wise master before whom they all bow. He punishes the wicked negro; but Tamino and his Pamina are not to be united without first having given ample proof of their love and constancy. Tamino determines to undergo whatever trials may await him, but the Queen of Night, knowing all, sends her three ladies to deter Tamino and his comrade from their purpose. But all temptation is gallantly set aside; they have given a promise to Sarastro which they will keep.

Even the Queen of Night herself is unable to weaken their strength of purpose; temptations of every kind overtake them, but Tamino remains firm. He is finally initiated into the mysteries of the goddess Isis.

In the interval Pamina deems Tamino faithless. She would fain die, but the three celestial youths console her by assuring her that Tamino's love is true and that he passes through the most severe trials solely on her behalf.

On hearing this, Pamina at once asks to share in the trials, and so they walk together through fire and water, protected by the golden flute as well as by their courage and constancy. They come out purified and happy.

Papageno, having lost his companion, has grown quite melancholy and longs for the little wife that was promised to him and shown to him only for a few moments. He resolves at last to end his life by hanging himself, when the celestial youths appear, reminding him of his bells. He begins to shake them, and Papagena appears in feathery dress, the very counterpart of himself. All might now be well were it not that the Queen of Night, a somewhat unreasonable lady, broods vengeance. She accepts the negro Monostatos as her avenger and promises to give him her daughter. But already Sarastro has done his work. Tamino is united to his Pamina, and before the sunny light of truth everything else vanishes and sinks back into night.

ADDITIONAL OPERAS

LA FANCIULLA DEL WEST

(The Girl of the Golden West)

Opera in three acts by Giacomo Puccini.
Text by Zangarini and Civinini.

THIS opera is noteworthy in that, although by an Italian composer, it deals with an American subject and is based on an American drama; and further for the fact that it was the first opera composed by a foreigner to have its première in the United States. The scene is a California mining camp in the foothills of the Cloudy Mountains; the time, 1849-50.

Minnie, the "Girl," keeps the "Polka" saloon, and is a universal favorite among the miners. Over these rough but kindly souls she wields a restraining influence.

The first act opens at sundown in the interior of the "Polka." From without come cries and strains of song. Nick, the caretaker, lights the lamps, and the "Polka" begins to stir with life. Miners sit down to faro. Jake Wallace, the camp minstrel, sings to his banjo a melancholy refrain of his distant home. The miners join in the music and a desperate homesickness overcomes them all. One of them, Larkens, begs to be sent back, and a purse is quickly made up for him. Faro is resumed. Sid is detected in cheating and the crowd is for hanging, but Jack Rance, the sheriff, decrees that he shall wear the offending card pinned above his heart and never again be allowed to join in the game. Ashby, agent of the Wells-Fargo express, appears and announces that after a three-months' search he is close upon Ramerrez, a notorious "greaser" highwayman whose depredations have long annoyed the community. Rance, a cool, laconic gambler, believes he has won Minnie's particular favor, and comes to blows with Sonora, who assures him that the Girl is fooling him. Minnie intervenes. The miners crowd about, making her little gifts of handkerchiefs and ribbons. She assembles them for their periodic Bible lesson, in which they are far from proficient. The mail arrives and the men fall to reading letters and papers. Rance presses his suit but is repulsed. A stranger who proclaims himself one Johnson of Sacramento enters. He and Minnie have once met on the Monterey road and immediately recognize each other. Rance professes to find offense in Johnson's behavior, calls upon the miners, but is discomfited by Minnie, who vouches for Johnson. Though she declares she has never danced, the Girl is persuaded by Johnson to try a step in the dance-room. Ashby, who has gone out, reappears with others, dragging José Castro, member of Ramerrez's band. Castro sees Johnson's saddle, recognizes it as his leader's—for Johnson is none other than Ramerrez—and, under pretext of personal revenge, offers to conduct the posse to the outlaw's retreat. Left with Minnie, Johnson makes a declaration to which Minnie responds, though she thinks herself too humble and ignorant for his regard. A signal from without summons Johnson, and he departs after accepting Minnie's invitation to call at her cabin, up the mountain.

The second act opens one hour later in Minnie's dwelling, with an Indian lullaby sung to her child by Wowkle, Minnie's squaw attendant. Minnie enters and begins preparations for Johnson's reception, donning her white slippers and other treasured finery. Johnson appears and quickly puts himself at his ease. Minnie describes the joys of her life and her delight in the mountains. Coffee and cakes are brought, and the talk grows more intimate. Wowkle departs. Johnson, having received permission to linger, at last makes frank avowal of his love, which is returned by the Girl. Snow has been falling, and now a great gust drives open the door, revealing the violence of the storm. Johnson, in excitement, cries that he must be gone, but Minnie urges that he cannot make his way through the drifts and should remain until the morrow. Three pistol-shots are heard. Shouts from without warn Minnie of Rance's approach. Johnson is hidden behind the bed-curtains, and Minnie opens the door for Rance, Nick, Ashby, and Sonora. Rance tells her that Johnson is Ramerrez; that his identity has been revealed to them by an inamorata, one Nina Micheltorena; that he had come to rob the "Polka" and had been seen taking the trail to Minnie's cabin. Minnie assures the men of her safety and they depart. Steeling herself, she dismisses Johnson with contempt. He admits his identity, tells her how she had led him to wish for a better life, and goes out. A shot is heard, followed by the thud of a body against the door. Johnson is wounded. Minnie drags him in and helps him ascend the ladder to the loft. Rance reënters, demanding Johnson, but Minnie mocks him. Blood, dropping from the ceiling, betrays Johnson, who comes slowly down and sinks in a faint. Minnie proposes that she and Rance play a game of poker for Johnson's life; Rance, if he wins, to take Johnson and herself. She substitutes prepared cards and wins the game, and Rance coldly withdraws.

Act three takes place on the edge of a redwood forest, where the miners have a rude camp. Rance, Ashby, and Nick await news from the pursuit of Johnson. Shouts sound more and more distinctly and stragglers announce success. Rance voices his malicious joy at Minnie's grief. The pursuit passes back and forth, but Johnson is at last overtaken and is formally delivered to Rance by Ashby. Rance receives Johnson with studied insult. The miners accuse the captive of various crimes and lastly of the theft of

Minnie's eyes and smiles. Johnson is brought forward to the tree, where stands Billy with the noose. Permission is given to him to speak, and he begs that Minnie shall never be told the manner of his death. Suddenly Minnie herself dashes in on horseback, closely followed by Nick, who has summoned her. She throws herself before Johnson and levels a pistol at the crowd. Rance urges on the men, who threateningly advance. Minnie declares she will kill herself and Johnson. Sonora takes her part, and Rance grimly retires to a seat by the fire. Minnie reminds her hearers of old days, tells them of Johnson's reformation, and asks his release. Sonora, in the name of all, unbinds Johnson, who vows they will never regret their mercy. Amid subdued sobs, Minnie bids farewell to her friends, her California, and her beloved Sierras; then, supported by Johnson, passes out on her way to her new life.

KÖNIGSKINDER
(Kingly Children)

Fairy Opera in three acts by Engelbert Humperdinck. Text by Rosmer.

LIKE "The Girl of the Golden West," this opera, although by a foreign composer, had its first presentation at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. The text is an adaptation of a more or less familiar German story, a dramatic version of which had already been given in this country.

The first act takes place in a small sunlit glade in the Hella Mountains near the town of Hellabrunn. Here stands the hut of the Witch, and all about stretch the woods. With the Witch lives the Goose-Girl, who, when the scene opens, is discovered lying beneath a linden-tree tending her flock. The Witch appears, scolds the Girl, and orders her to assist in preparing a magic pasty that will kill whoever may eat of it. The Goose-Girl rebels against her lot and requests the Witch to allow her to go down into the world below, where she might be happy. The Witch refuses and tells her that all mankind is hateful. From the hillside comes a youth clad in a shabby hunting costume. On a stick he carries a bundle. He is, in reality, the King's Son; and in the bundle he bears a royal crown. The King's Son tells the Goose-Girl of his wanderings through the hills and says that he was once in the service of a great king. When the Goose-Girl asks what a king may be, he replies by telling her that he is a ruler who guards his subjects in much the same way that she tends her geese. He describes the joys of woodland life and begs her to go a-maying with him, takes her in his arms, and kisses her. As he does so, a gust of wind blows away a wreath of wood-flowers which the Girl has been wearing. The King's Son recovers the wreath, hides it near his heart, and in exchange for it offers the Goose-Girl his crown. The two are about to flee together, when the Girl finds herself fastened to the spot by some magic spell. Thinking that she is afraid to roam with him and rebuking her with her unworthiness to be his companion, the King's Son leaves her, vowing that she never shall see him again until a star has fallen into a lily which is blooming near by. The Witch reappears, berates the Girl for having wasted her time upon a mortal man, and drives her into the house. Now enter a fiddler, a woodcutter, and a broommaker. The King has just died and they have been sent by the town of Hellabrunn to ask of the Witch where the King's Son may be found. The woodcutter and the broommaker are in terror of the old hag, but the fiddler scorns her and her powers. To their queries the Witch replies that the first person who enters the town-gate at noon the following day should wear the crown. The woodcutter and the broommaker return to Hellabrunn, but the fiddler lingers. The Goose-Girl reappears and confides her sorrows to the fiddler, who assures her that she will wed the King's Son. The Witch sneers at this and assures the fiddler that the Goose-Girl is the child of a hangman's daughter. The Goose-Girl, however, does not lose courage, for she feels that her soul is royal. As she kneels in prayer for help, a star falls from the heavens upon the lily, and the Girl, followed by her geese, rushes into the wood to join her lover.

The second act opens in front of an inn near the town-gate of Hellabrunn. The King's Son enters, clad, as before, in his worn garments. The innkeeper's daughter gives him food and drink, and is angry because he does not respond to her advances. Townspeople enter, the tables and benches are occupied, and there is music and dancing. The King's Son offers himself to the innkeeper as an apprentice, but is told that there is no work for him unless he is willing to become a swineherd. The counselors and well-to-do burghers appear and seat themselves in a tribune erected for them. The senior counselor requests the woodcutter to relate his adventures in the wood. He tells of many (purely imaginary) dangers encountered by him in the journey with the broommaker, and the King's Son is amazed at his narrative. The woodcutter asserts that on the stroke of twelve the King's Son will enter the gate in glittering raiment and drawn in a car of gold. The King's Son steps into the circle and asks if the expected monarch might not come clad in rags, but is met with ridicule from the crowd. At the twelfth stroke of the clock the gate is thrown wide open, and the Goose-Girl enters attended by her flock of geese. A few steps behind her comes the fiddler. She greets the King's Son and tells him that she has come to join him on the throne; but the crowd bursts into loud laughter and at last, despite the protests of the fiddler, drives the two forth with sticks and stones. The little daughter of the broommaker is the only one who believes that they are the true king and queen.

In the third act we return to the glade in the woods. It is now winter. The Witch has been burned at the stake for her supposed betrayal of the people, to whom she promised a new ruler. The fiddler has been maimed and imprisoned for his defense of the two outcasts, and upon his release has come to live in the Witch's hut. He is feeding doves left behind by the Goose-Girl, when he is interrupted by the arrival of the woodcutter and the broommaker, accompanied by a band of children. They entreat him to return to Hellabrunn, but he refuses. At last one of the children begs him to lead them in search for the lost king and queen, and he agrees to do so. The woodcutter and the broommaker enter the hut, where, in rummaging about, they discover in a box the poisoned pasty which the

Witch had baked. The fiddler has entered the wood in the background with the children, and now his song is heard in the distance. As it dies away, the snow begins to fall heavily and it grows darker. The King's Son and the Goose-Girl reappear, hungry and worn with wandering. They pause to rest and the King's Son knocks at the door of the hut to beg food and shelter. The woodcutter brutally refuses to give them anything. The Goose-Girl draws the King's Son away from the hut and leads him to the hillside. To comfort him, she pretends she is none the worse for her long travels, and, throwing off her cloak, attempts to dance and sing. She soon grows faint and falls. The King's Son then returns to the hut and barters his crown for the poisoned pasty. The outcasts eat it and soon fall asleep, believing themselves in a land of roses. The fiddler reappears with his troop of children, and, too late, they discover those whom they seek. They place the two upon a bier made of pine-branches, and as they move away sing a lament for the Kingly Children.

NATOMA

Opera in three acts by Victor Herbert.
Text (in English) by Redding.

THE locale of the opera is California and the time is the early nineteenth century, when the Spaniards still held sway. Natoma, whose name means the "girl from the mountains," is an Indian girl of pure blood.

The first act is laid on the island of Santa Cruz, one of the Santa Barbara Channel islands. Here live Don Francisco Guerra, a noble Spaniard of the old school, and his daughter Barbara. She is just coming of age, and to-day returns home from her convent studies on the mainland. Don Francisco is seated upon the porch of his hacienda and muses on the flight of time. Soon arrives Alvarado, accompanied by his chums, Castro, Pico, and Kagama, to hunt the wild boar found in the mountains of the island. Alvarado, a fiery young Spaniard, is a cousin of Barbara and a suitor for her hand. Castro is a half-breed, part Indian and part Spaniard, and hates Spaniard and American alike. The party is received with Spanish formalities and then departs for the hunt, while Don Francisco retires for his siesta. Natoma, the playmate and handmaid of Barbara, appears at the back of the stage with Lieutenant Merrill, an American naval officer, who has several times visited the island. About her neck Natoma wears as an amulet a small abalone-shell hung upon a bead necklace. Merrill bids her tell him the meaning of this amulet, and she recites the legend of her people. He salutes her as queen of this fair domain, but she responds sadly that her father's people have vanished and a stranger has now come to rule. Replying to his questions, she describes Barbara in glowing terms, and then, falling at his feet, begs to be allowed to become his slave. Barbara arrives, accompanied by Father Peralta. Castro upbraids Natoma for spending her time with the white people and bids her come with him, but she spurns him as a half-breed. The hunting party returns. Alvarado serenades Barbara and presses his suit. He taunts her with having fallen under the glances of the Americano, and she abruptly leaves him. Castro explains to Alvarado how upon the morrow, when on the great fiesta day the country is assembled to do honor to Barbara at her coming of age, swift horses may be ready and the girl may be spirited away to the mountains. Don Francisco and Barbara are left on the porch in the moonlight. At last the old man retires. Lieutenant Merrill returns hurriedly and makes declaration of his love. A light appears in the hacienda and Merrill leaves until the morrow. Barbara disappears in the hacienda, and Natoma is seen at the window with a lighted candle in her hands. She seats herself at a table in the window and looks silently out into the moonlight as the curtain falls.

The second act takes place on the mainland in the Plaza of Santa Barbara, with the towers of the mission church in the background. It is just before dawn. Alvarado and his cronies appear and discuss their plans. In an elaborate ensemble the soldiers cheer the flag of Spain carried by the friars on the steps of the church. The plaza begins to stir with life. Don Francisco and Barbara enter on horseback, Natoma walking at Barbara's side. Having dismounted, they ascend the grand stand, where a formal ceremony takes place. Alvarado claims the honor of a dance with Barbara, and they tread the measure of a minuet. Lieutenant Merrill and other officers enter with American sailors. After formal presentations have been made, Alvarado comes forward and demands that the dance be continued. By preconcerted arrangement ten or twelve couples now take part. The music breaks into the pañuelo or the dance of the proposal, at the climax of which each gallant places his hat upon the head of his lady. Barbara tosses Alvarado's hat to one side and rejoins her father. Castro in ugly mood breaks through the crowd and, thrusting his dagger into the ground, demands who will dare to dance with him the dagger-dance of primitive California. Natoma responds to this challenge. Castro at first refuses to dance with her, but at last yields to her authority. As they dance, the leather thongs supporting the railing of the grand stand are quietly unfastened, and Alvarado, smothering Barbara in his serape, attempts to make off with her. Natoma passes Castro in the dance and plunges her dagger into Alvarado. Castro is held down by some of the officers. Natoma stands motionless, dagger in hand, while the crowd, quickly apprehending the tragedy, would fall upon her and tear her to pieces. Lieutenant Merrill draws his sword and, with his men, holds the mob at bay. The great doors of the church now open and Father Peralta appears. The people fall upon their knees. Natoma, letting fall her weapon, staggers toward the steps of the church and sinks at the feet of the priest, who exclaims: " 'Vengeance is mine,' saith the Lord."

At the opening of the third act, Natoma is found alone in the mission church, where she is huddled upon the altar crooning an Indian song. She then depicts the injustice done her race by the white man and invokes the Great Spirit to destroy the strangers. Father Peralta appears and quiets her, as in simple language he recalls to her her childhood days with Barbara. She realizes that by accepting the protection of the church, although her own dream of happiness is ended, she will bring happiness to her idolized mistress.

The doors of the church are thrown open and Natoma stands upon the steps of the altar. Father Peralta explains from the pulpit that a crime has been committed and punishment must follow. From the convent garden the nuns enter and kneel in the hall. Slowly Natoma descends the altar-steps and walks to where Barbara and Paul are seated. Barbara and Paul come from their pews and kneel in the hall before her, while she gently places the amulet around Barbara's neck. She passes down between the kneeling nuns and stands in the doorway. The nuns rise and disappear into the garden. Father Peralta lifts his hands in benediction, and the orchestra sounds the chords of Natoma's Indian theme of Fate as the doors are closed upon her.

MONA

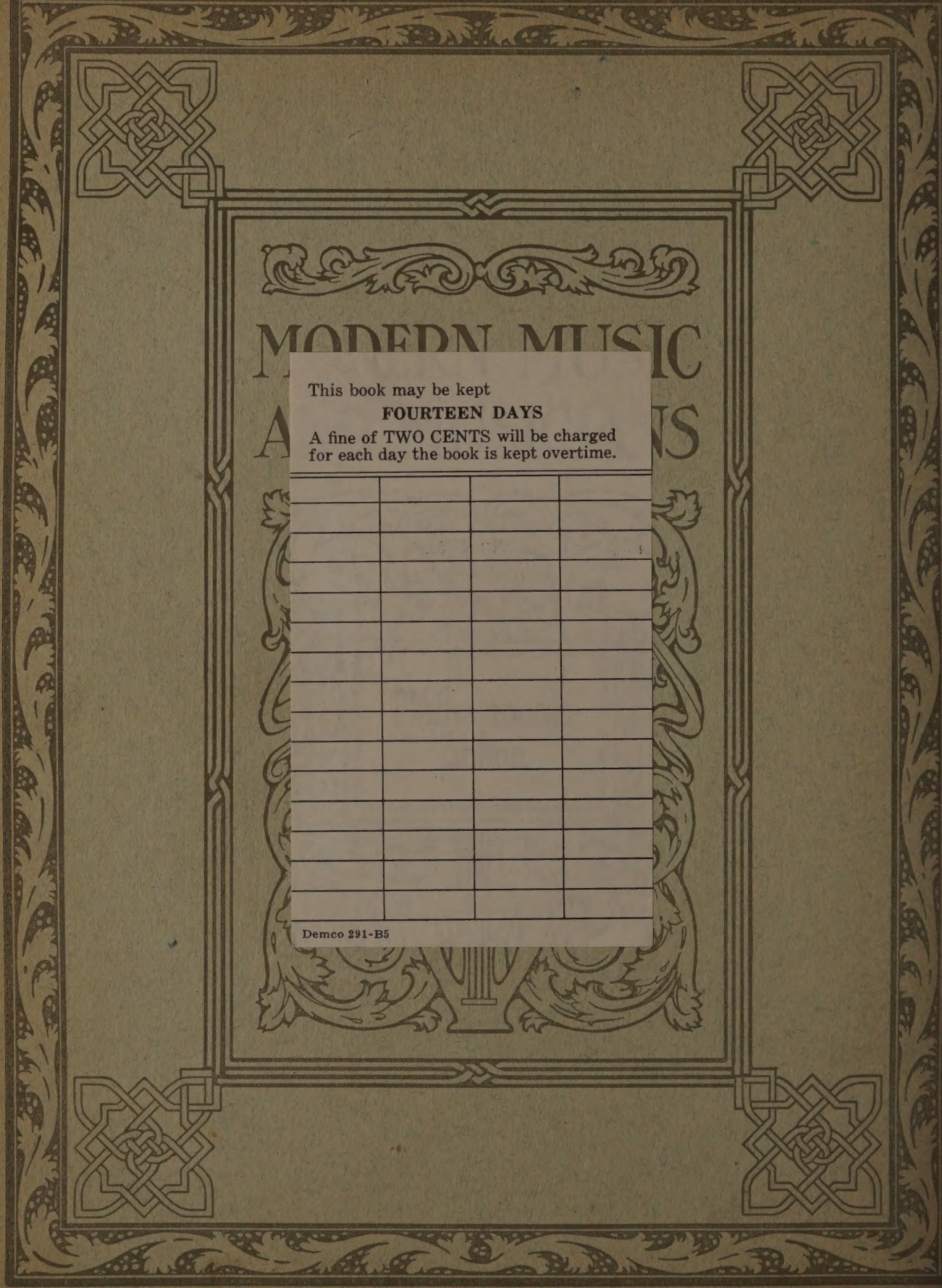
Opera in three acts by Horatio W. Parker.
Text by Hooker.

A PRIZE of $10,000, offered by the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, for the best grand opera to be composed by an American to a libretto in English, was unanimously awarded to "Mona," the music of which is the work of one of our contributors. The scene of the opera is southwestern Britain; the time, the close of the first century, A. D. The story is, however, wholly fictitious.

Act first passes in the hut of Arth, a British tribesman. Burned in the lintel above the doorway is the sign of the Unspeakable Name, indicating that here dwells a druid—Gloom, Arth's son. The other members of this household are Enya, Arth's wife; Nial, a changeling, who looks in amaze at the strange commotions of human life and is wise in the lore of bird and beast; and the foster-daughter, Mona, last of the blood of Queen Boadicea. Mona is to wed Gwynn, whose true name is Quintus, his mother having been a British captive and his father being Roman governor of Britain. Gwynn dwells among his mother's people, who are unaware of his real origin. He hopes to reconcile the British to Roman rule, and has influenced the governor toward a more humane and liberal policy. But Gloom and Caradoc, a bard, have long been chief conspirators against Rome and Mona has been chosen, because of birthright and old signs, to lead the revolt. She, devoutly believing in her mission and eager for usefulness, dreams of great deeds. Of all this Gwynn has suspected nothing. Mona now reveals to him that she has been sealed for a great adventure. Arth strides in and flings at her feet an unsheathed Roman sword, taken from a soldier whom he has slain in violation of the peace. Mona recognizes the sword as one she wielded in a strange dream, the meaning of which none can tell her. She is inspired to a prophetic frenzy, which is augmented by the arrival of Gloom and Caradoc. Caradoc, Arth, and Gloom formally declare the peace broken; and Gwynn is led to swear fellowship in their conspiracy. Mona dons druidic robes. Gwynn seeks to sway her from her purpose; but, urged by Gloom and Caradoc, she repels and dismisses him. Arth, Gloom, and Caradoc do reverence to Mona as Queen. She half turns to follow Gwynn, lets fall the sword, and stands sobbing as the curtain falls.

Act second takes place in a cromlech, or open-air druidic temple. Nial is discovered, at evening, dancing with his shadow and talking to the birds. The governor enters with a few soldiers, whom he orders to seize and torture Nial in order to obtain information. Gwynn suddenly appears, orders Nial's release, and explains to the governor his hope that Mona and he will yet be able to hold back rebellion. To his plan the governor at last agrees. When, with falling dusk, the Romans have departed, Mona and Gloom enter and make tally of the British forces. Gwynn, returning, conquers her decision regarding himself; but when he would unfold his cherished designs for peace, she, at once changed and scarcely comprehending his assertion of Roman birth, cries out "Treason!" and calls in the Britons. She cannot, however, deliver him to death, but, declaring that he is a bard, orders that he be bound and led away unhurt. The Britons rally, and to the music of a war-chant rush forth against the Roman town.

Act third is accomplished on a small plateau at the forest's edge, facing the Roman town, which stands upon a corresponding rise at the other side of the valley. The attack has been successfully met, and the defeated Britons straggle back to cover. Arth has fallen; Gloom, his right arm broken, stumbles in, half carrying Mona. Mona, in dull grief, bewails the outcome. Gwynn, who in the turmoil has made his escape, finds them, reveals his origin, and seeks Mona's aid. Gloom jeers him; and Mona, deeming he lies, and blaming him for British disaster and herself for having once spared his life, now slays him with the Roman sword that she has carried. The governor arrives with legionaries and archers, discovers Gwynn's body, in a fierce outburst denounces the Britons, and thus makes known to Mona, before she is led away, how Gwynn, whom she has slain, was the Britons' best friend and might have averted their fall.



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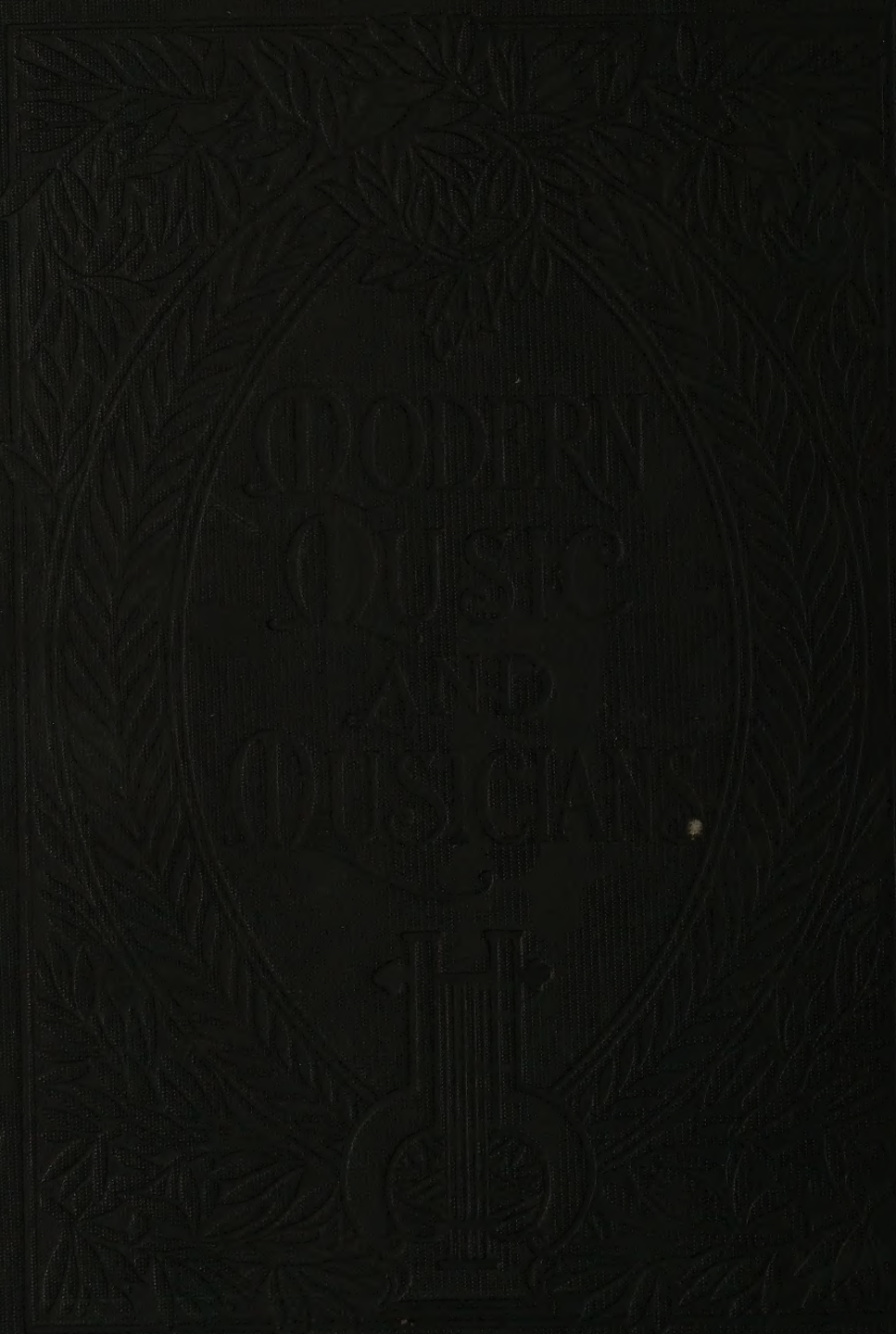
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